

May-June

No. 7

# FRANKENSTEIN

52 Pages of Thrills & Fun

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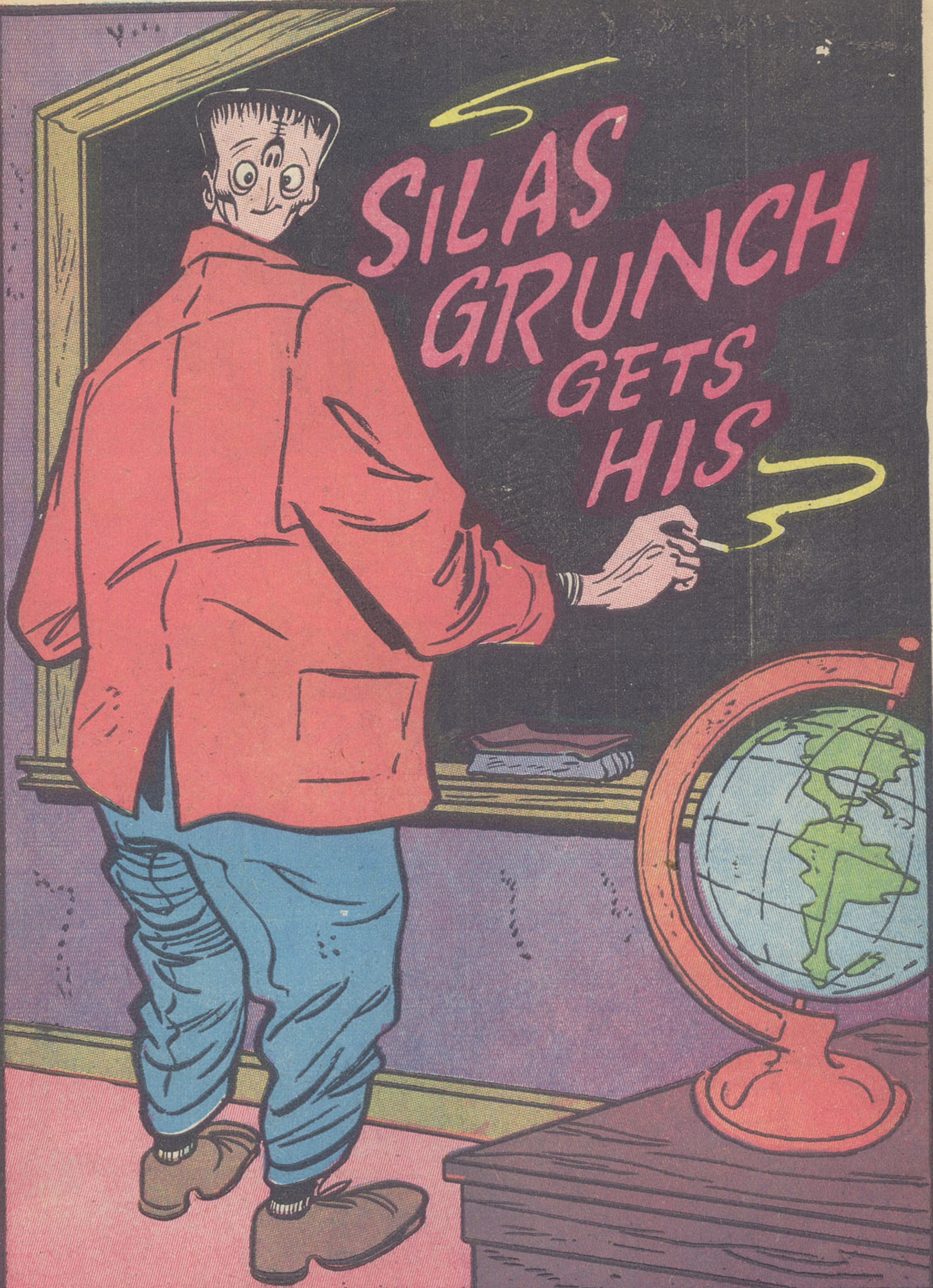
A  
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# SILAS GRUNCH GETS HIS



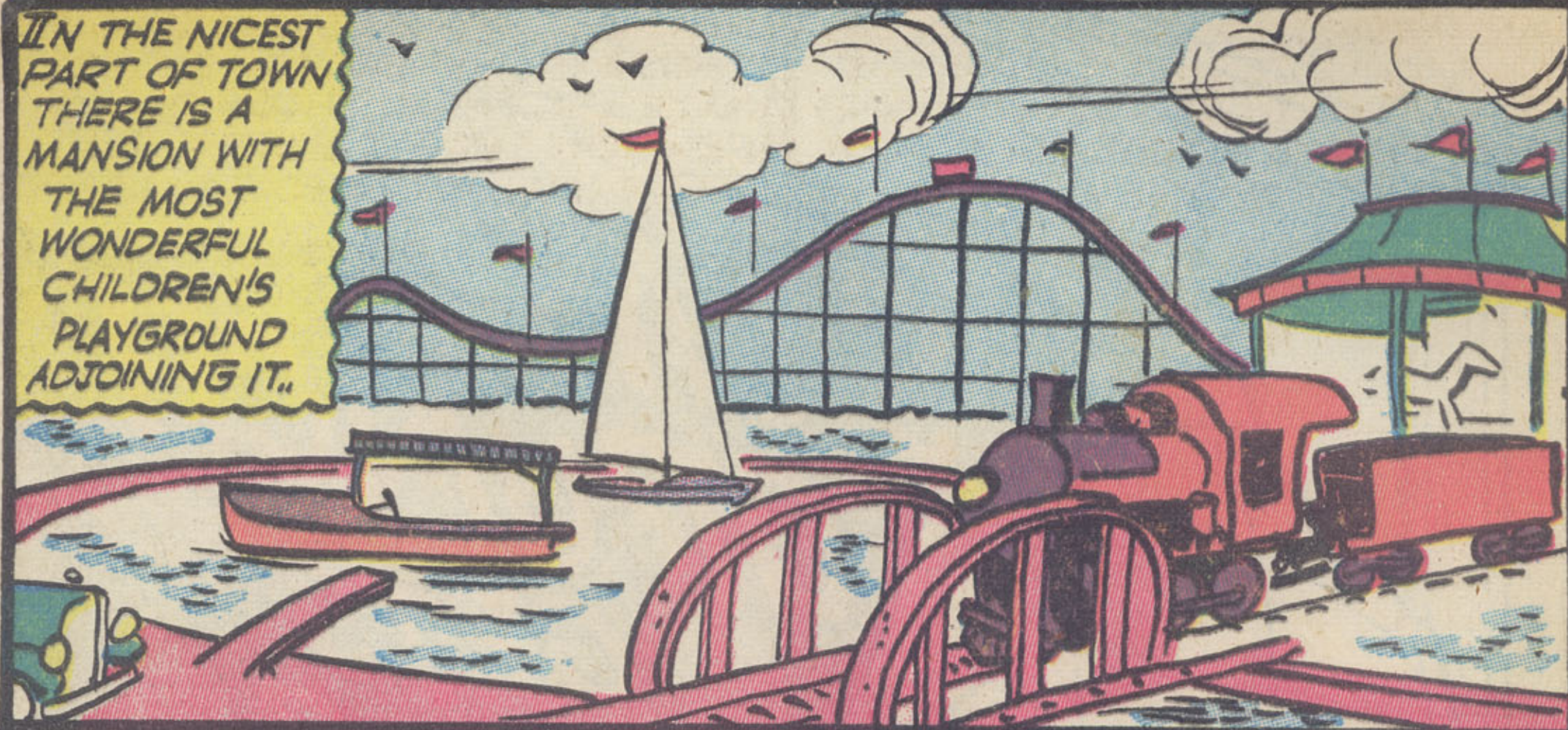




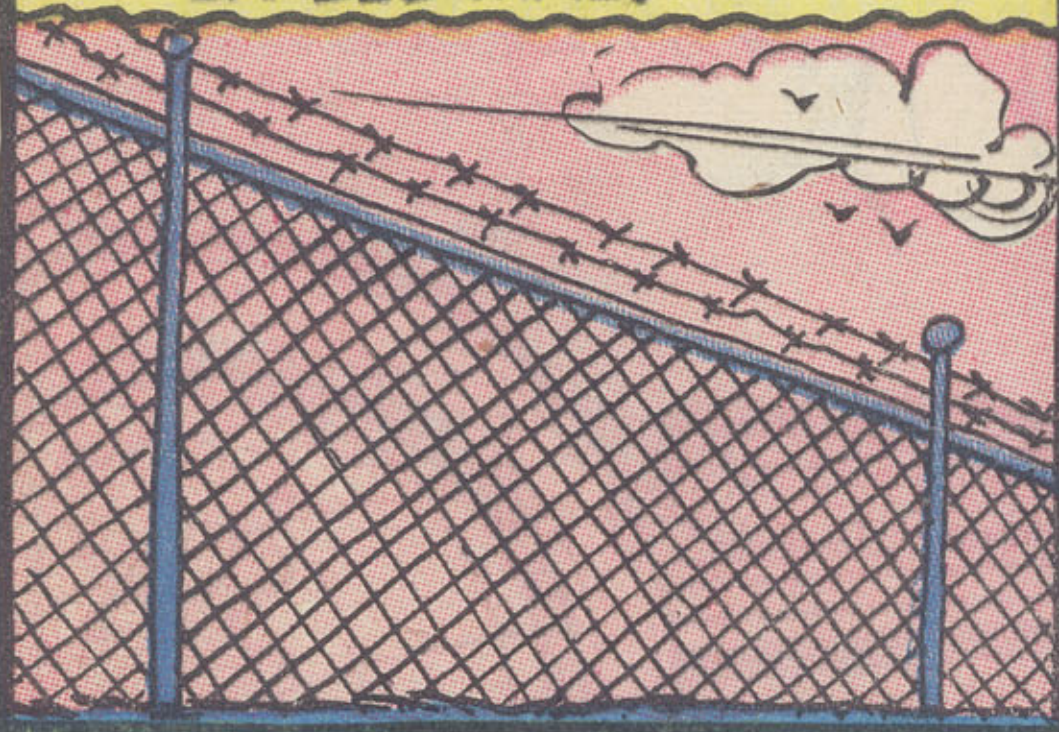
WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



IN THE NICEST  
PART OF TOWN  
THERE IS A  
MANSION WITH  
THE MOST  
WONDERFUL  
CHILDREN'S  
PLAYGROUND  
ADJOINING IT..

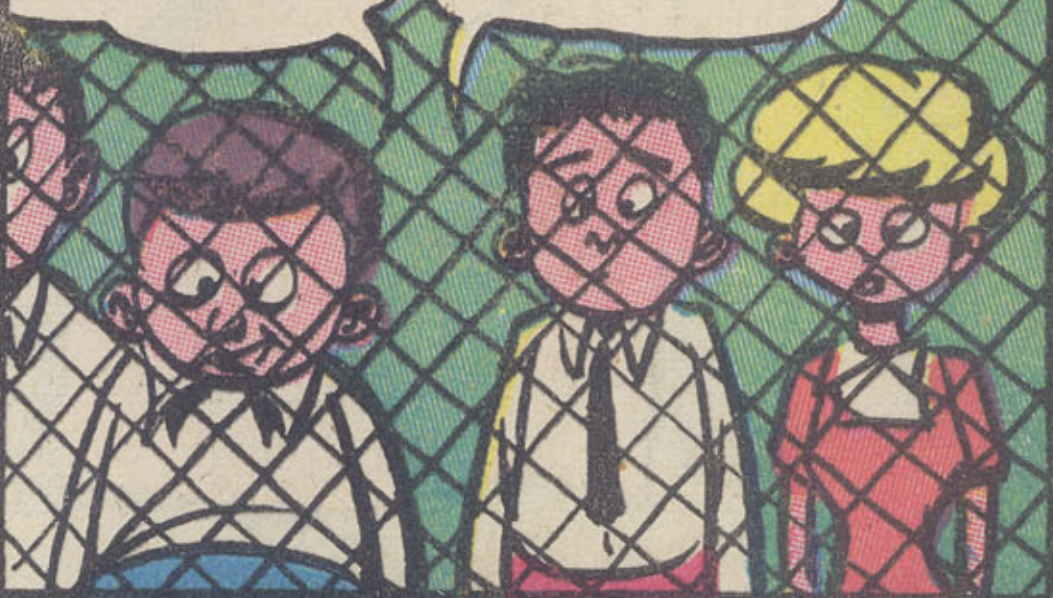


BUT AROUND THAT PLAYGROUND  
IS A STURDY WIRE FENCE, TOPPED  
BY ELECTRICALLY CHARGED  
BARBED WIRE.



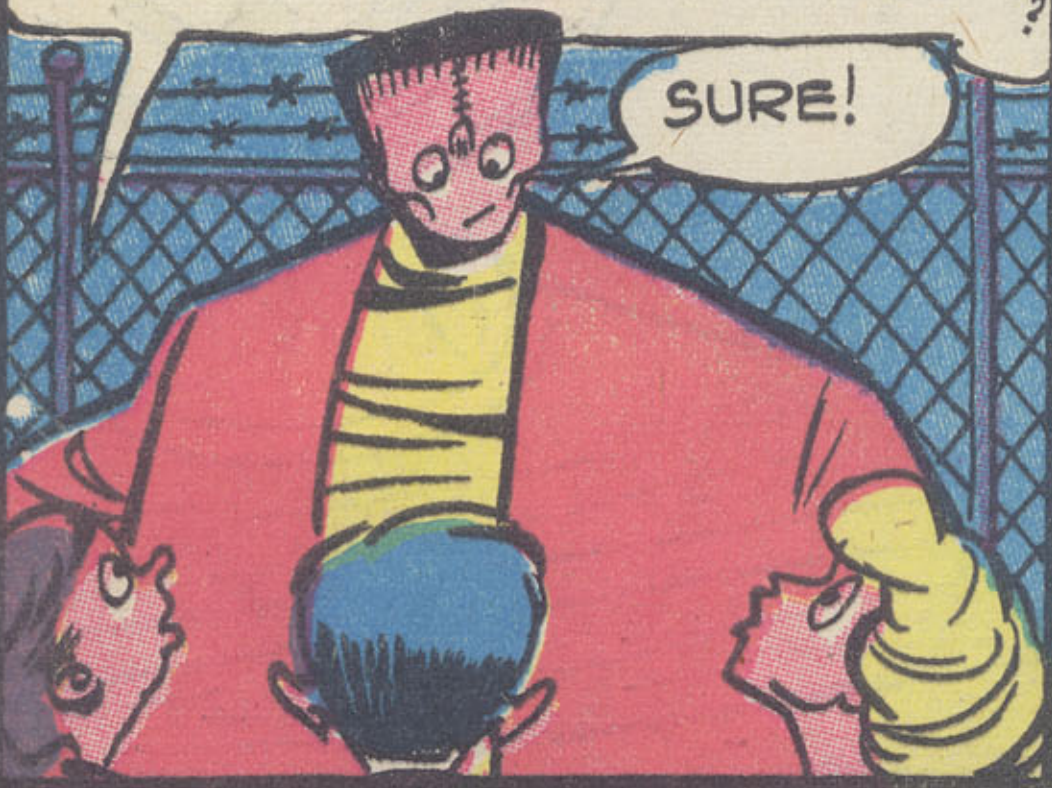
GOSH..LOOK AT  
ALL THAT  
TERRIFIC  
STUFF..BOATS  
AND TRAINS  
AND RIDES...

WE'VE BEEN  
LOOKING AT IT  
FOR WEEKS. I  
WONDER WHEN  
IT'S GOING TO  
OPEN UP?

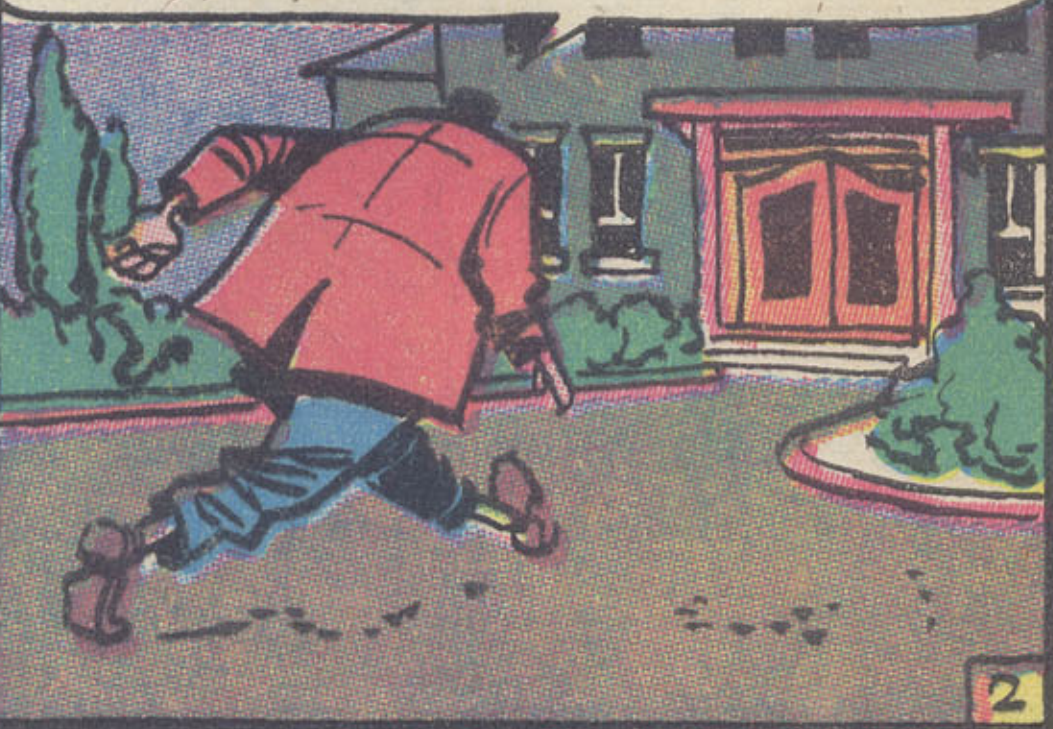


FRANKENSTEIN, WILL YOU GO TO  
THAT HOUSE AND FIND OUT WHEN  
WE CAN PLAY IN THE PLAYGROUND?

SURE!



OLD SILAS GRUNCH LIVES HERE.  
WONDER WHY HE BUILT A PLAY-  
GROUND? MAYBE HE'S GETTING  
SOFT..HE USED TO HATE KIDS..





MR. GRUNCH, A DELEGATION OF FINE CHILDREN HAVE ASKED ME TO FIND OUT WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO OPEN THE AMUSEMENT PARK YOU BUILT FOR THEM.



HEH, HEH!! I'VE BEEN WATCHING THOSE BRATS' FACES AS THEY GAZE UPON ALL THOSE THINGS! HEH HEH!! SURE, I BUILT IT JUST FOR THEM.. BUT THEY CAN NEVER USE IT!!!



NEVER USE IT?

NO!! I WENT TO ALL THE EXPENSE OF BUILDING IT SO THAT THOSE KIDS CAN LOOK AT IT EVERY DAY AND HAVE THEIR MOUTHS WATER AT THE PROSPECT OF RIDING EVERYTHING THERE...



„BUT THEY'LL JUST HAVE TO LOOK AT IT.. BECAUSE IT GIVES ME A WORLD OF PLEASURE TO SEE THEM STARING, KNOWING THEY CAN NEVER GET IN TO PLAY!!



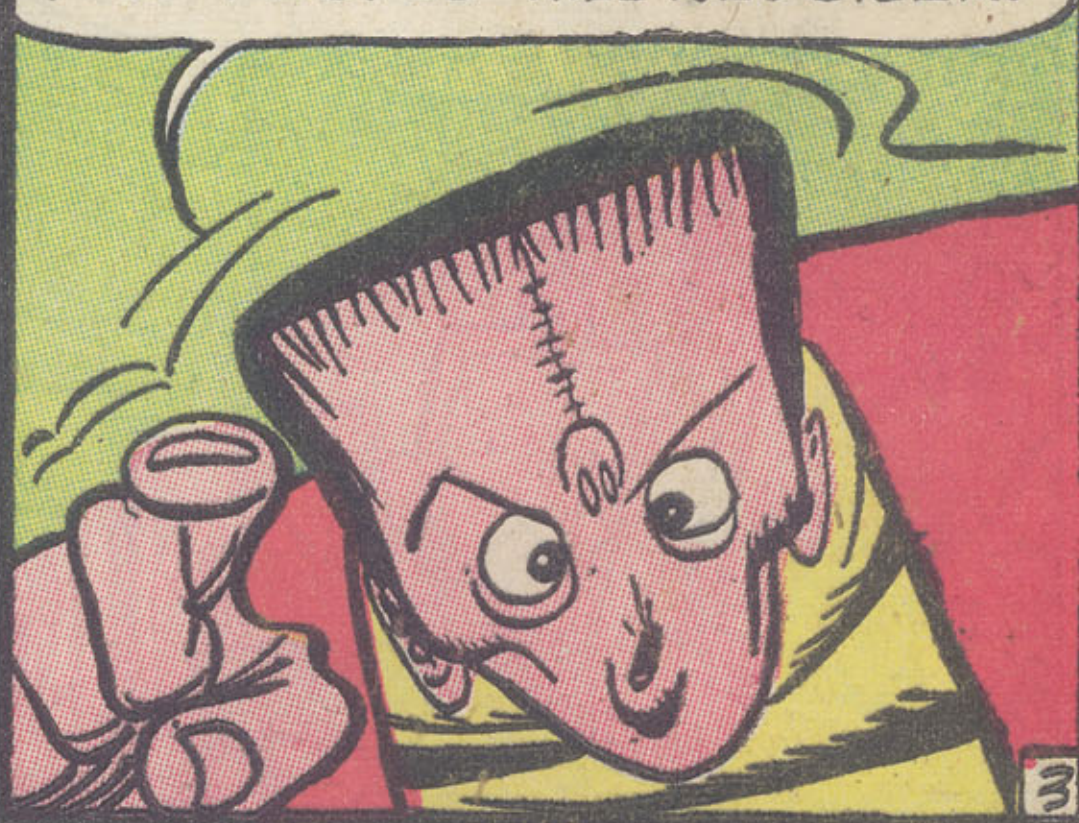
HEH, HEH!!

I HATE KIDS!

SILAS GRUNCH, YOU'RE THE CRUELEST WRETCH I'VE EVER KNOWN! SOME DAY FATE WILL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THIS!!

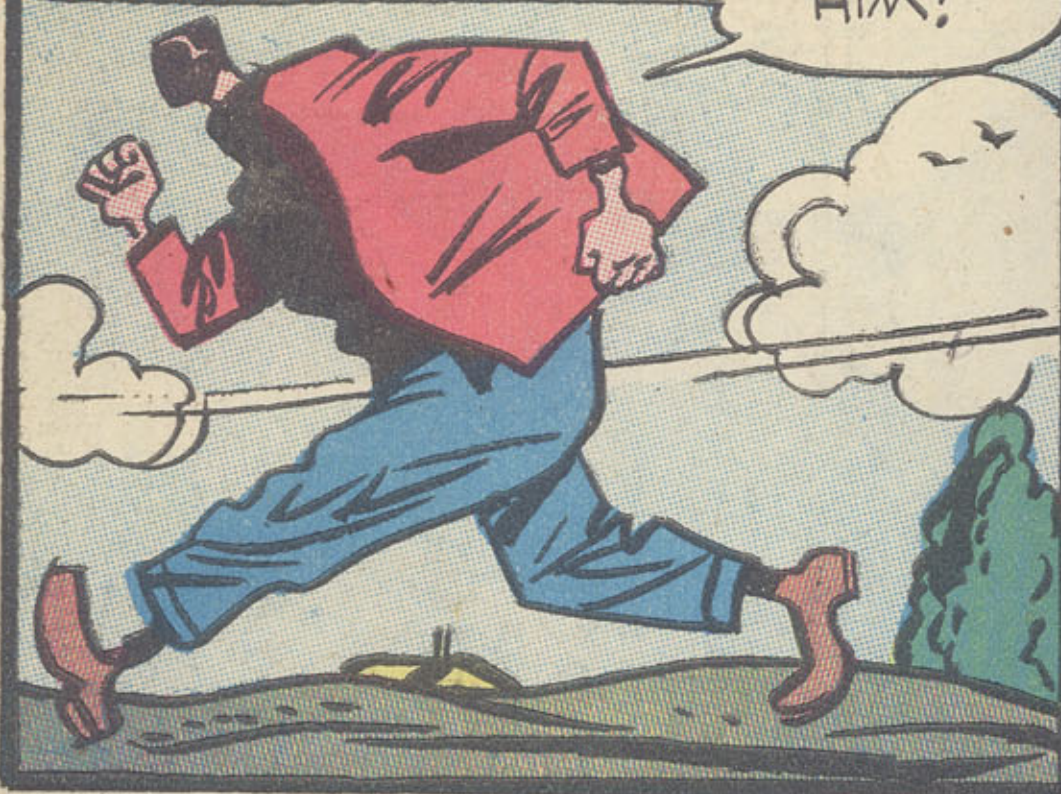


SOME DAY YOU'LL JUST VANISH OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH... AND PEOPLE WILL REJOICE!...

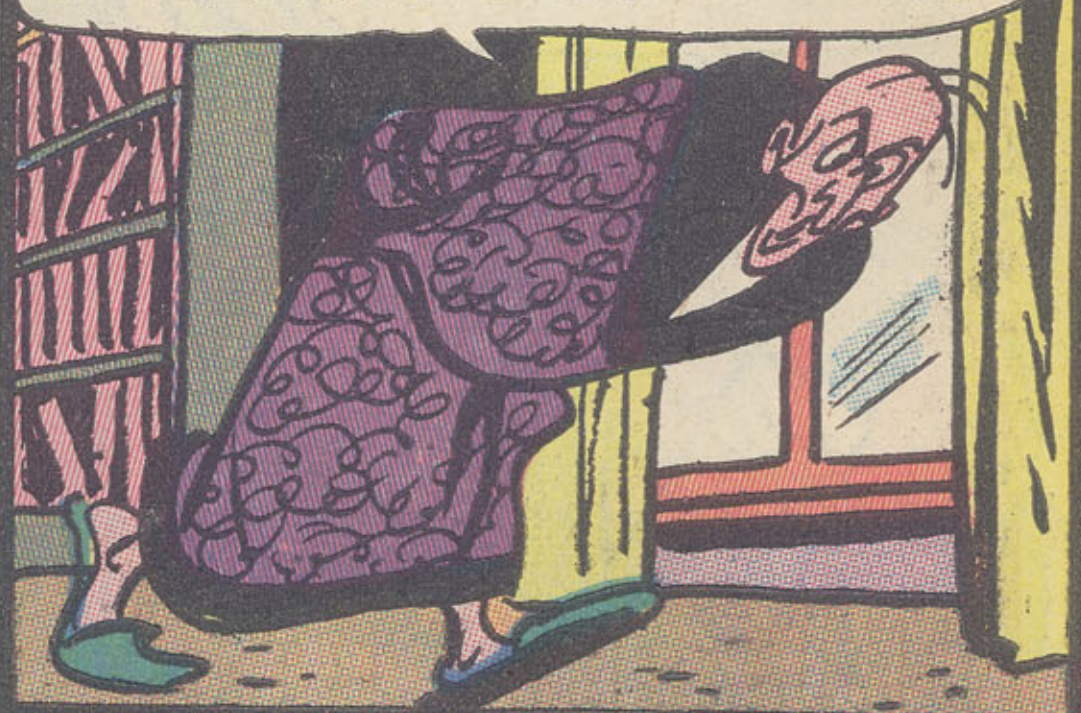




THAT OLD POOPHEAD..TORTURING  
KIDS IN HIS OWN MEAN WAY...  
I'LL FIND SOME WAY OF FIXING  
HIM!



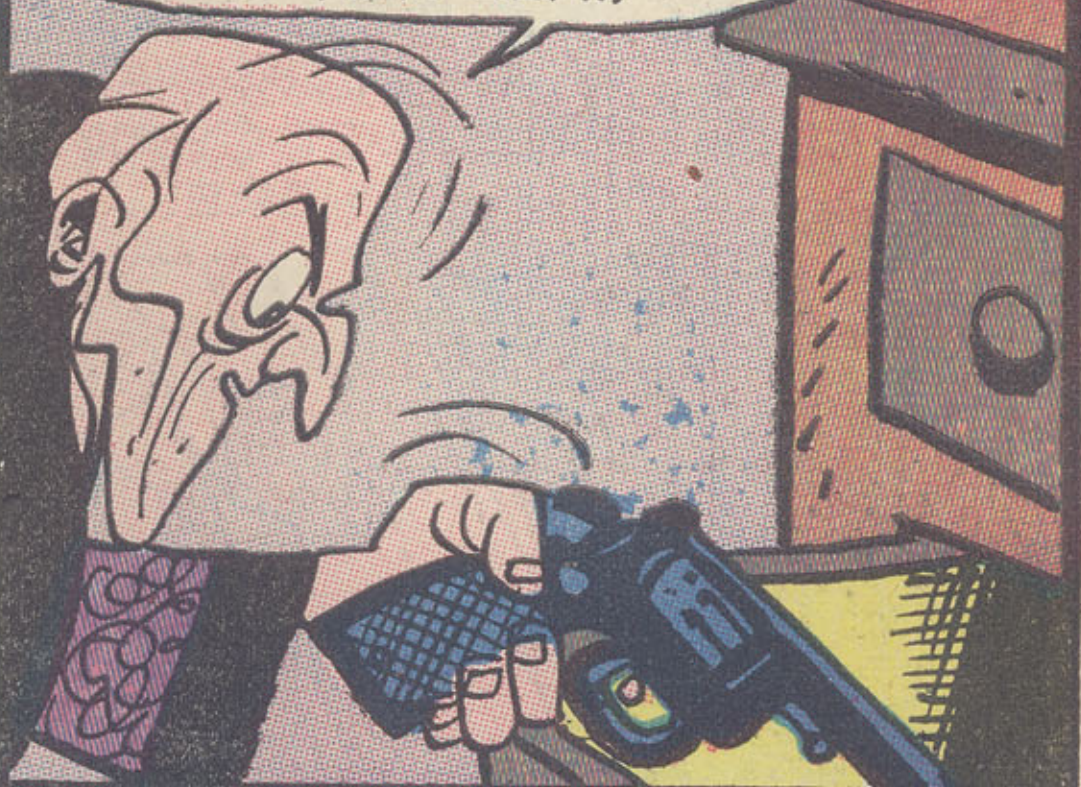
NOW I'M WORRIED! NOBODY IN  
TOWN WILL LIFT A FINGER  
AGAINST ME....EXCEPT THAT  
OAF FRANKENSTEIN...WHO  
ISN'T AFRAID OF ANYBODY...



IF HE SHOULD INVESTIGATE AND  
FIND OUT I REALLY DON'T OWN  
THE LAND I BUILT THE PLAY-  
GROUND ON, IT WOULD BE TOO  
BAD FOR ME. I MUST DO  
SOMETHING...



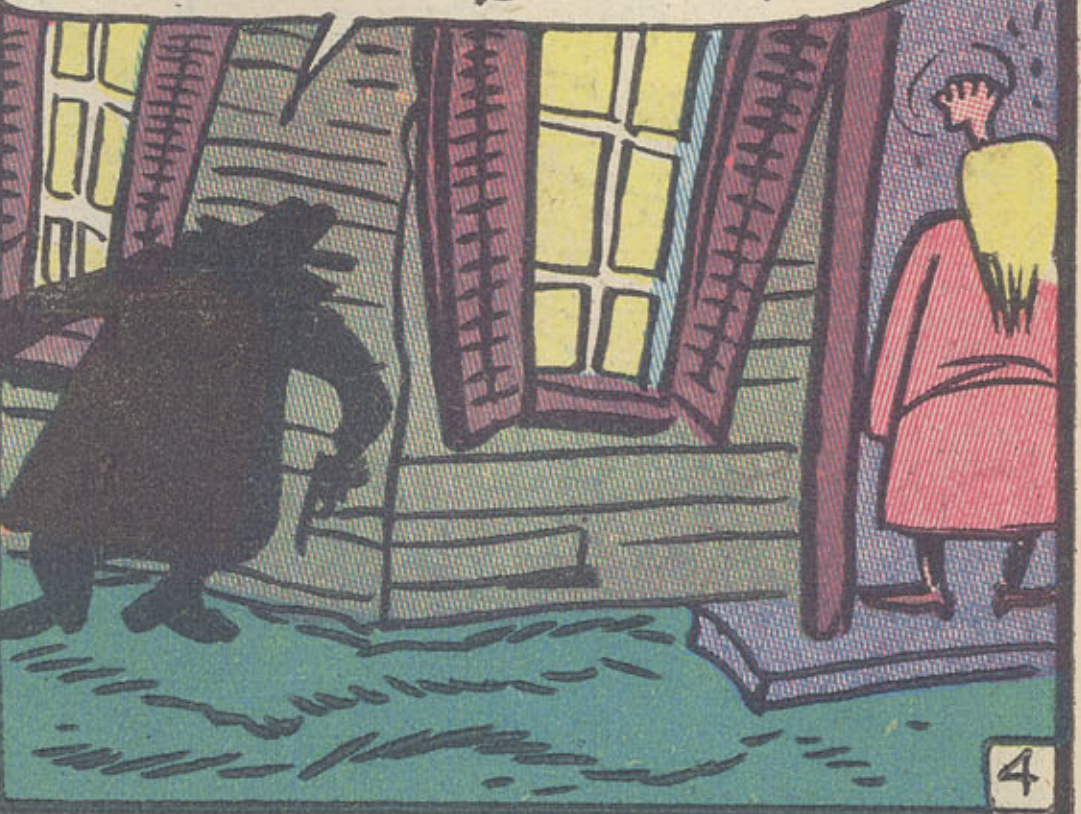
YES...TO-NIGHT. I WILL SNEAK  
INTO HIS HOUSE AND...  
HEH HEH HEH!!



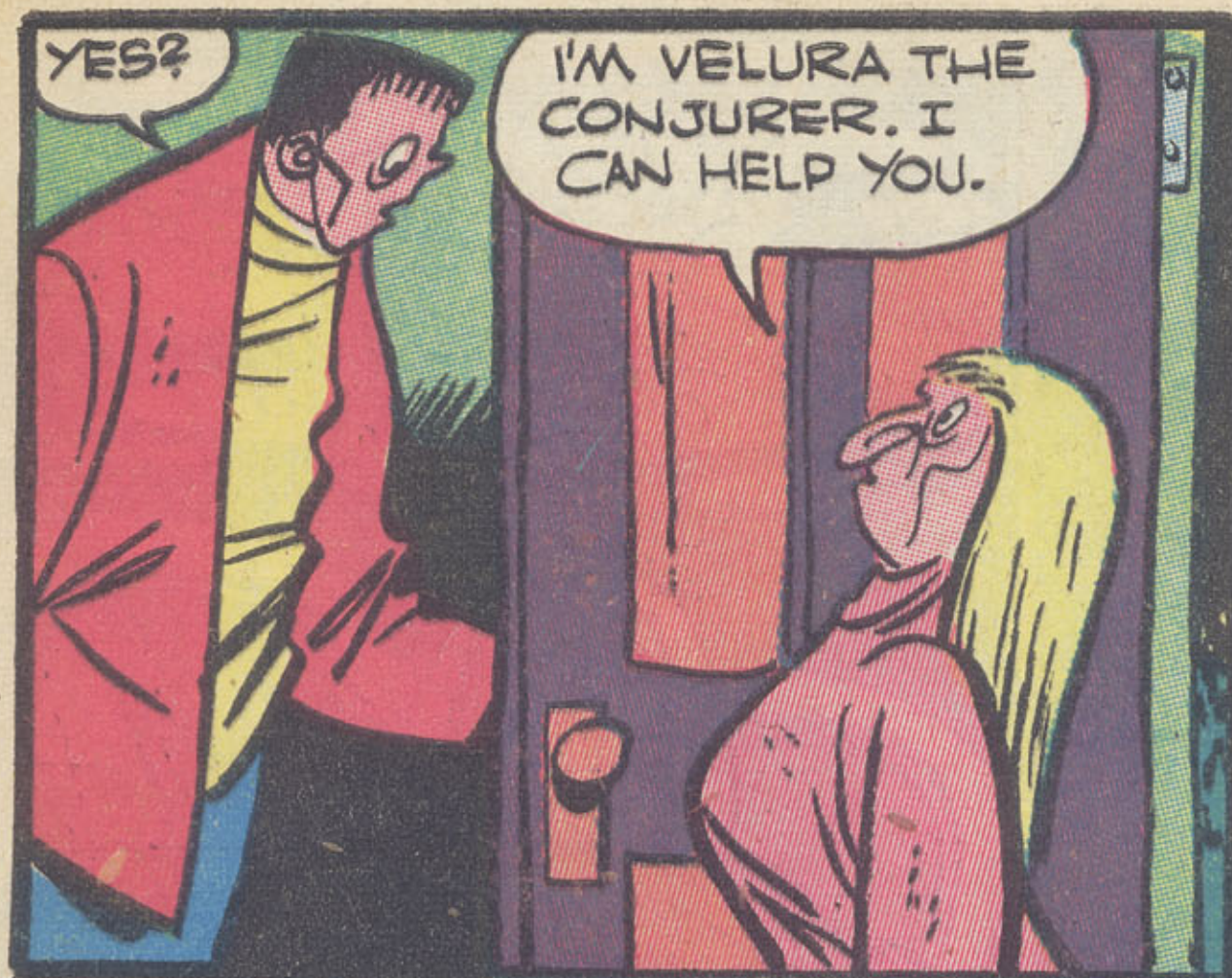
THAT NIGHT.. SHOULD I GET  
THE GHOULS AND  
VAMPIRES TO SCARE HIM??  
SHOULD I ....



CURSES!! JUST AS I'M ABOUT  
TO GO IN, SOME OLD HAG  
KNOCKS ON HIS DOOR!!







YES?

I'M VELURA THE CONJURER. I CAN HELP YOU.

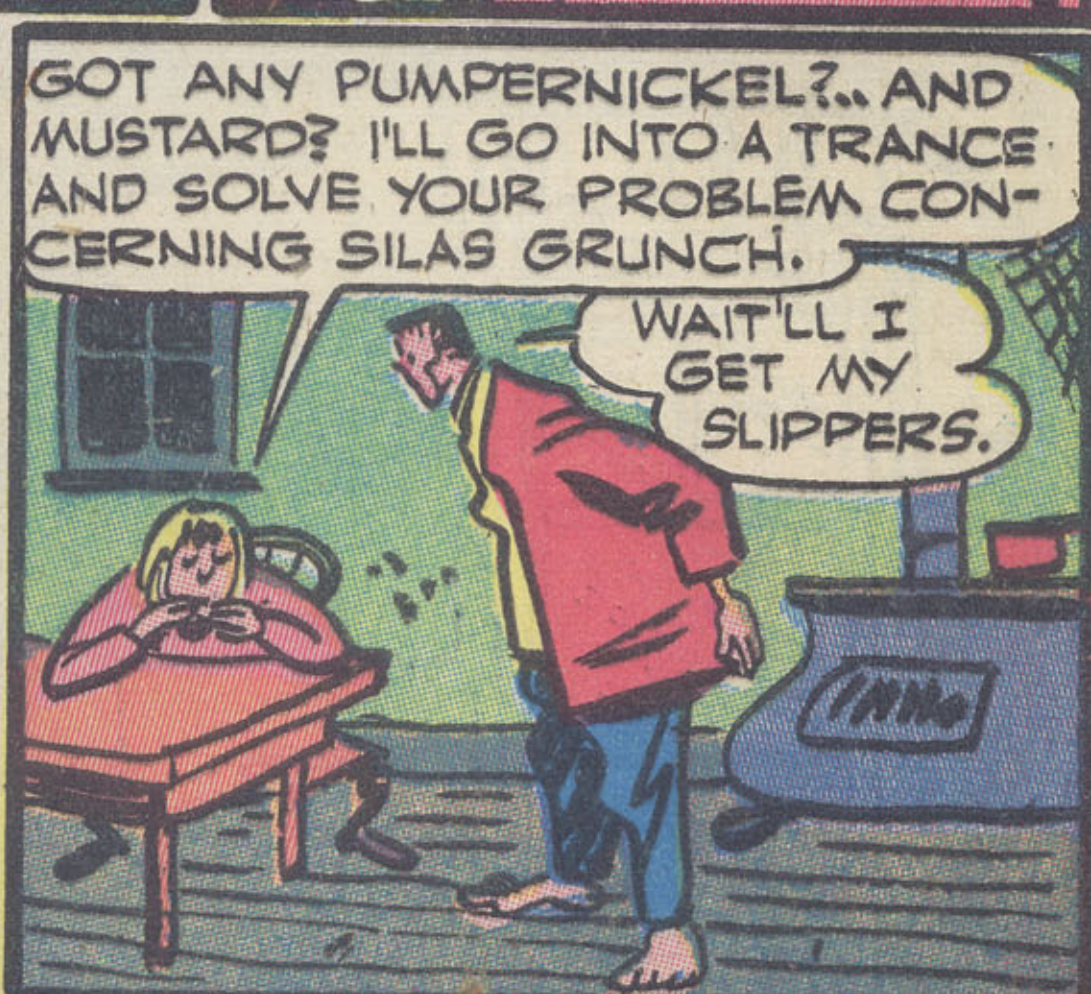


YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT OLD SILAS GRUNCH AND HOW YOU CAN FORCE HIM TO OPEN THE PLAYGROUND TO THE CHILDREN.



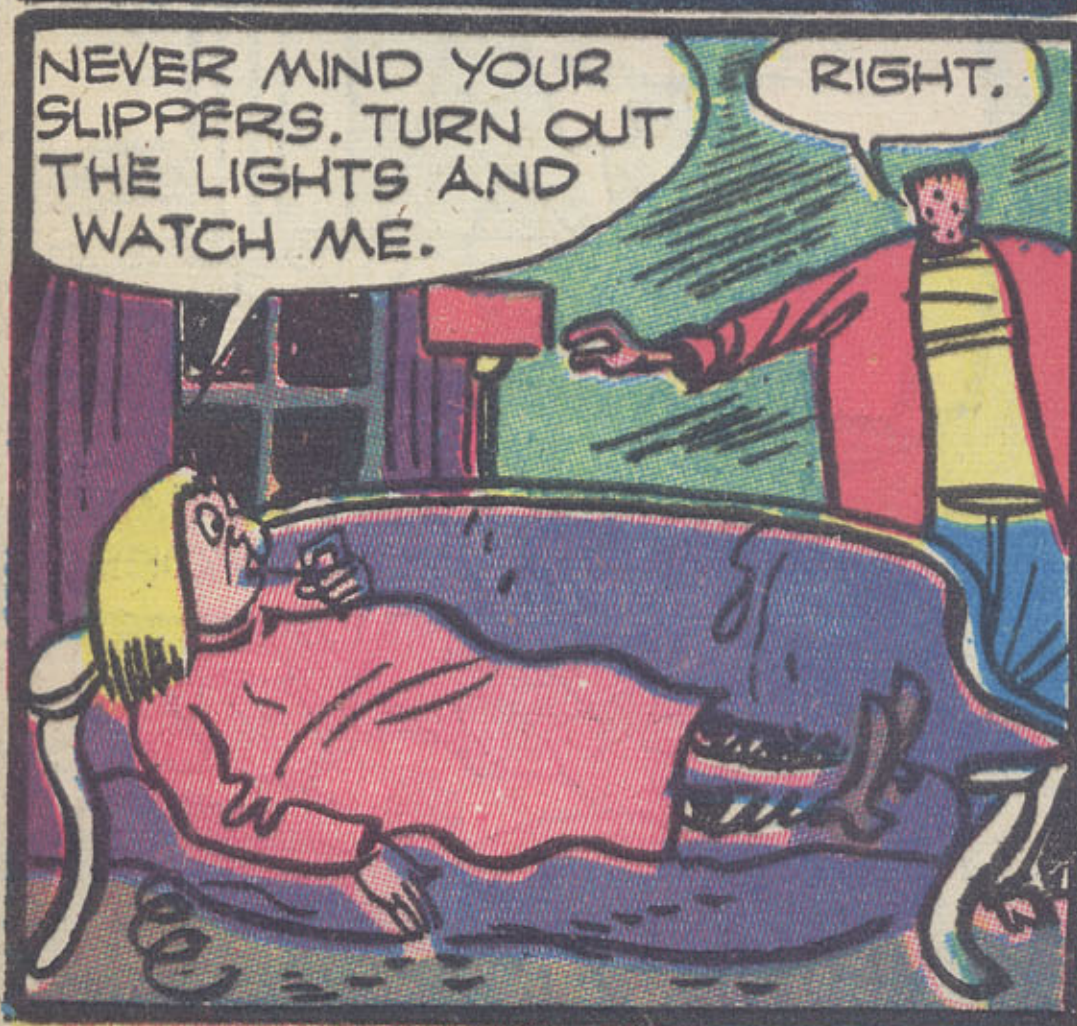
SAY! YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY CORRECT!!!

AH...A FINE PIECE OF SALAMI. OF COURSE I'M RIGHT, AND I CAN HELP YOU.



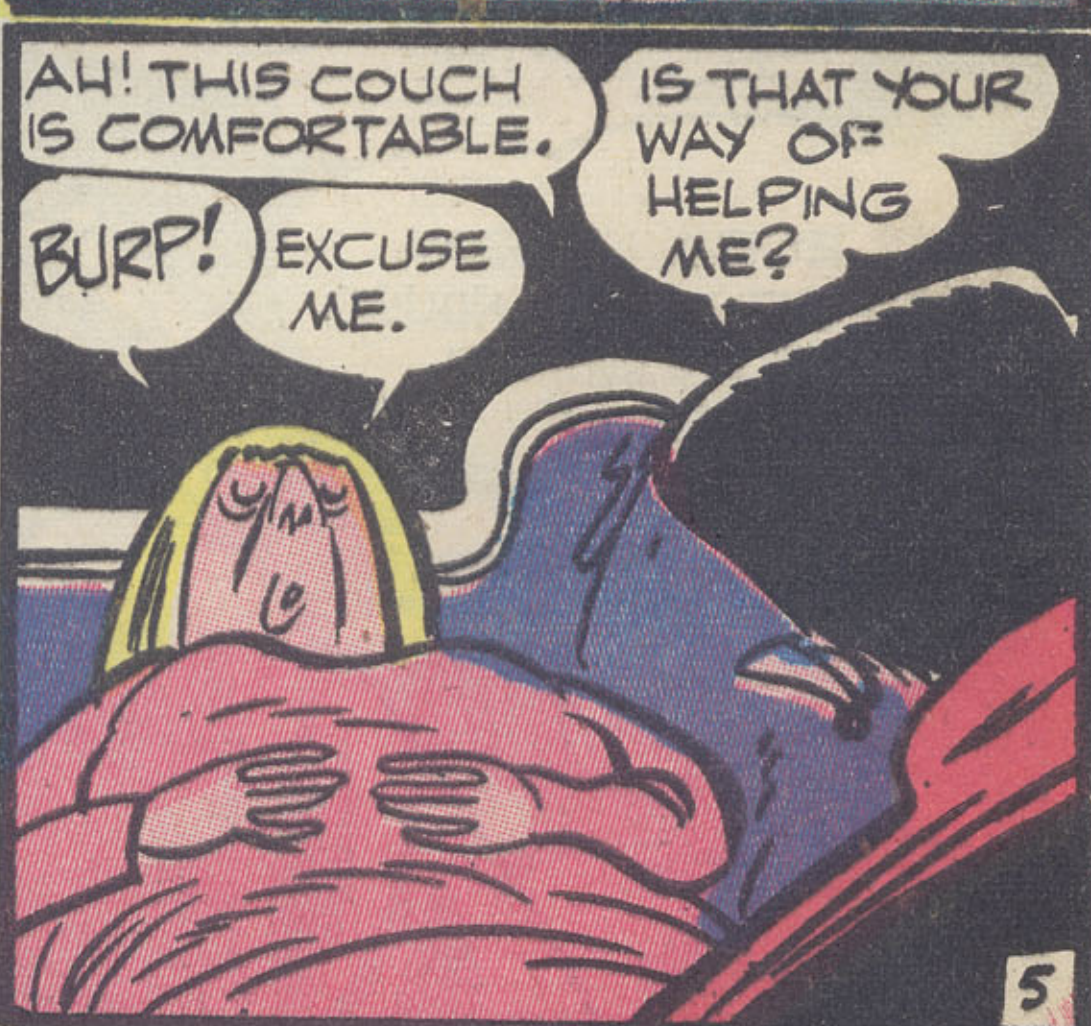
GOT ANY PUMPERNICKEL?... AND MUSTARD? I'LL GO INTO A TRANCE AND SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM CONCERNING SILAS GRUNCH.

WAIT'LL I GET MY SLIPPERS.



NEVER MIND YOUR SLIPPERS. TURN OUT THE LIGHTS AND WATCH ME.

RIGHT.



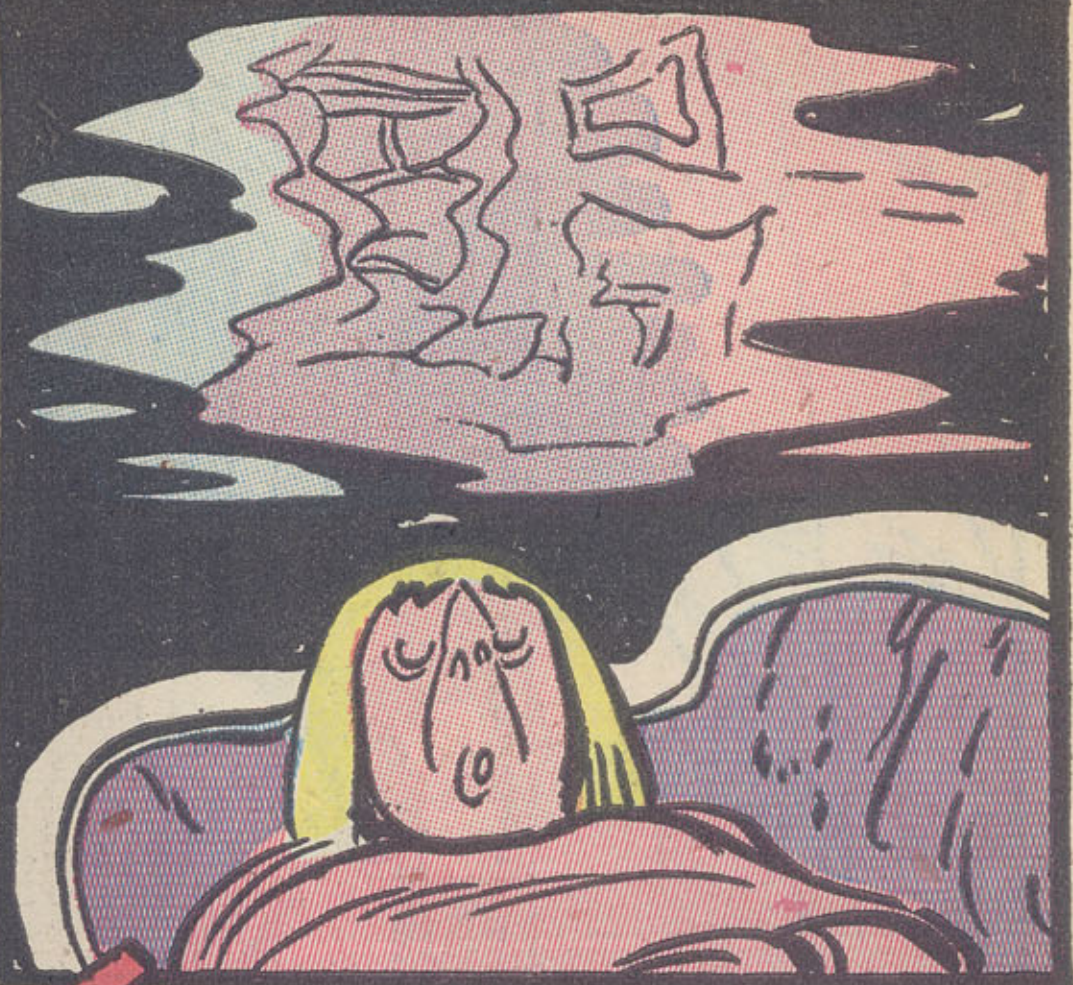
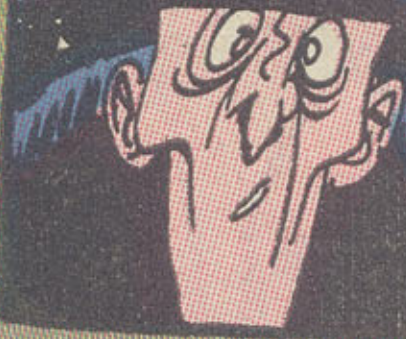
AH! THIS COUCH IS COMFORTABLE.

IS THAT YOUR WAY OF HELPING ME?

BURP! EXCUSE ME.



THE LIGHTS ARE OUT.  
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO  
SNEAK IN!



GO INTO IT!



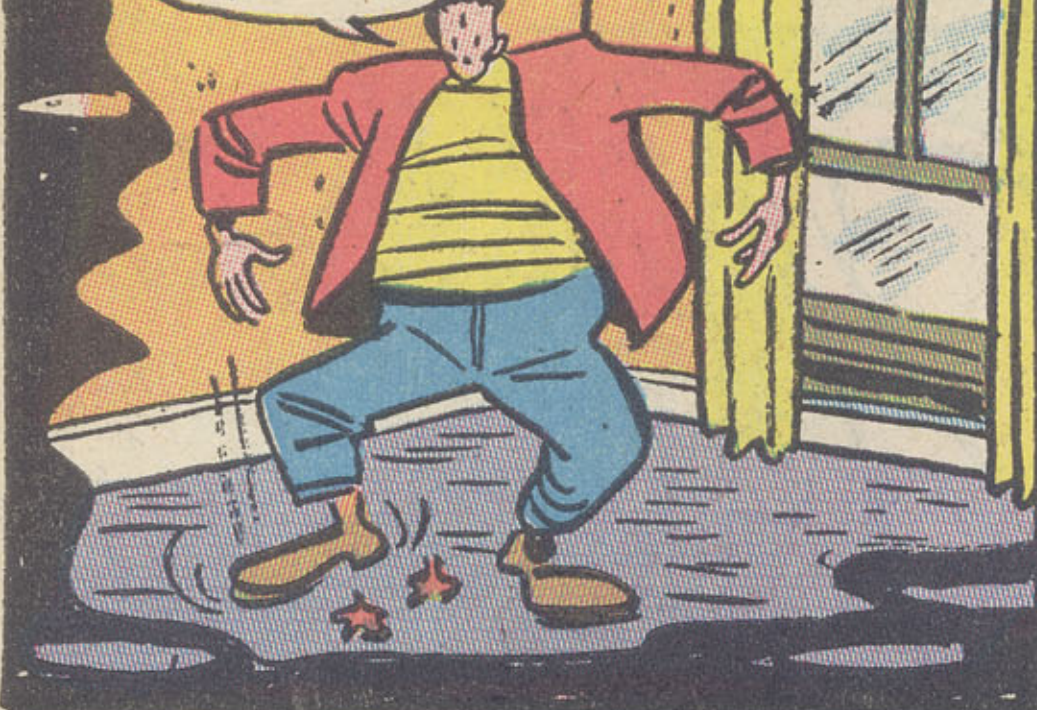
THAT ROOM IS FROM  
SILAS GRUNCH'S HOUSE.  
THERE'S AN IMPOR-  
TANT PAPER IN  
THAT DESK.



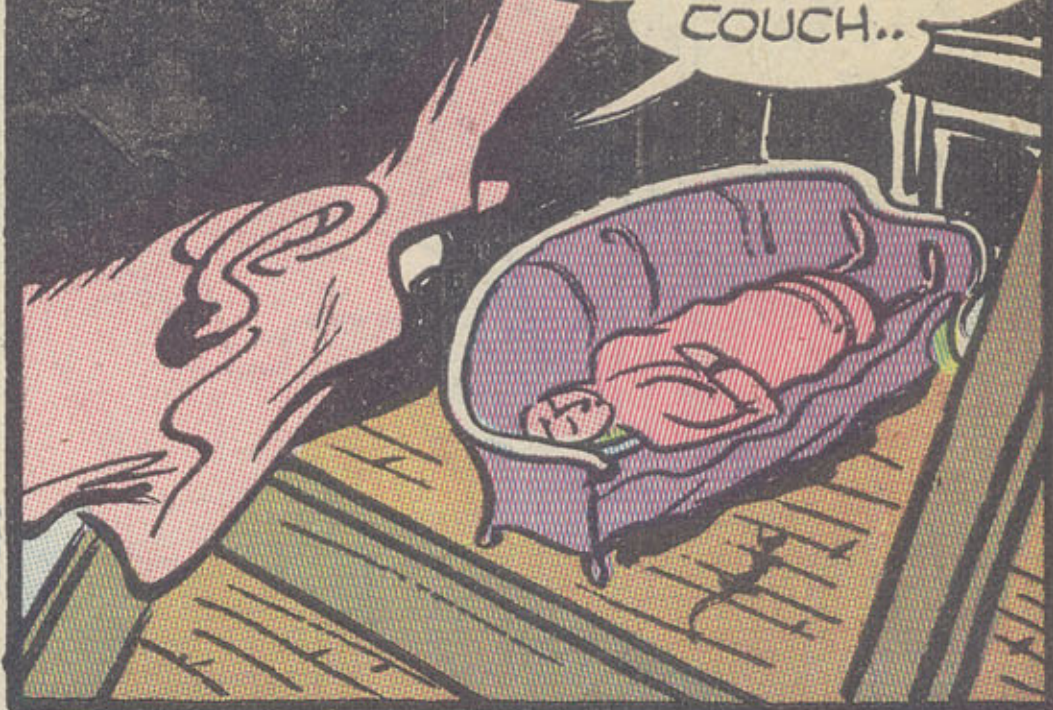
**YOW!**  
YOUR FEET ARE  
COLD!! PUT ON  
YOUR SHOES!



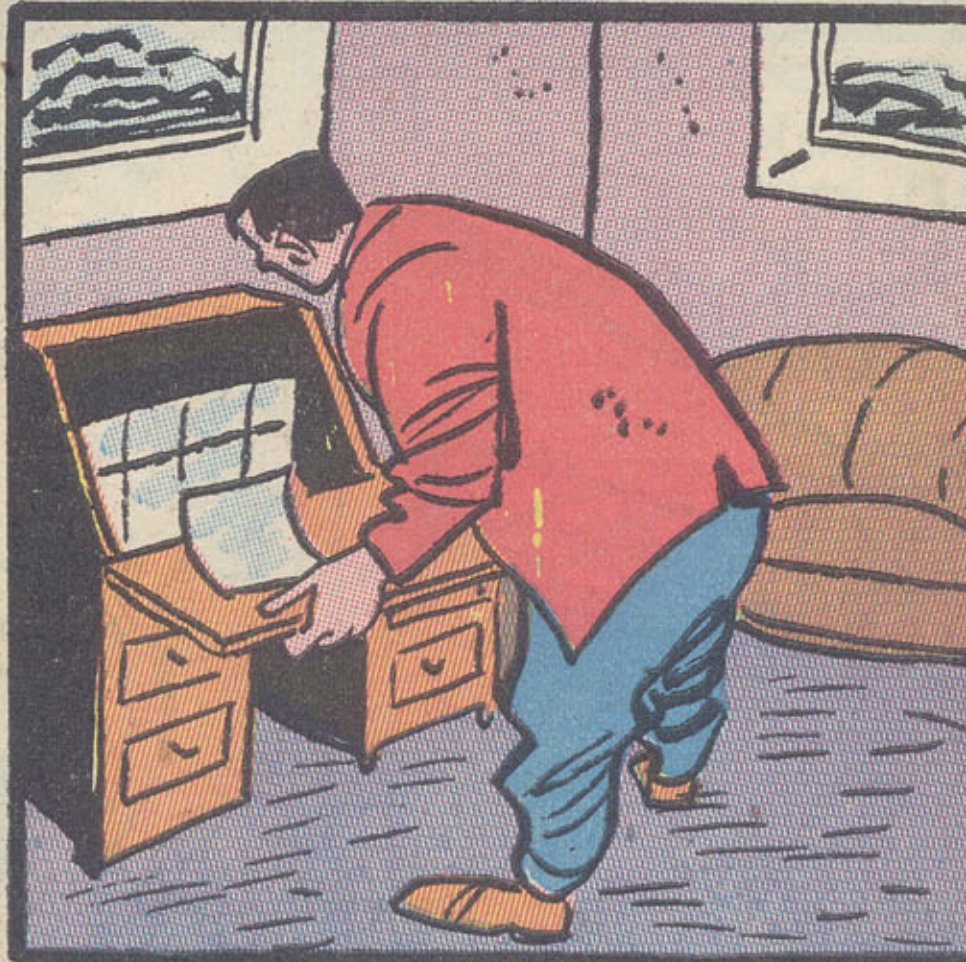
GOSH--I'M IN!! IN  
VELURA'S VISION!!  
IT SEEMS SOLID  
ENOUGH..



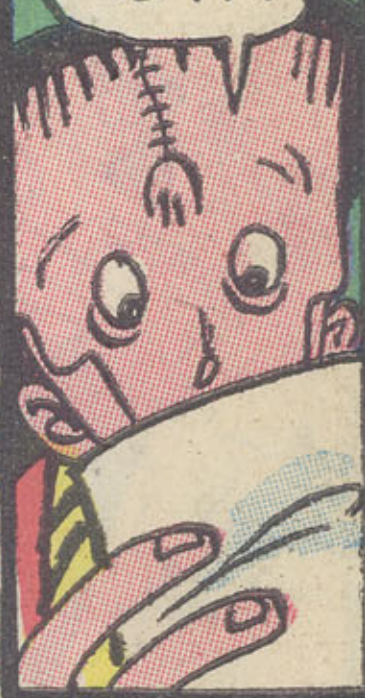
AND THERE...  
OUTSIDE THE  
WINDOW--- IS  
VELURA...ON MY  
COUCH..



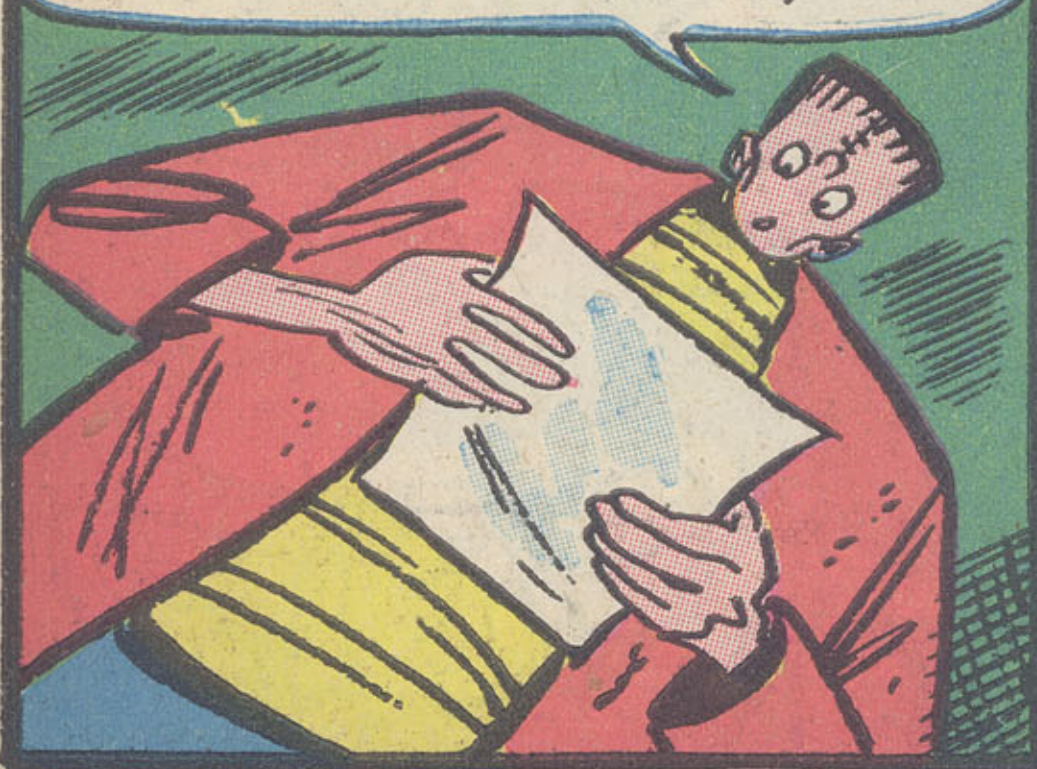
MY ROOM!! MY DESK!!  
THE PAPER IN THE  
DESK!! I MUST FOLLOW  
HIM INTO THE ROOM!



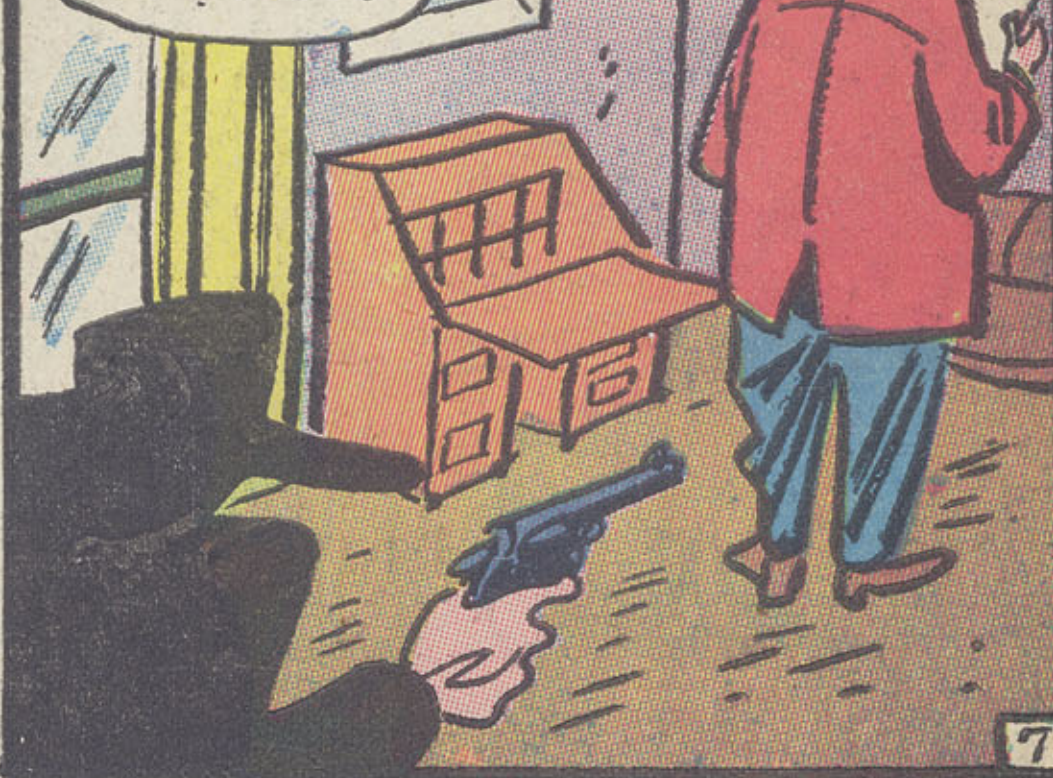
HERE'S A  
PAPER--  
MAYBE THIS  
IS IT!!



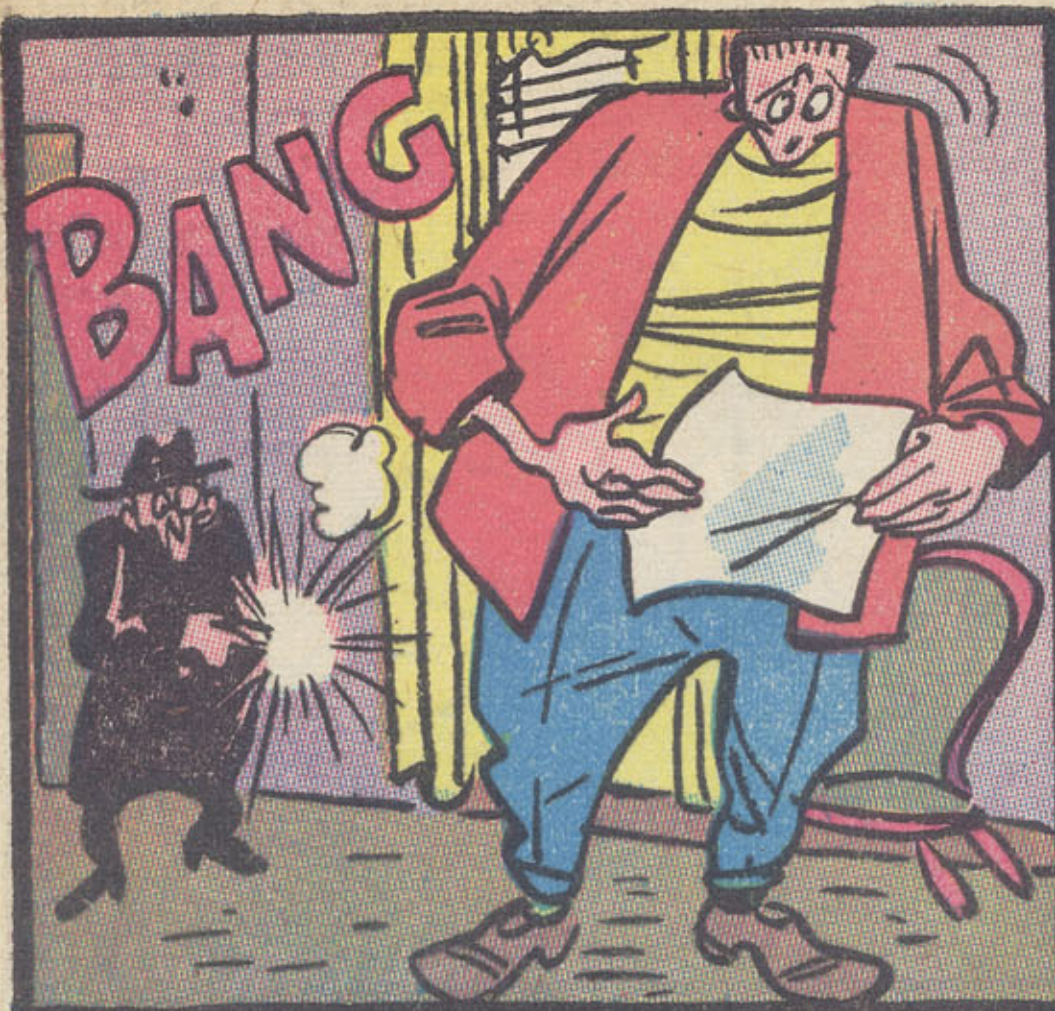
OHHO!! THIS PAPER SAYS OLD  
SILAS GRUNCH DOESN'T OWN  
THAT LAND!! WELL, WELL, WELL!



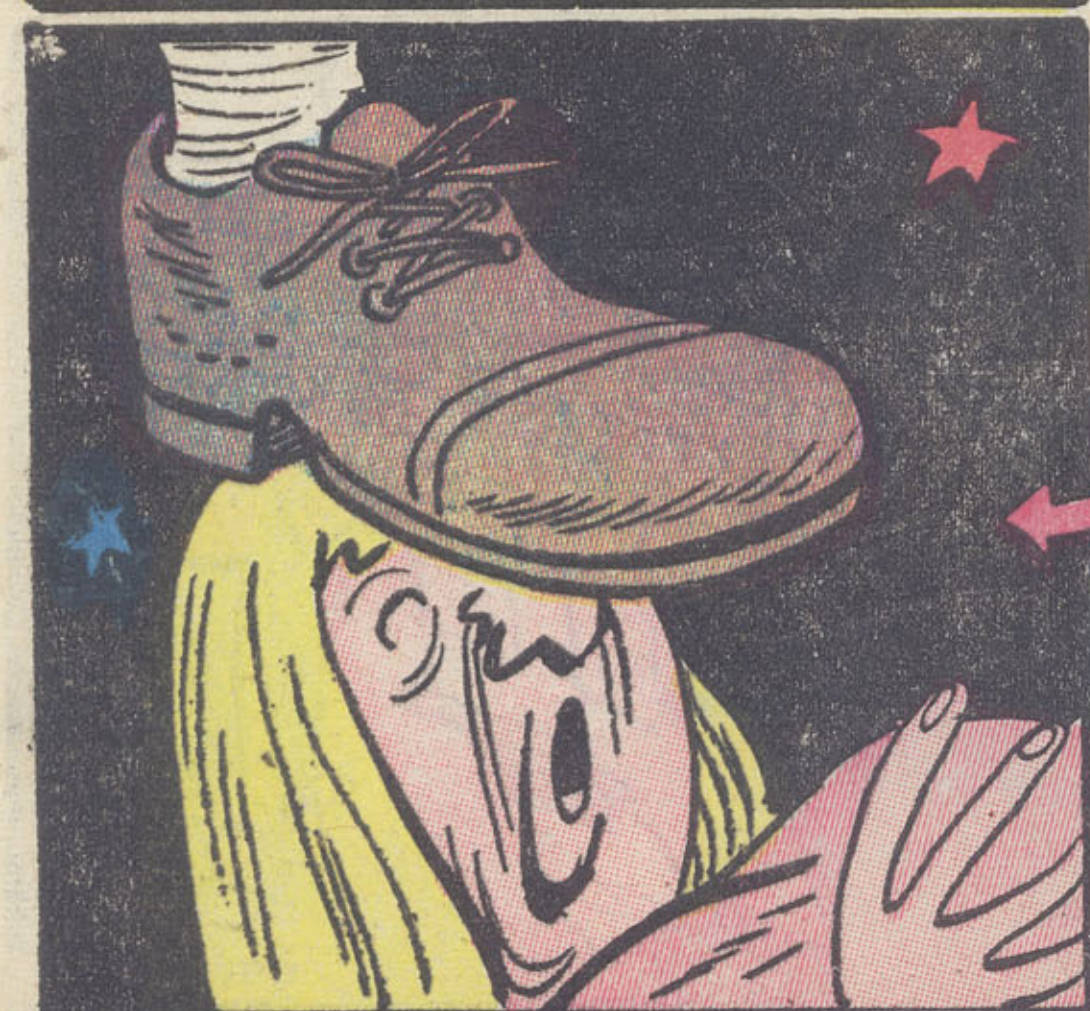
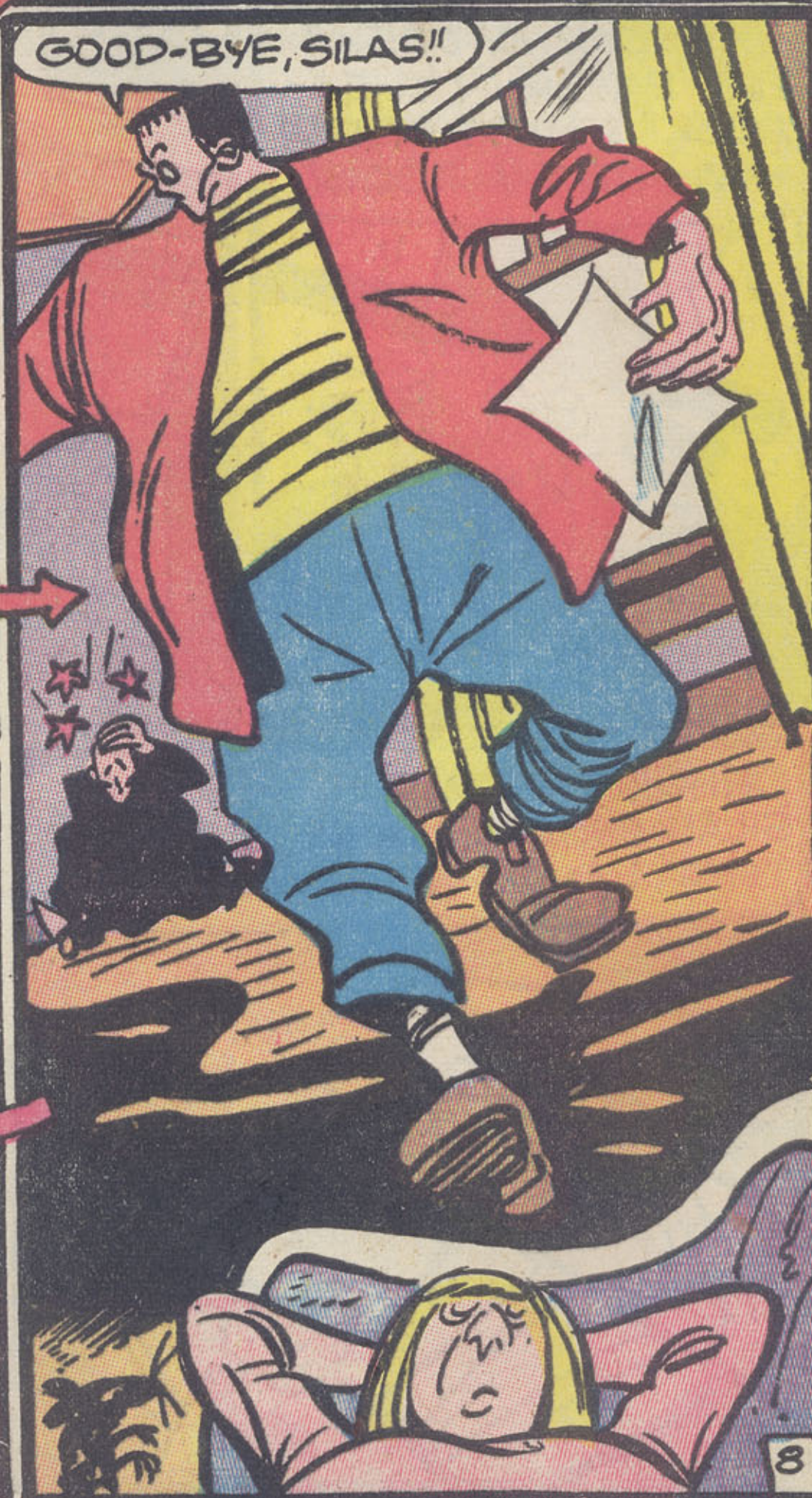
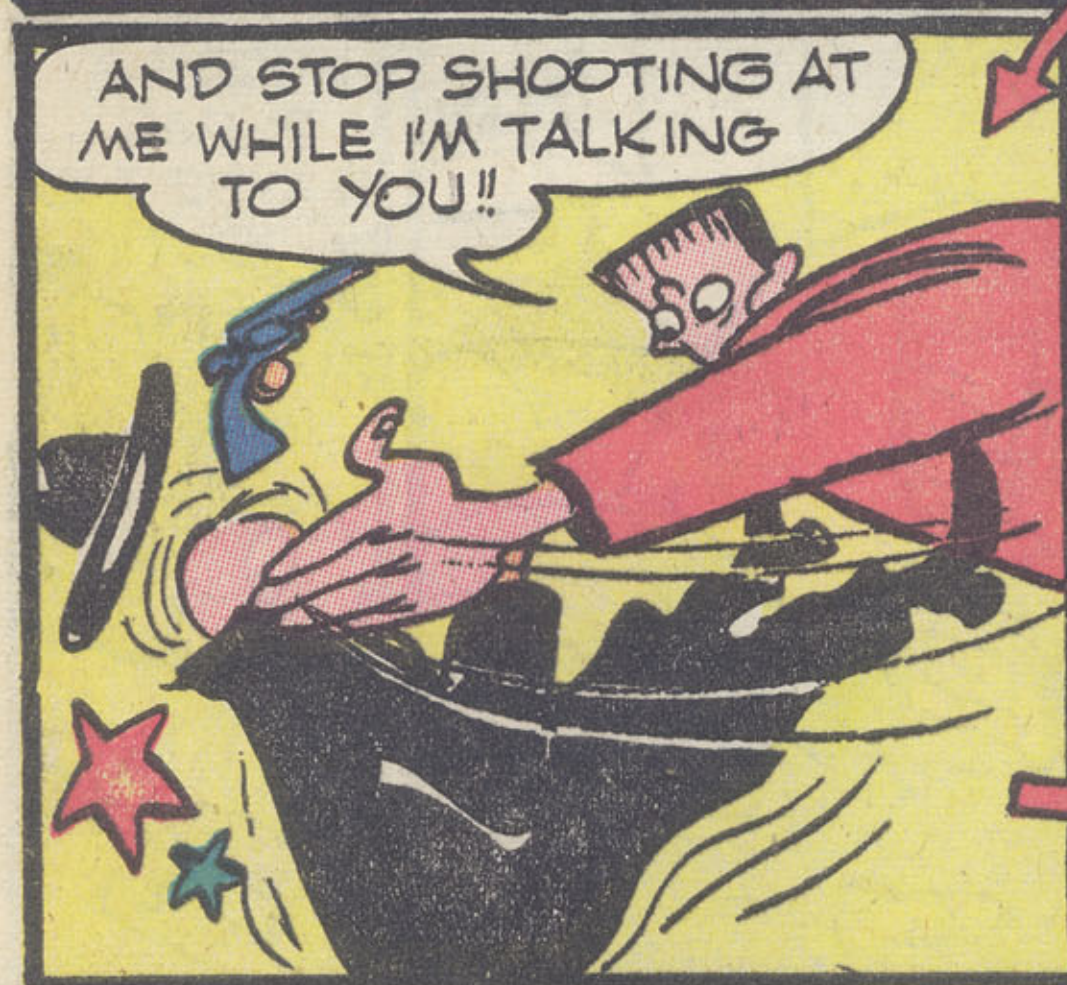
AT LAST I CAN HAVE  
THE PLAYGROUND  
OPENED!





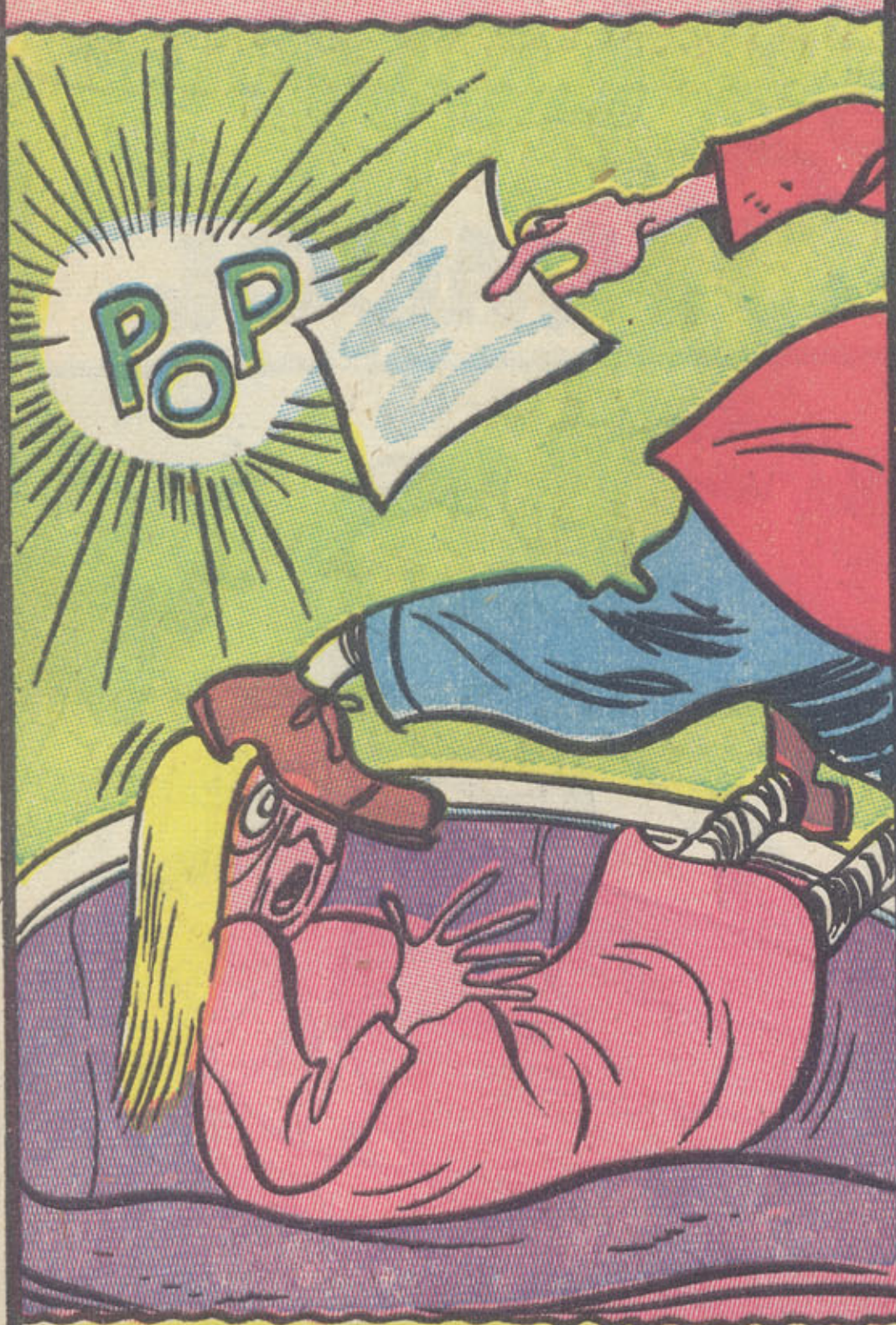


SILAS GRUNCH, YOU ARE WASHED UP!! YOU DON'T OWN THAT LAND! THEREFOR YOUR TORTURING OF CHILDREN COMES TO AN END





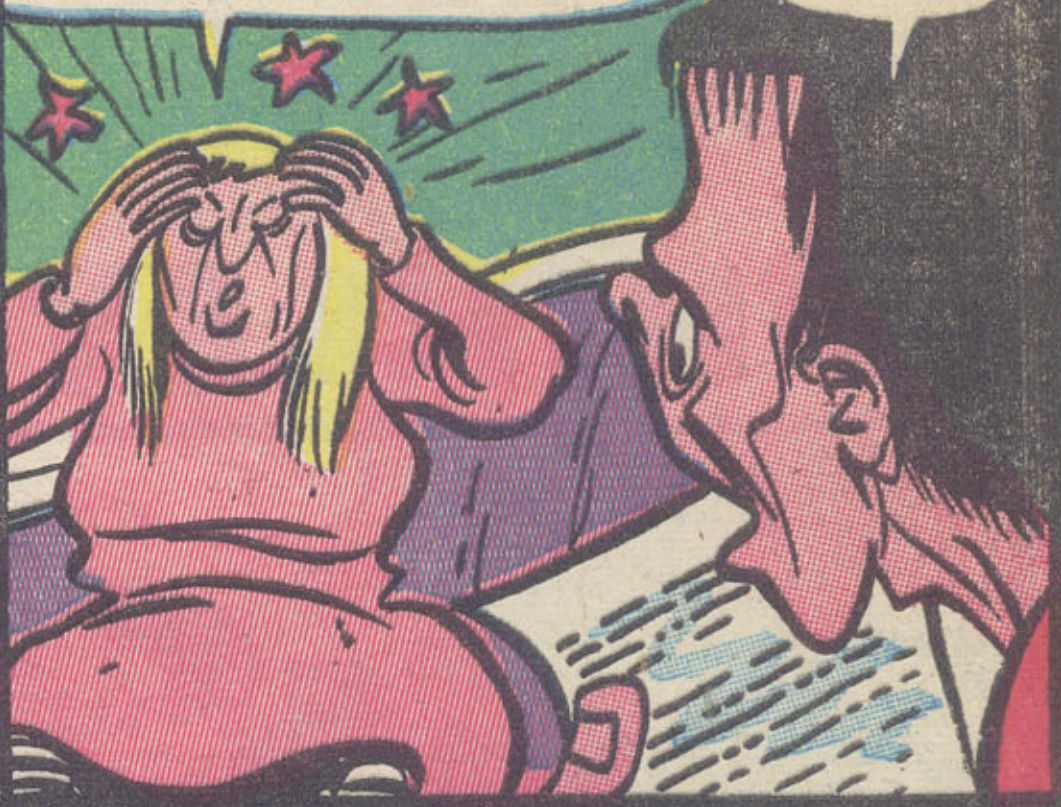
AND AS FRANKENSTEIN STEPS OUT  
OF THE VISION ONTO VELURA'S  
FACE...



...THE VISION VANISHES...  
SILAS GRUNCH WITH IT!!

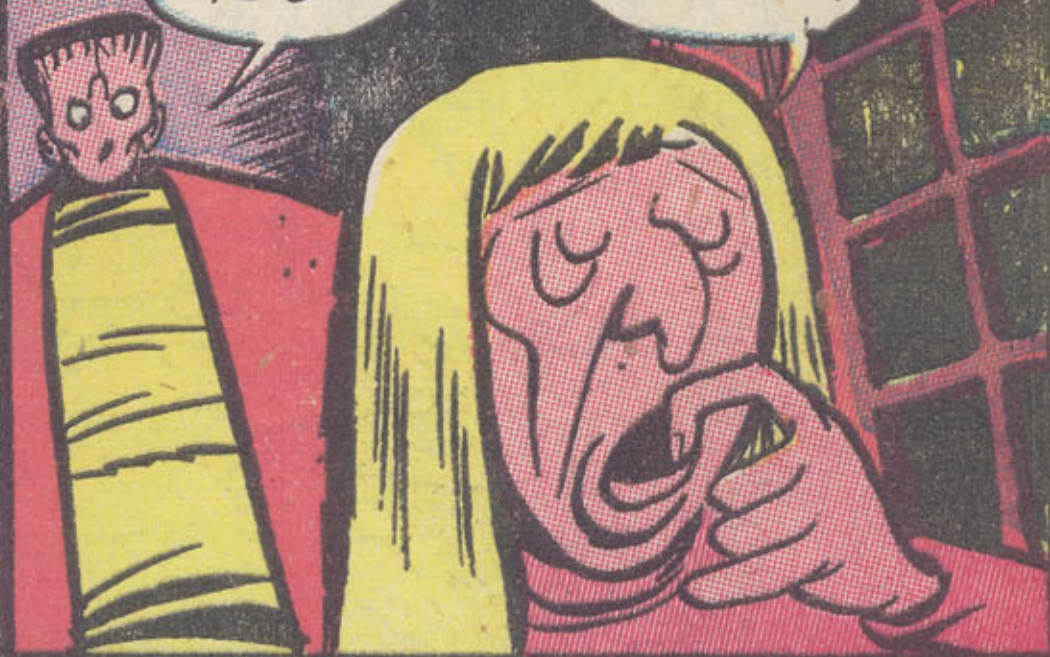
OH!!! MY HEAD ACHES.... LIKE  
SOMETHING JUMPING  
AROUND INSIDE IT!!

SILAS!!

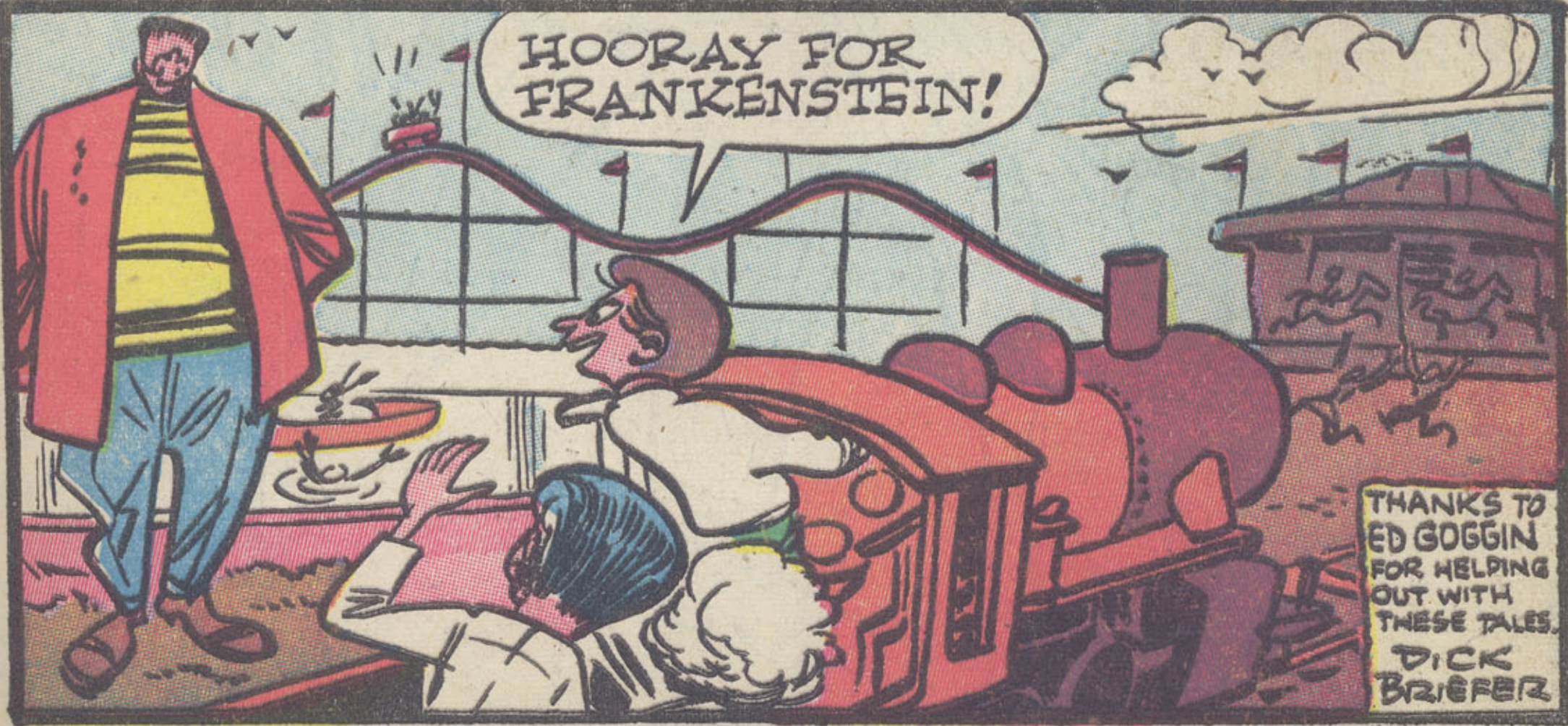


THANKS, VELURA.  
NOW EVERYTHING  
IS SOLVED. HOW  
CAN I THANK  
YOU?

I SAW SOME  
HERRING IN  
THE ICE-BOX.  
CAN I TAKE IT  
HOME?



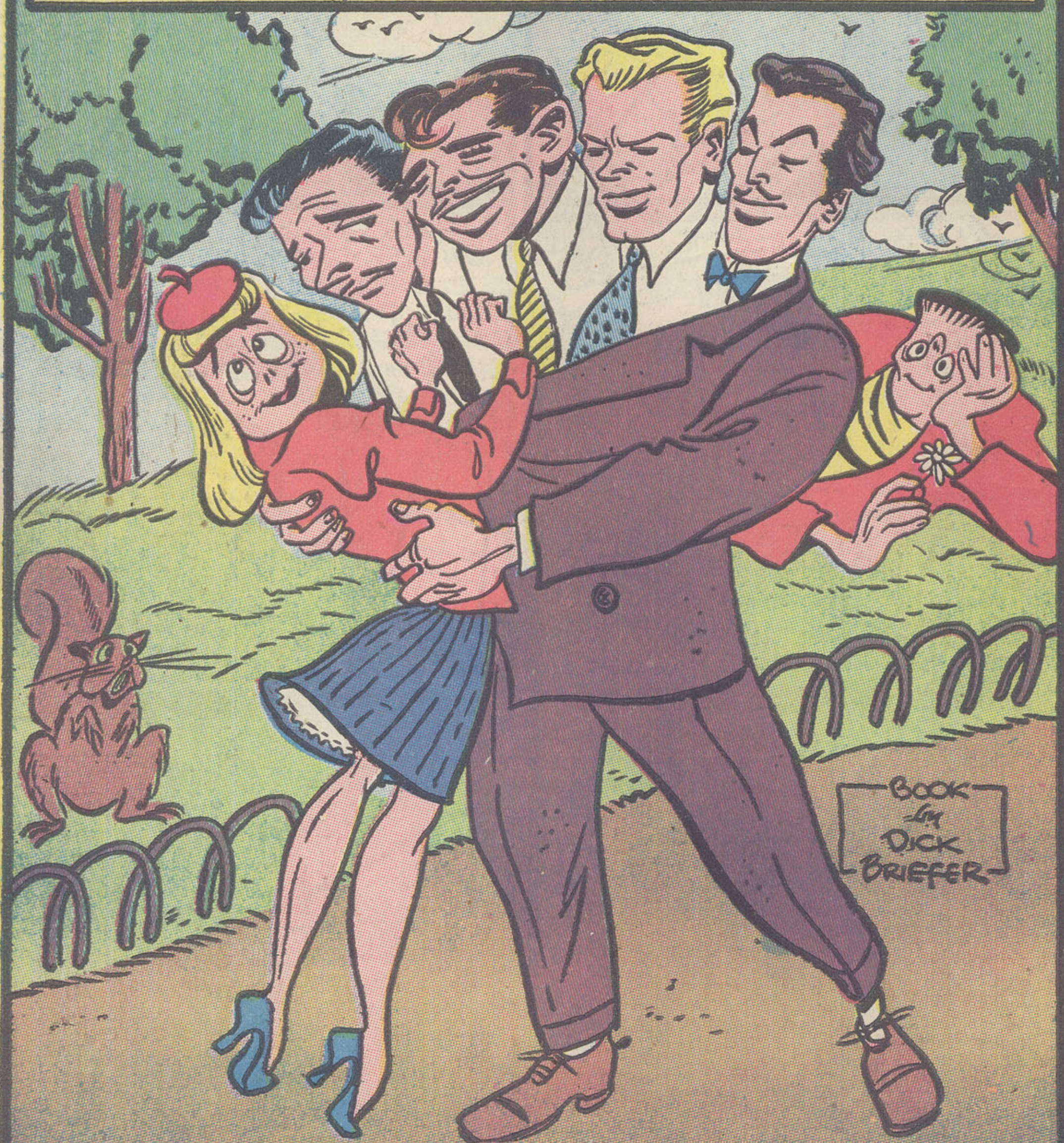
HOORAY FOR  
FRANKENSTEIN!



THANKS TO  
ED GOGGIN  
FOR HELPING  
OUT WITH  
THESE TALES.  
DICK  
BRIEFER

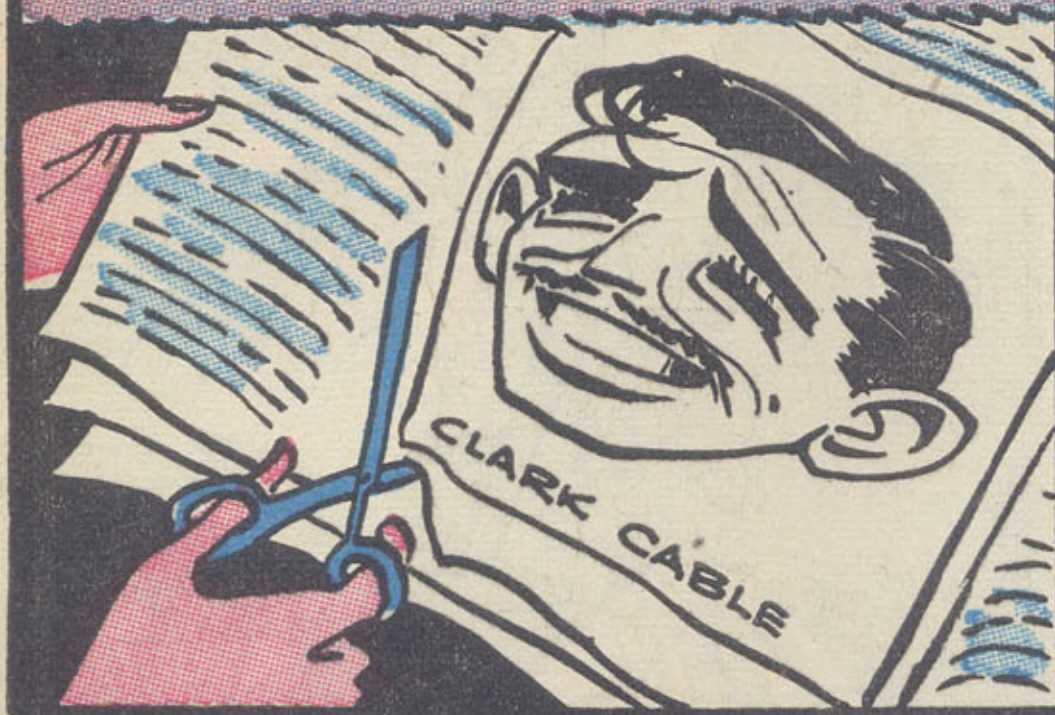


# The Strange Love of SHIRLEY SHMOOL

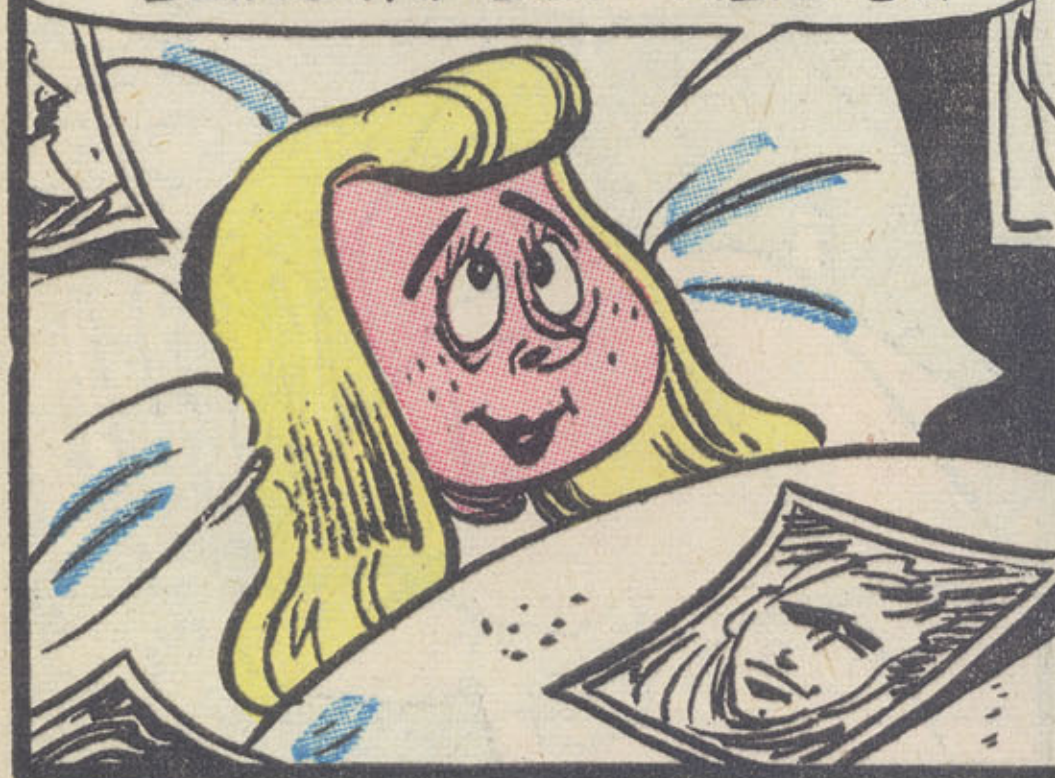




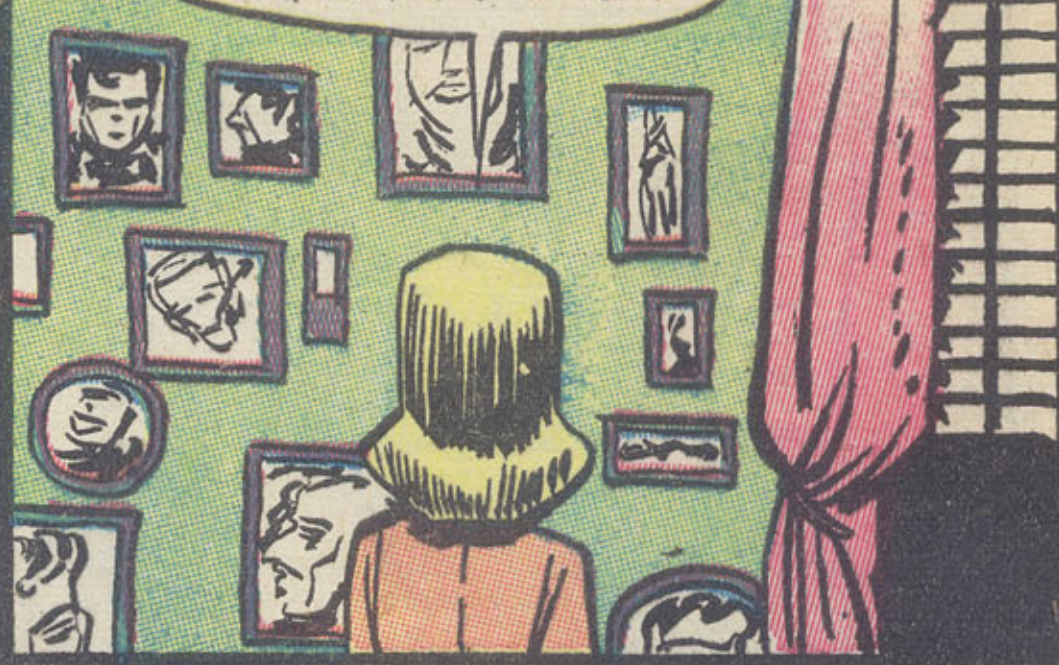
THIS STORY HAS TO DO WITH FRANKENSTEIN... AND THREE OTHER PEOPLE. THE FIRST OF THESE THREE IS SHIRLEY SHMOOL..



AT LEAST I CAN DREAM ABOUT THEM... DREAM ABOUT THEM BEING MY BOY FRIENDS...



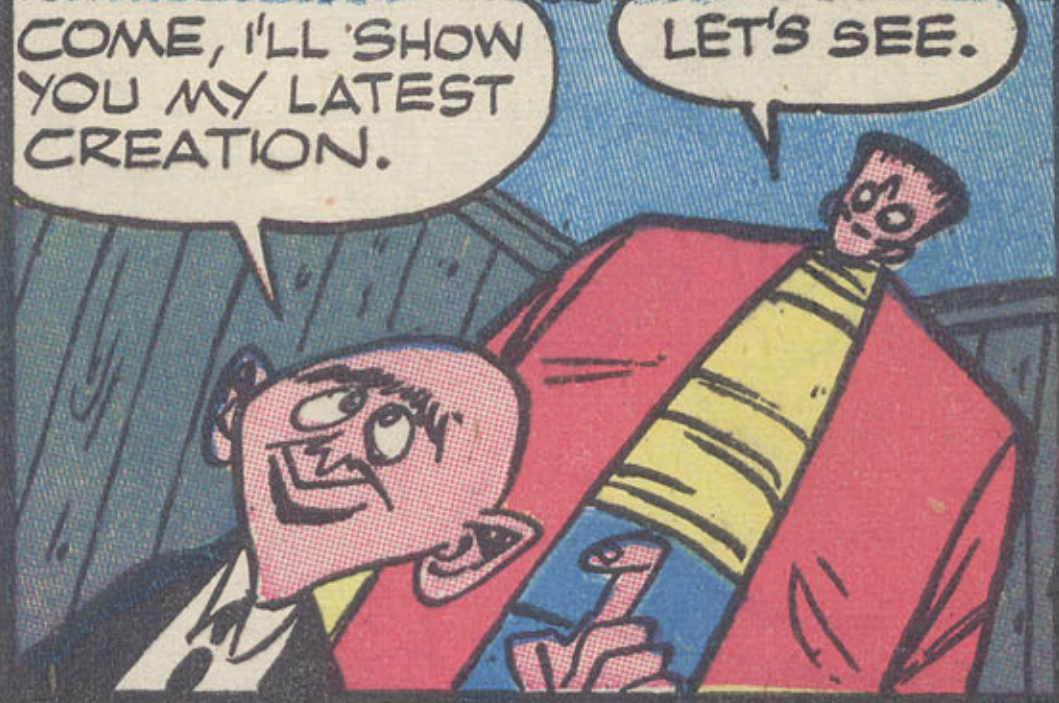
GOOD-NIGHT, CLARK...GOOD-NIGHT, GREGORY... GOOD-NIGHT, TYRONE... GOOD-NIGHT, CARY... GOOD-NIGHT, VAN... GOOD-NIGHT, YOU DEAR BOYS!



NOW LET'S LOOK AT THE SECOND PERSON INVOLVED... A GOOD PAL OF FRANKENSTEIN... MARVIN THE MASKMAKER.

COME, I'LL SHOW YOU MY LATEST CREATION.

LET'S SEE.



ISN'T IT A BEAUT?

LOVELY... JUST LOVELY!!



WHY DON'T YOU SELL YOUR MASKS, MARVIN?

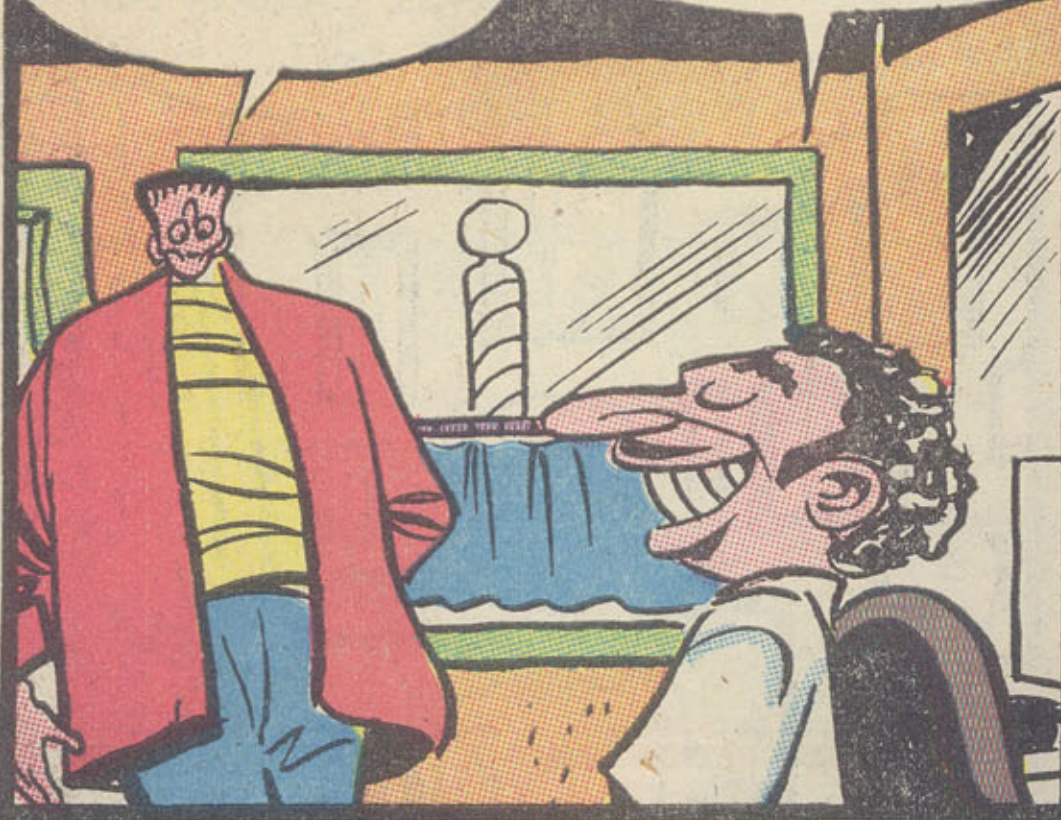
OH, IT'S JUST A HOBBY. WHAT GOOD WILL THEY DO ANYBODY?





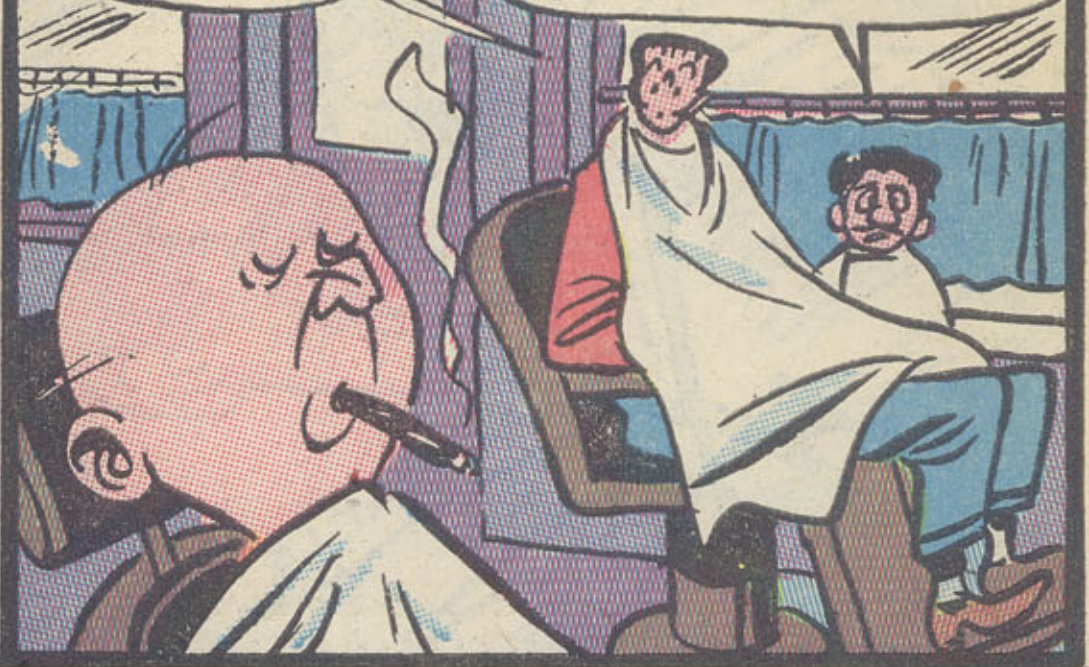
HAIRCUT, TONY..  
NOT TOO MUCH  
OFF THE TOP.

I KNOW JOOST  
WHAT YOU WANT.



GUESS YOU DON'T  
MAKE MUCH  
MONEY ON  
THAT  
CUSTOMER!

HEY, LISSSEN...  
I MAKE A  
FORTUNE ON  
HIM COMPARED  
TO SOME OTHER  
GUY I KNOW.

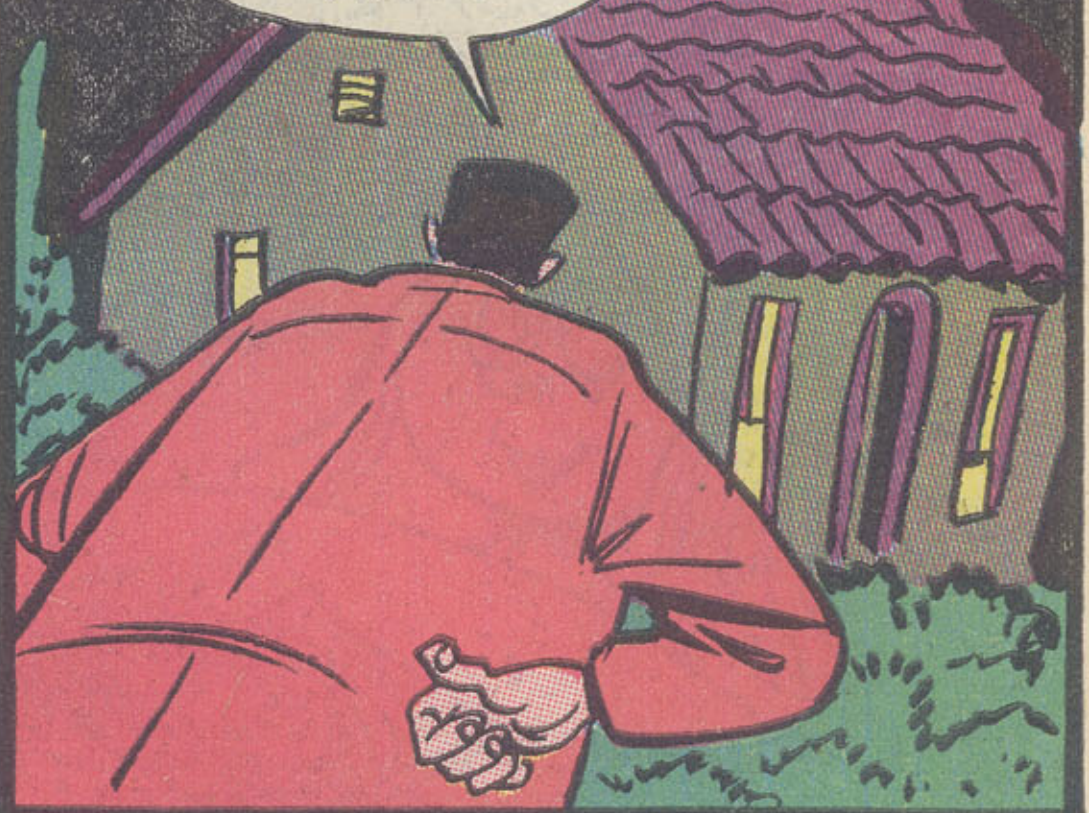


WHO YOU  
TALKING  
ABOUT?

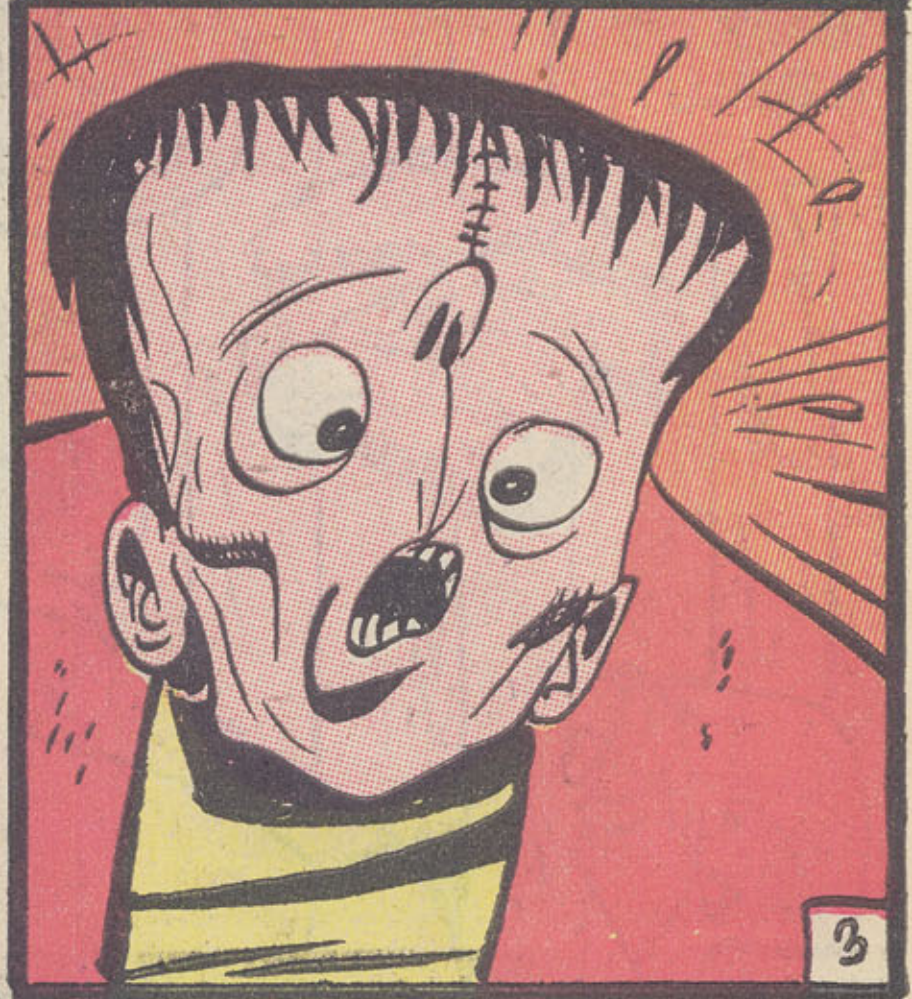
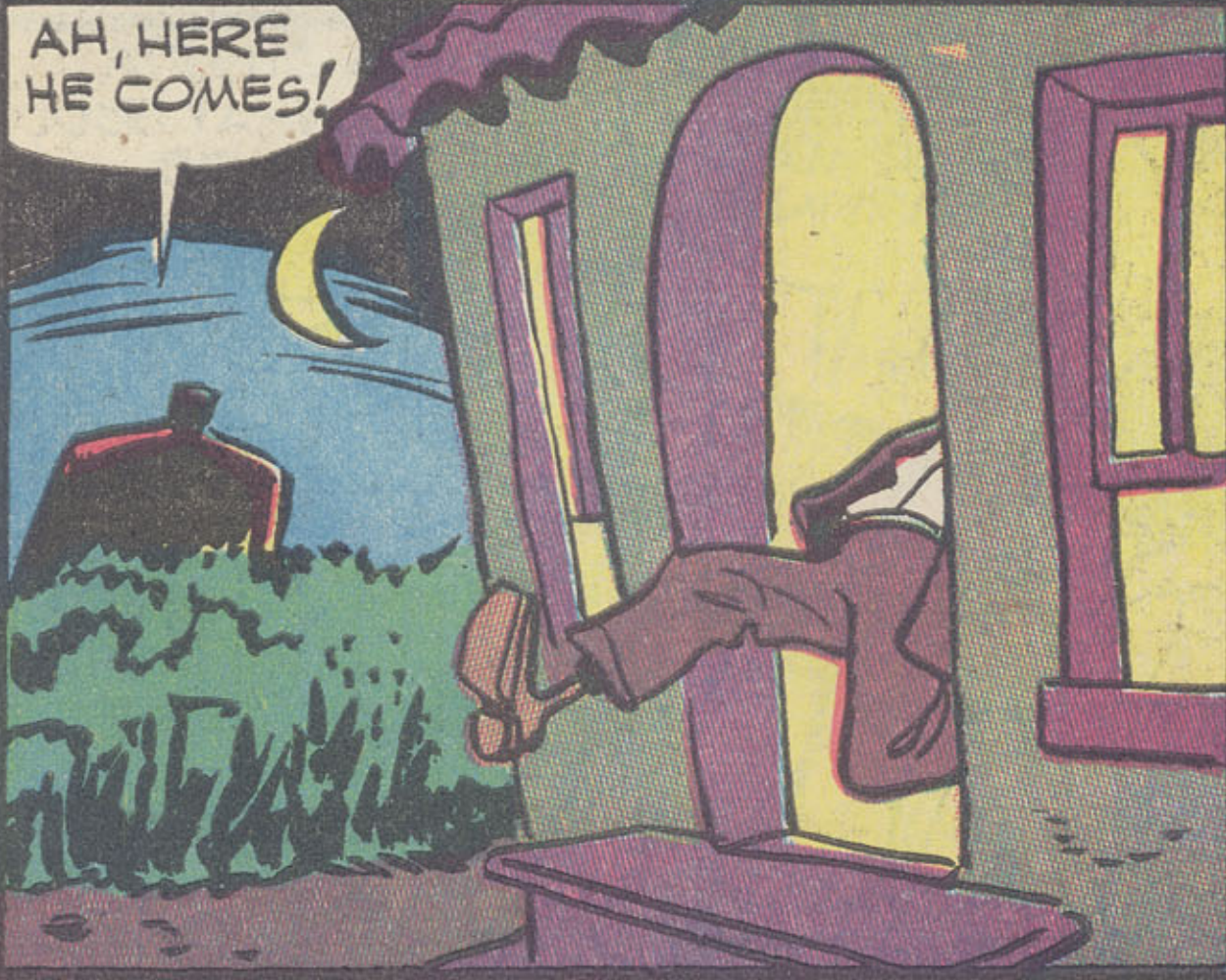
WELL, HE DON'T COME  
OUT IN THE DAYTIME  
NO MORE..BUT I TELL  
YOU WHERE HE LIVES.  
YOU GO THERE AN'  
LOOK FOR HIM.



THIS IS WHERE THAT FELLOW  
LIVES. WONDER WHAT HE LOOKS  
LIKE?



AH, HERE  
HE COMES!





OH MY GOSH! AND I THOUGHT  
AWFUL ANNIE'S THREE-HEADED  
SON FROM PRINTSTON WAS  
AN ODD FELLOW!



ER..AH..YOUNG  
MAN.. MAY I  
HAVE A WORD  
WITH YOU?

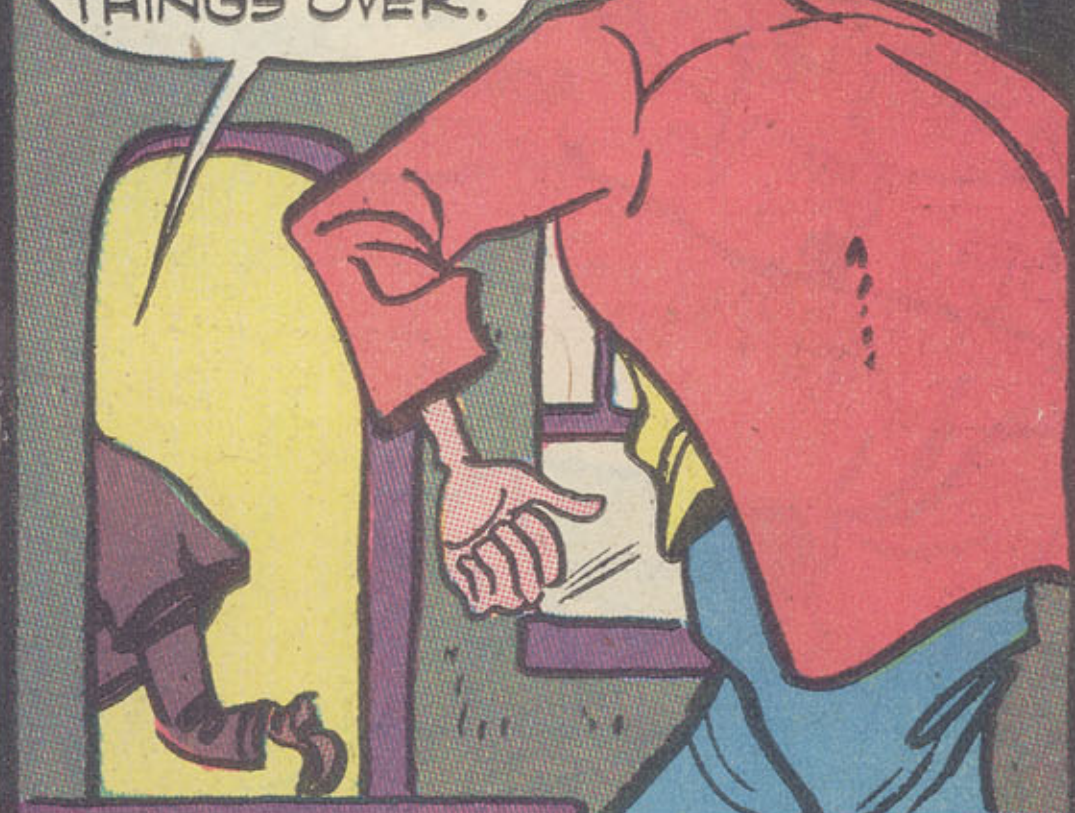


SAY! YOU'RE  
FRANKENSTEIN,  
AREN'T YOU?  
GLAD TO MEET  
YOU! YOU DON'T  
MIND LOOKING  
AT A PERSON  
LIKE ME, DO YOU?

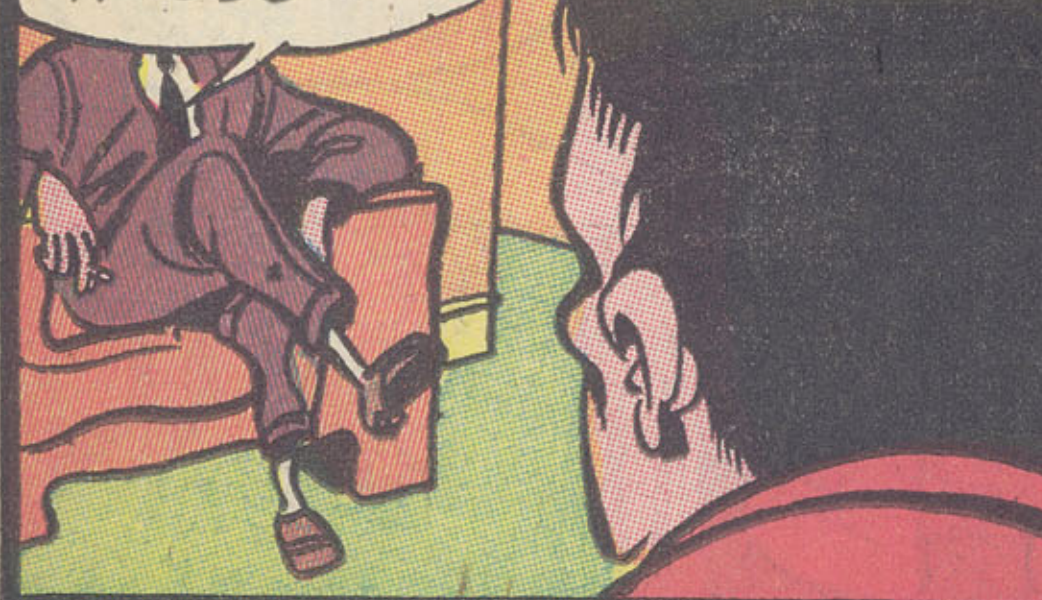
WELL, I'VE SEEN  
ALL KINDS OF  
PEOPLE..



COME ON IN..  
WE'LL TALK  
THINGS OVER.



YOU WONDER HOW I GOT THIS  
WAY. I WAS IN A TRAIN ACCIDENT  
ONCE, AND HAD A BAD TIME OF  
IT. THE DOCTORS DOUBTED IF I'D  
LIVE LONG, BUT  
I'M TOUGH.

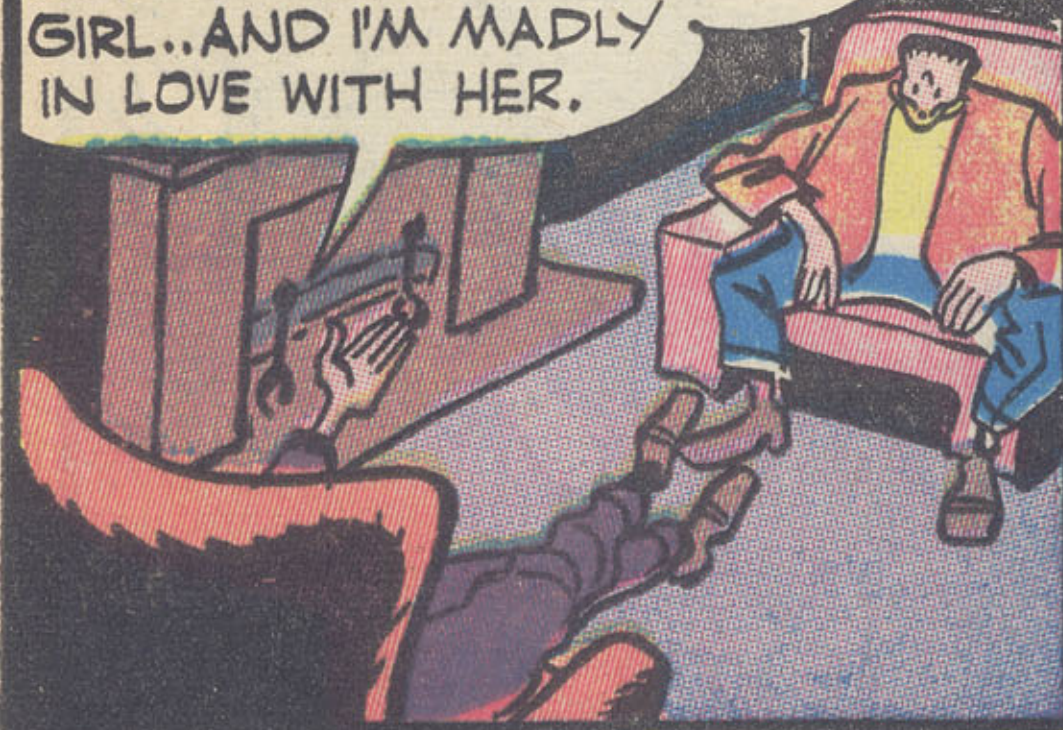


I DON'T GO OUT MUCH.. FOLKS  
SORT OF SHY AWAY FROM ME  
BECAUSE OF MY SLIGHT INFIRMITY  
BUT I GOT ALONG O.K... UNTIL  
ONE FATEFUL DAY WHEN I SAW  
A GIRL NAMED SHIRLEY SHMOOL.



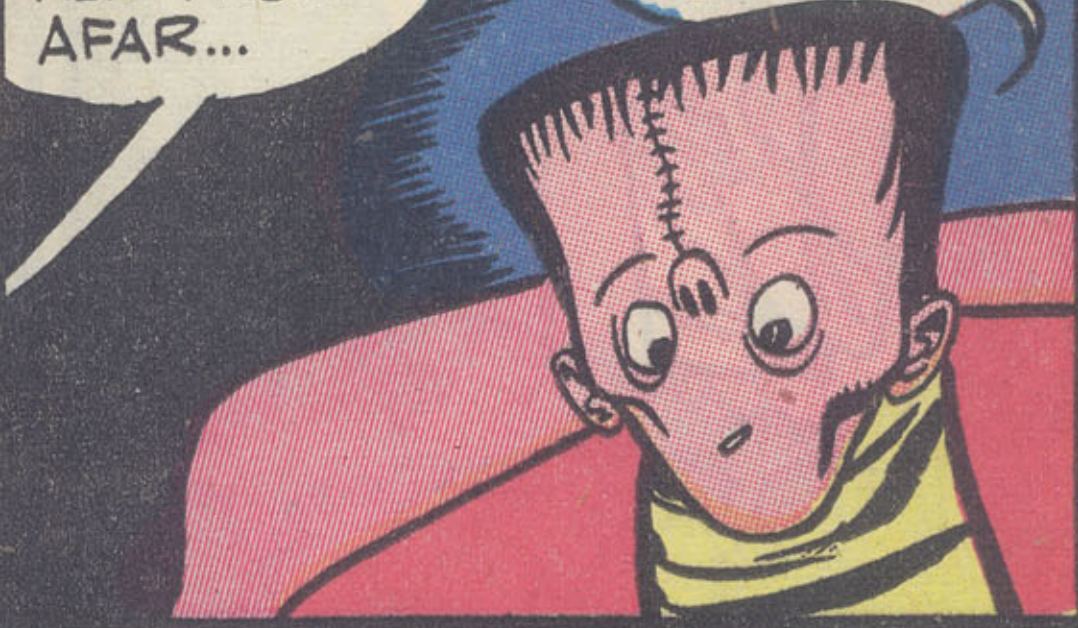


SHIRLEY SHMOOL IS A GIRL THE AVERAGE MAN WOULD CALL A POT.. BUT I'M NOT AN AVERAGE MAN. TO ME, SHIRLEY IS MY DREAM GIRL..AND I'M MADLY IN LOVE WITH HER.



NOW THE UGLIEST GUY IN THE WORLD IS HANDSOMER THAN I AM...YOU MIGHT SAY.. SO I NEVER APPROACHED HER.. I JUST WORSHIP HER FROM AFAR...

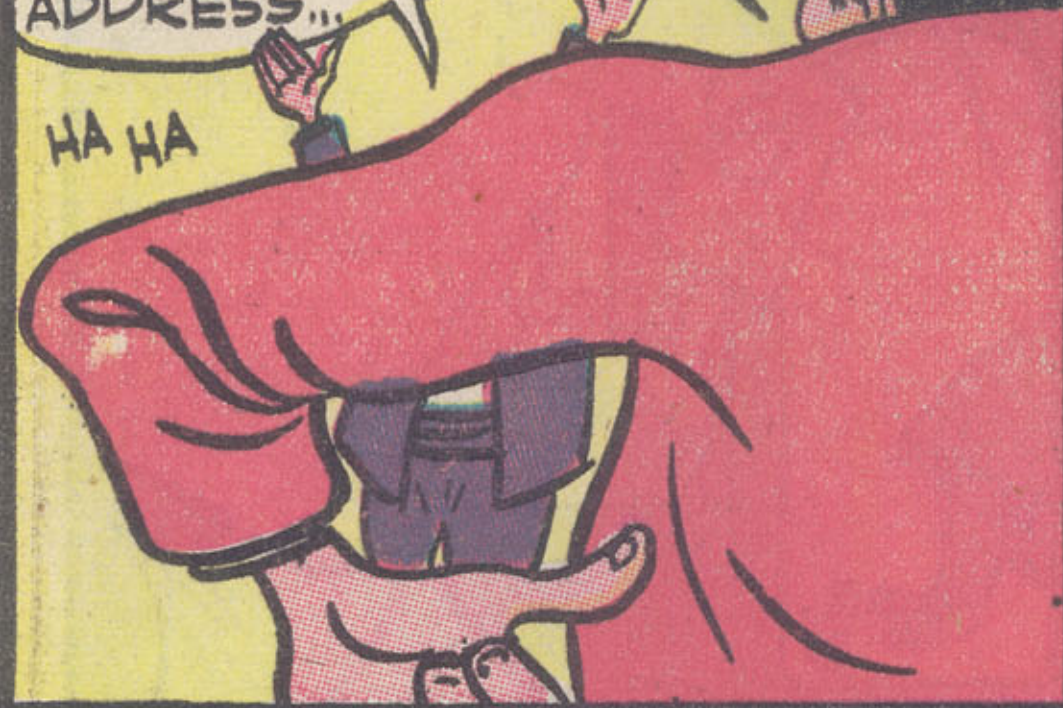
MAYBE I CAN HELP.



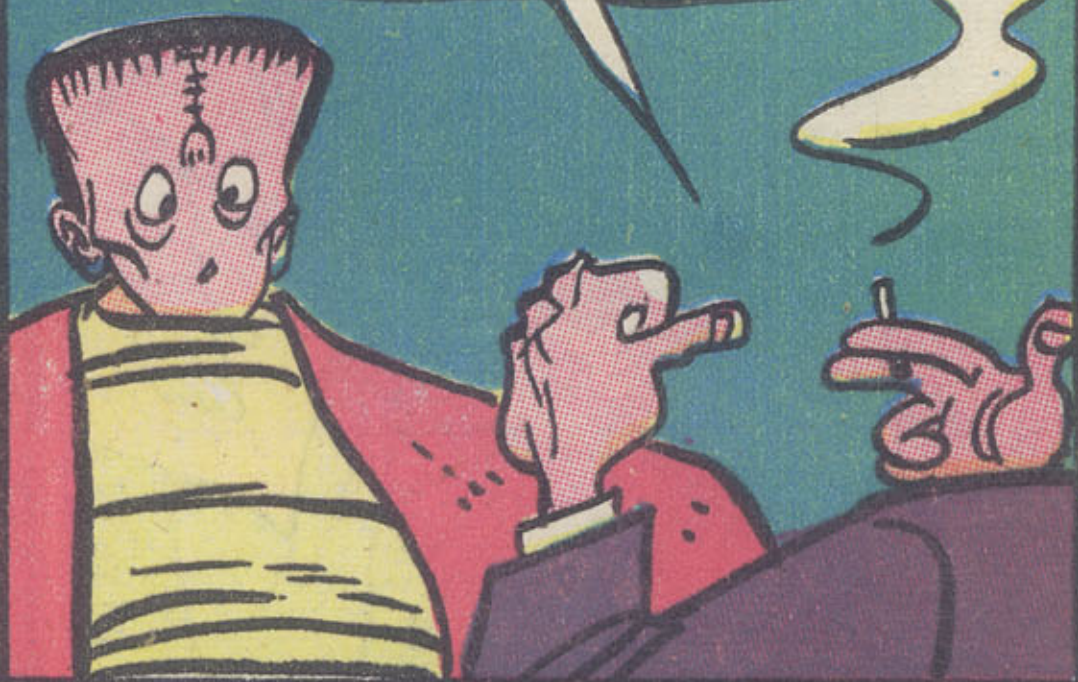
HO!!HO!! WHAT A JOKE!! IT'S NO USE..BUT I'LL GIVE YOU HER ADDRESS...

ANYWAY, LET ME HAVE A TRY.

HA HA



O.K. AT LEAST TELL HER THAT SOMEONE SHE DOESN'T KNOW ADORES HER. MY NAME IS GOSS ---MISCHA GOSS.



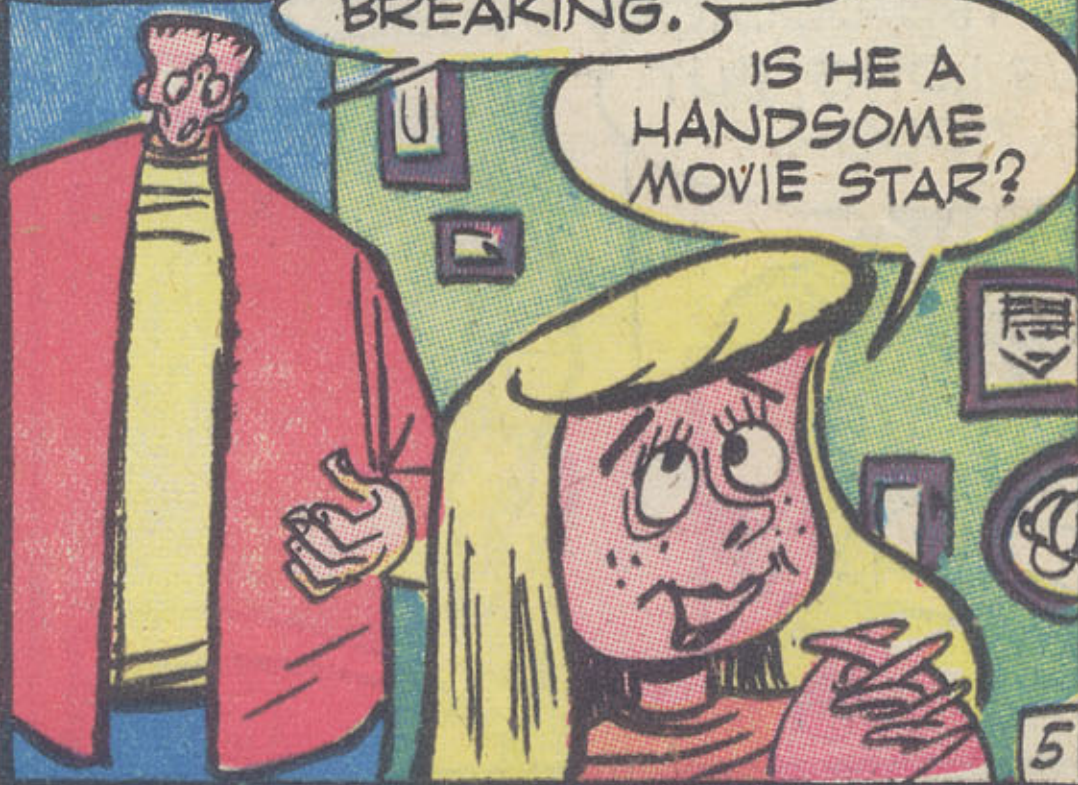
MISS SHMOOL, I WANT TO PROPOSE TO YOU.

OH, HORRORS!!

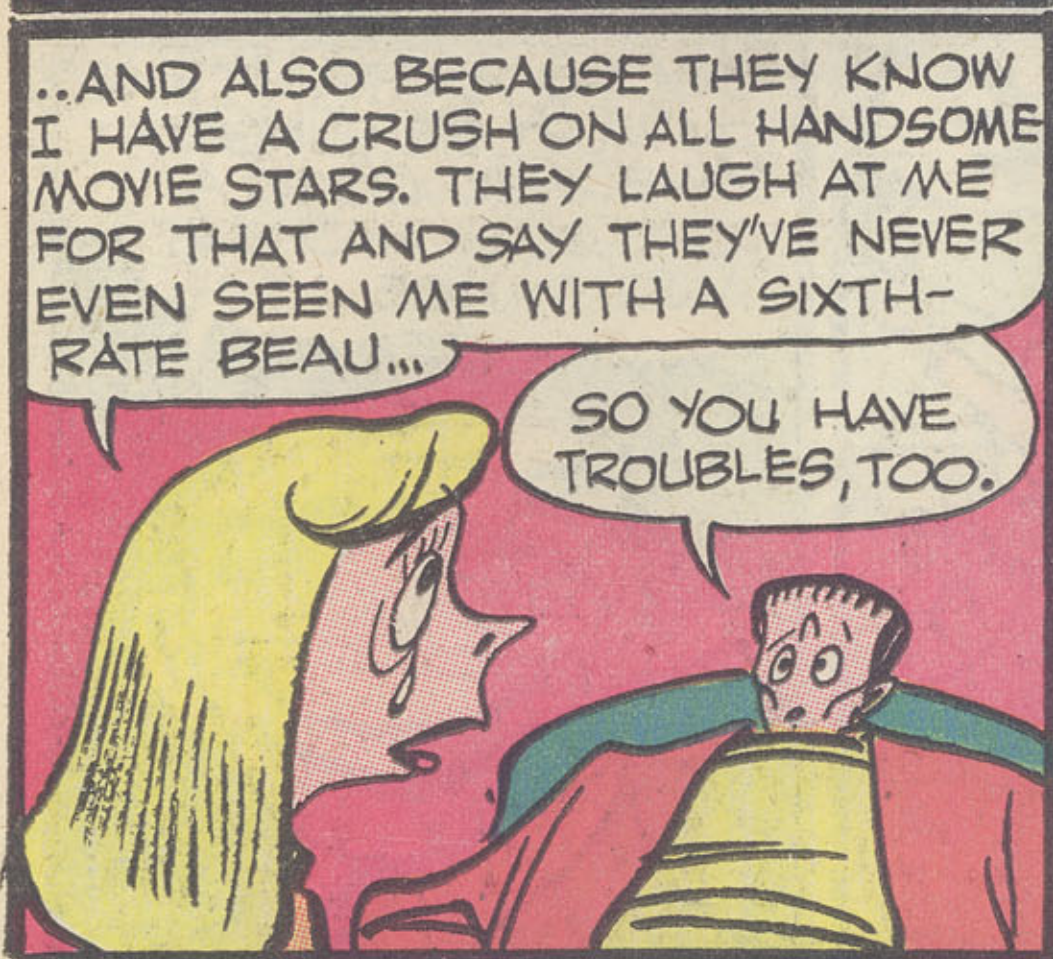
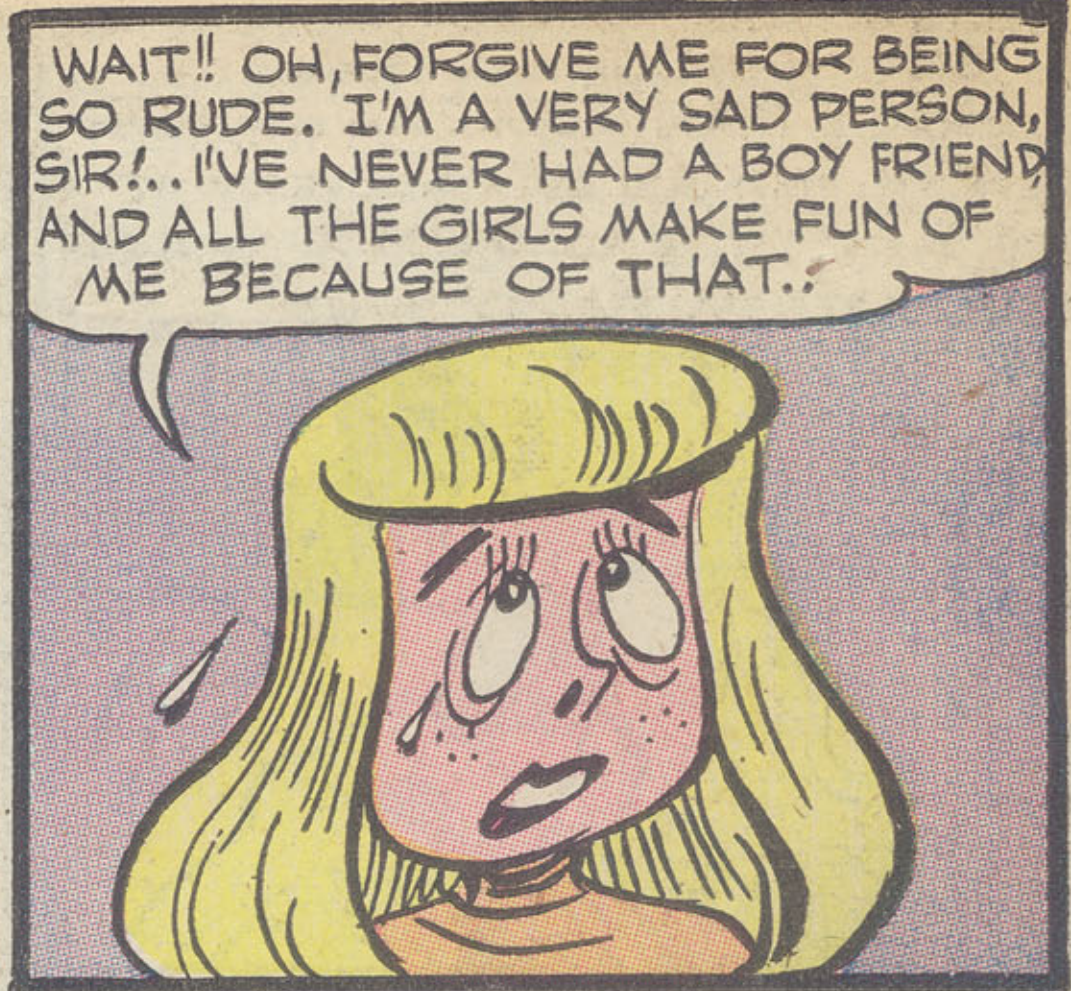
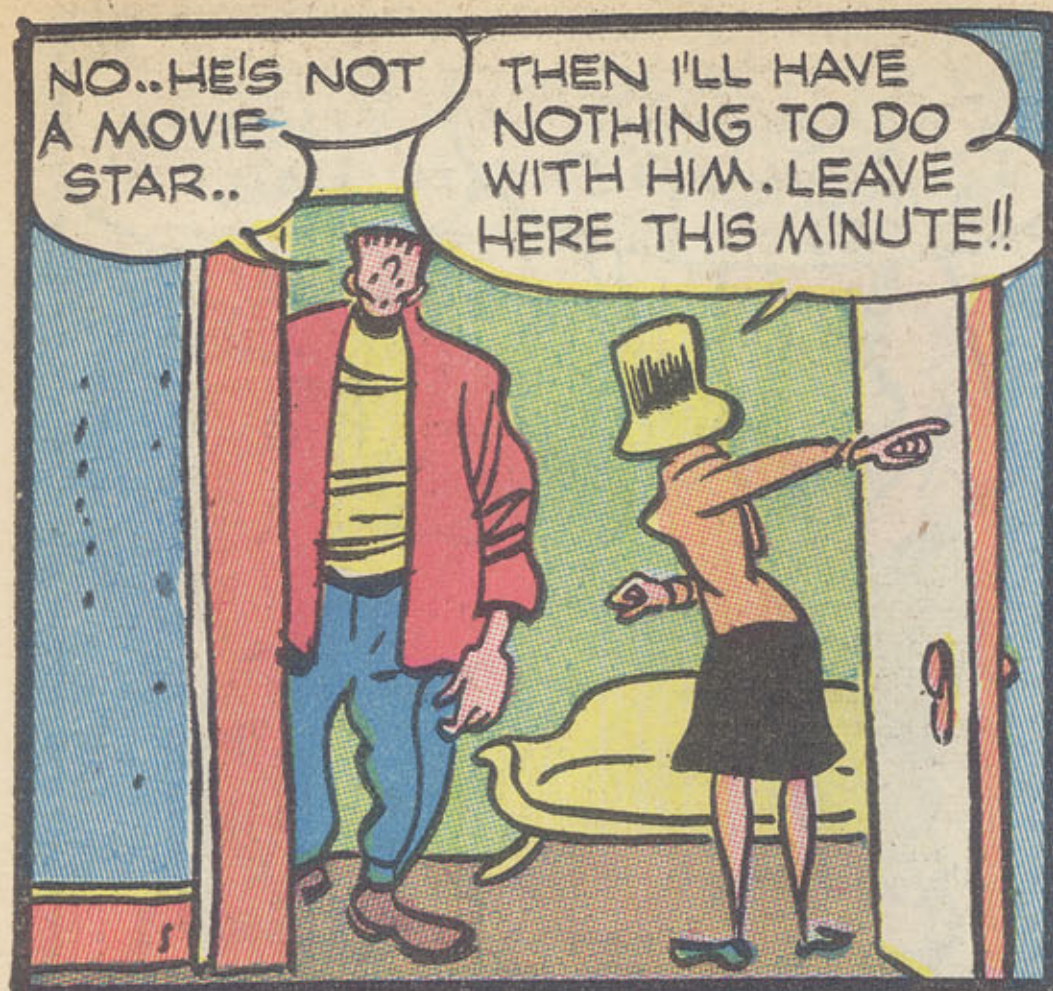


OH, IT'S NOT I WHO IS... ME WHO AM... IN LOVE WITH YOU. IT'S SOMEONE WHOS HEART IS BREAKING.

IS HE A HANDSOME MOVIE STAR?

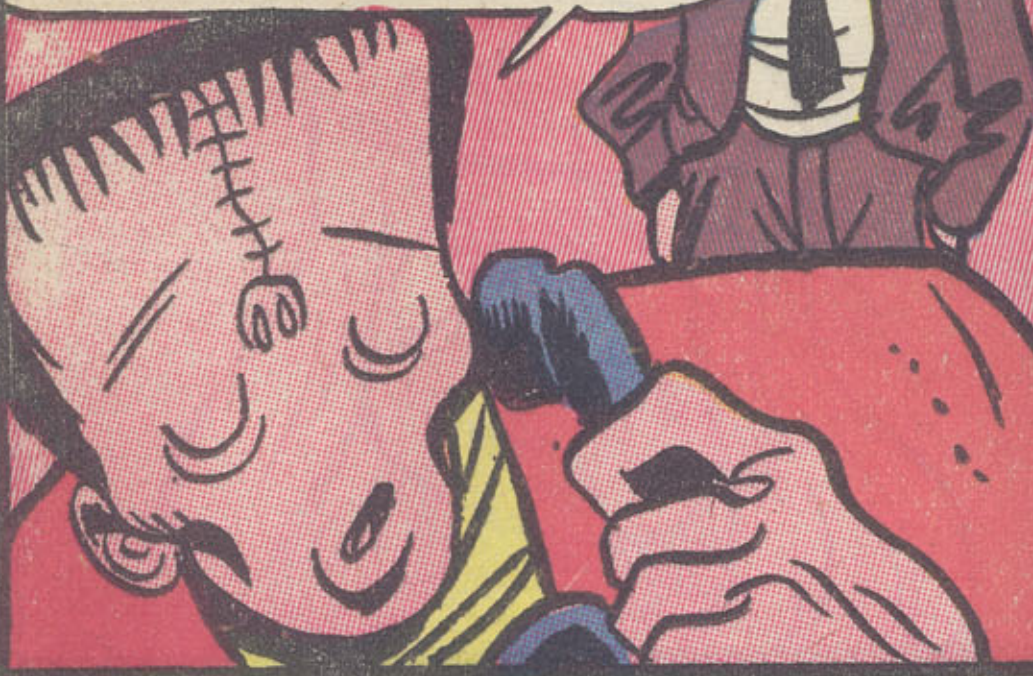






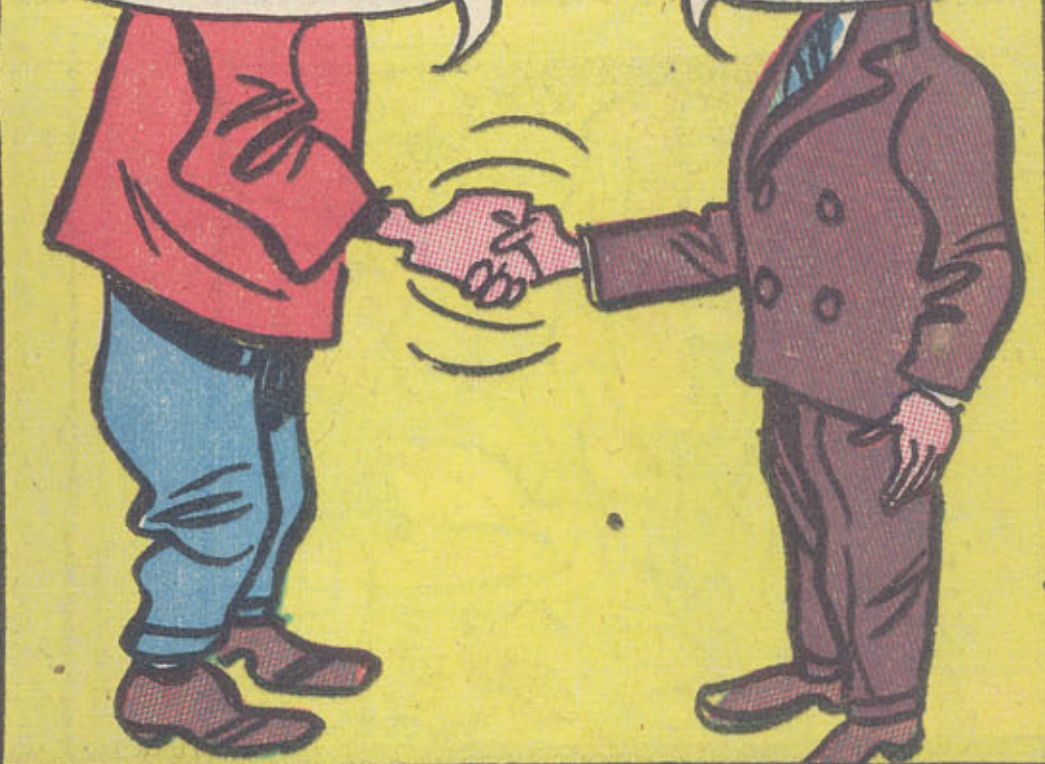


HELLO, MISS SHMOOL? REMEMBER ME? WELL, I WANT YOU TO MEET A FRIEND OF MINE TO-NIGHT AT 8:30 ON THE SECOND BENCH ON PARK ROAD. GOOD!



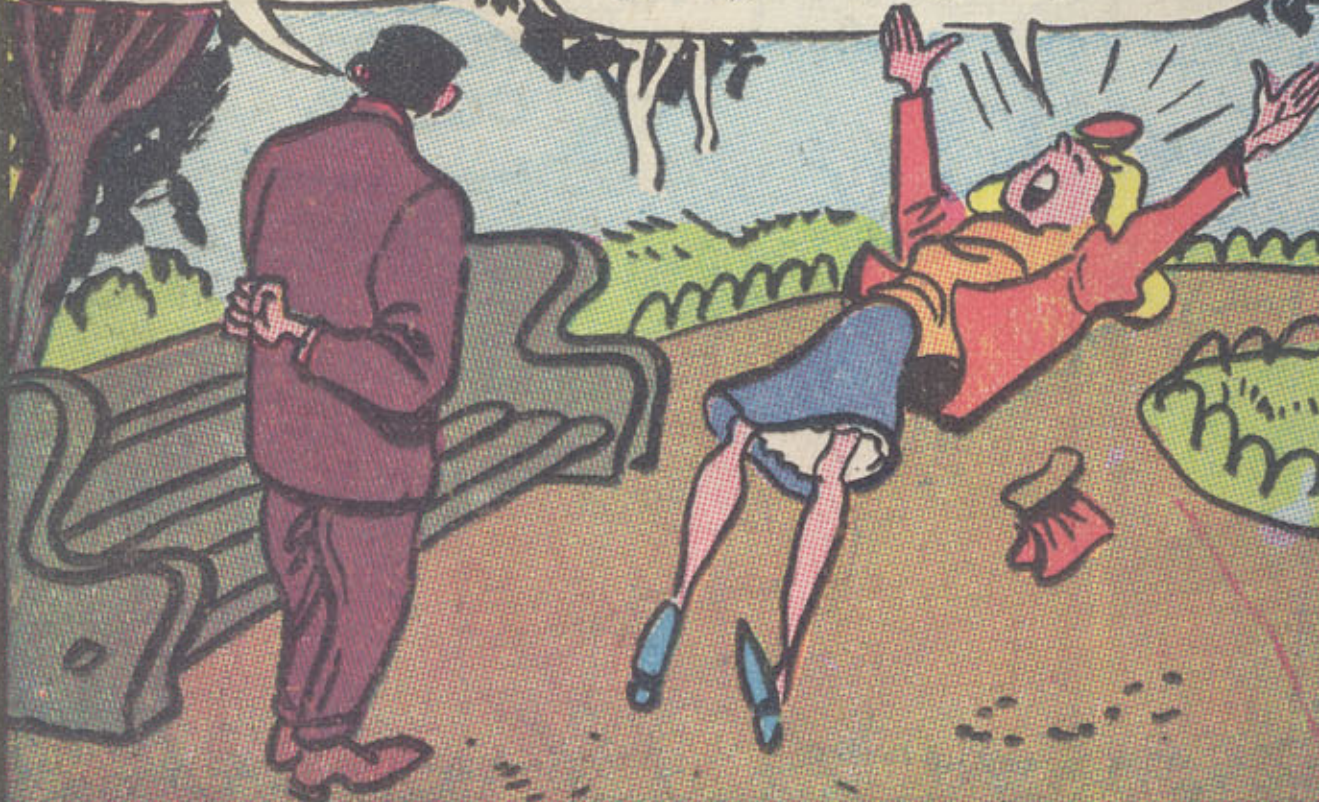
GO TO IT, MISCHA. YOU LOOK LIKE A MILLION!!

I HOPE IT WORKS, PAL.



GOOD EVENING, MISS SHMOOL.

EEEEEE



WHY DO YOU FAINT, BABY? YOU MUST BE HUNGRY. COME...WE'LL GO TO A NIGHT CLUB AND EAT AND DANCE.



WHY, MR. CABLE, WHAT DO YOU SEE IN A PLAIN GIRL LIKE ME?

I LIKE PLAIN GIRLS, BABY. I'M FED UP WITH THE HOLLYWOOD TYPE.



LATER.

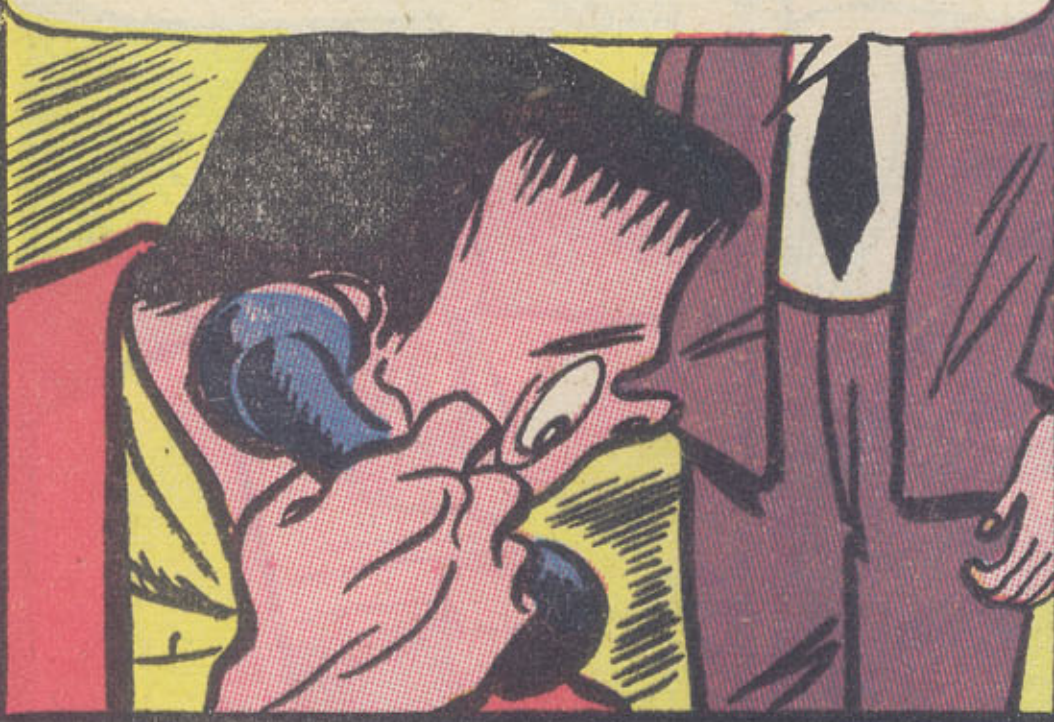
WHAT A WONDERFUL EVENING, MR. CABLE!

MAY I KISS YOU GOODNIGHT, BABY?





HELLO, MISS SHMOOL? MR. CABLE CAN'T MEET YOU TO-NIGHT, BUT IF YOU GO TO THE PARK ANOTHER FRIEND OF MINE WILL MEET YOU.



GOOD EVENING, MISS SHMOOL.

EEEEEE



OH, WHAT DO YOU SEE IN PLAIN L'IL ME, GREGORY PORK?

I ALWAYS LIKED PLAIN GIRLS, MISS SHMOOL.



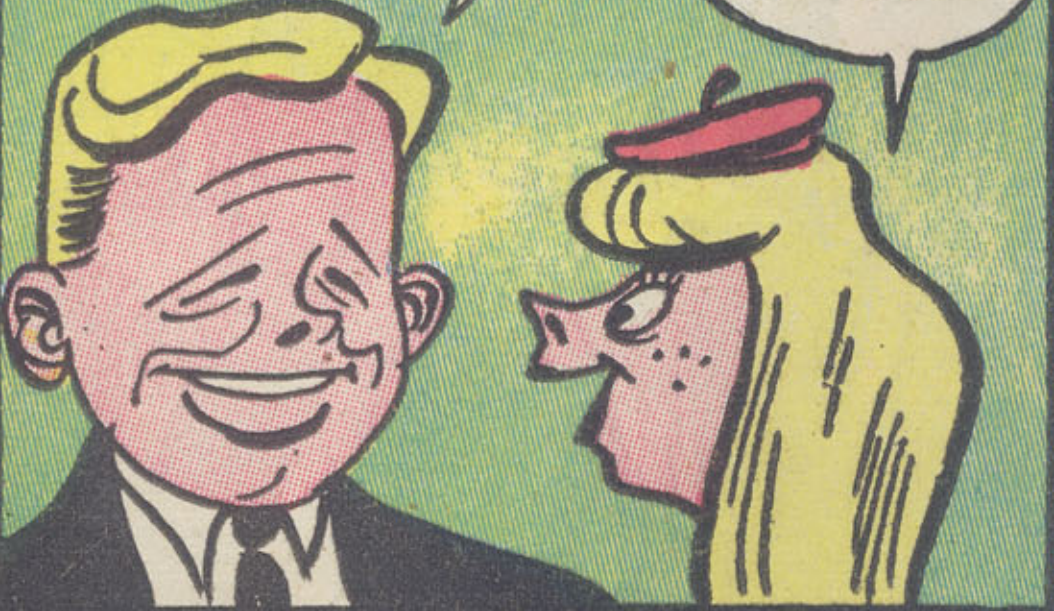
LOOK!! LAST NIGHT SHIRLEY WAS DANCING WITH CLARK CABLE... TO-NIGHT IT'S GREGORY PORK!! WHAT'S HAPPENED?



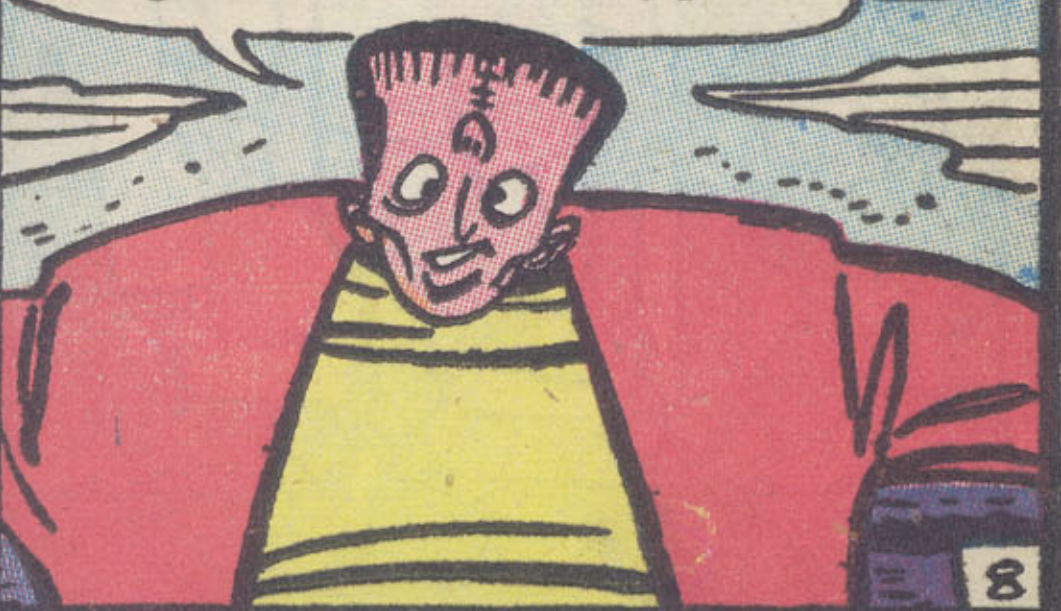
..AND THE NEXT NIGHT..

YOU'RE NOT A PLAIN GIRL, SHIRLEY..YOU'RE SENSATIONAL!!!

OH, VAN YONSON, YOU SAY THE NICEST THINGS.



..AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO THE STORY OF MISCHA GOSS AND SHIRLEY SHMOOL. OF COURSE MARVIN THE MASK MAKER MADE IT POSSIBLE TO GIVE THEM BOTH SOME HAPPINESS..





AN INTERESTING STORY.. BUT AN OBVIOUS ONE. I KNEW RIGHT ALONG THAT MARVIN MADE MASKS FOR MISCHA..

YES. MISCHA WAS SUCH AN UGLY GUY HE HAD TO COVER UP HIS REAL FACE IN ORDER TO LOOK O.K.



AH...BUT THERE'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG. MISCHA GOSS BY NO MEANS HAD AN UGLY FACE...



WELL, JUST WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?

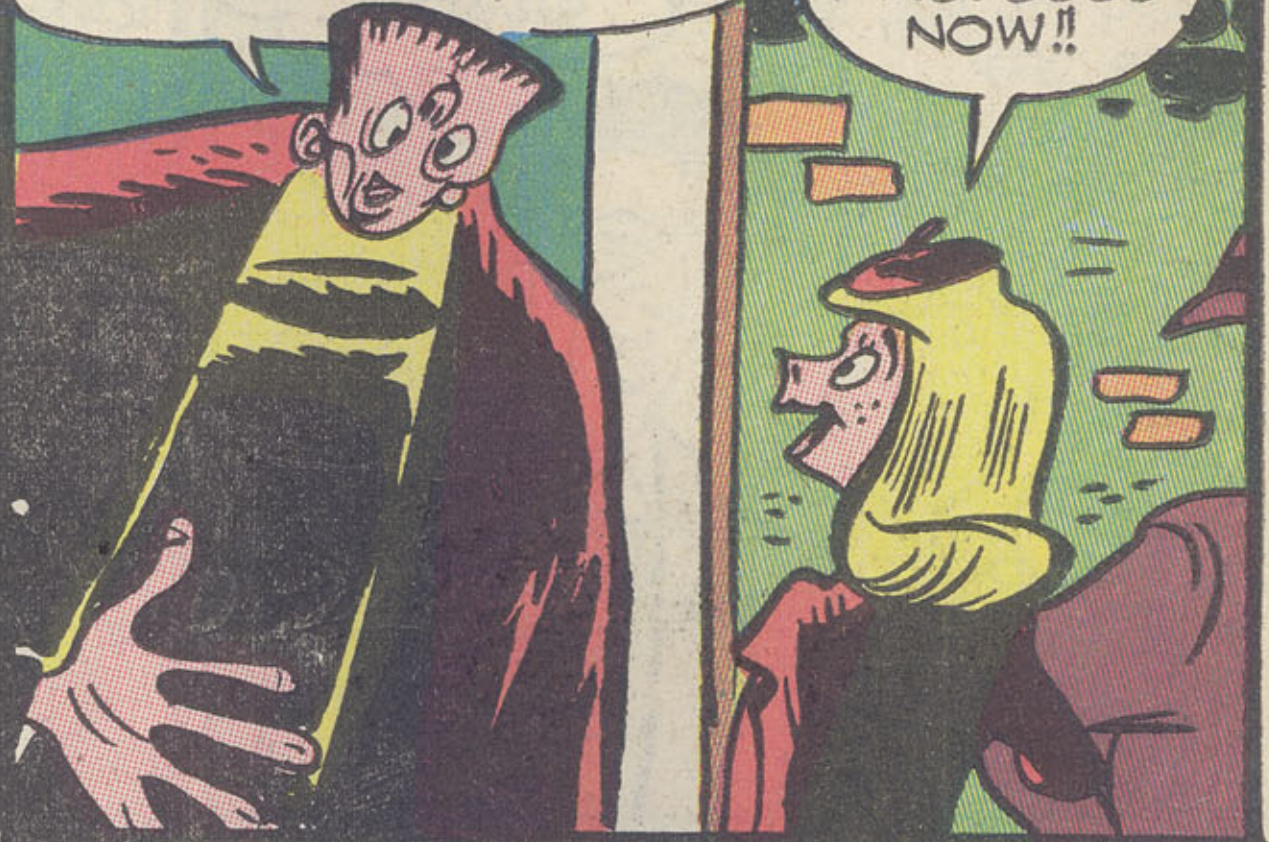
WHO'S THAT AT THE DOOR?

**KNOCK**  
**KNOCK**



SHIRLEY SHMOOL..AND MISCHA GOSS!!

IT'S MR.& MRS. GOSS NOW!!



COME IN... MEET MY FRIENDS. I WAS JUST TALKING ABOUT YOU..



OH, MY GOSH!!!  
WOW!!

INCREDIBLE!!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!





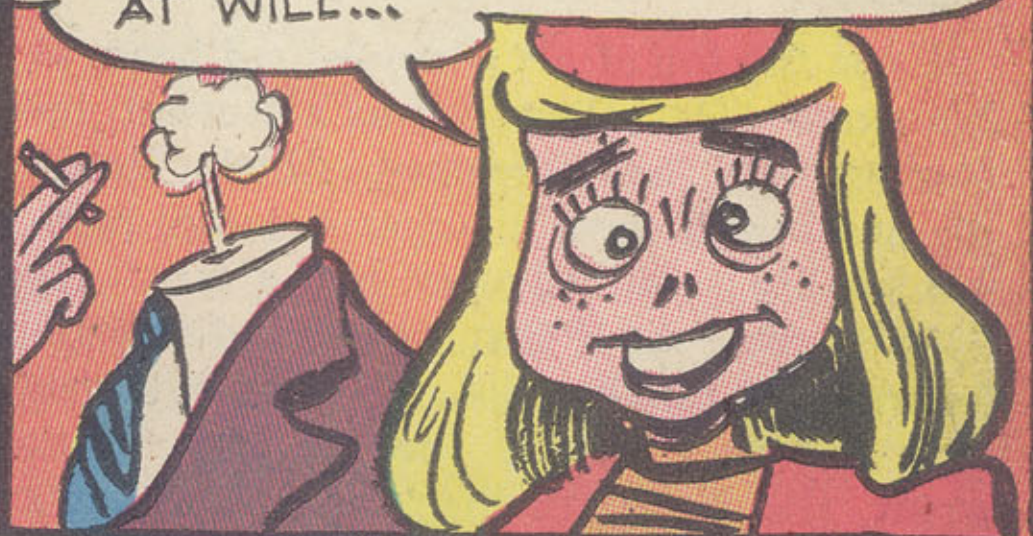


YES, FOLKS... I'M  
MISCHA GOSS.

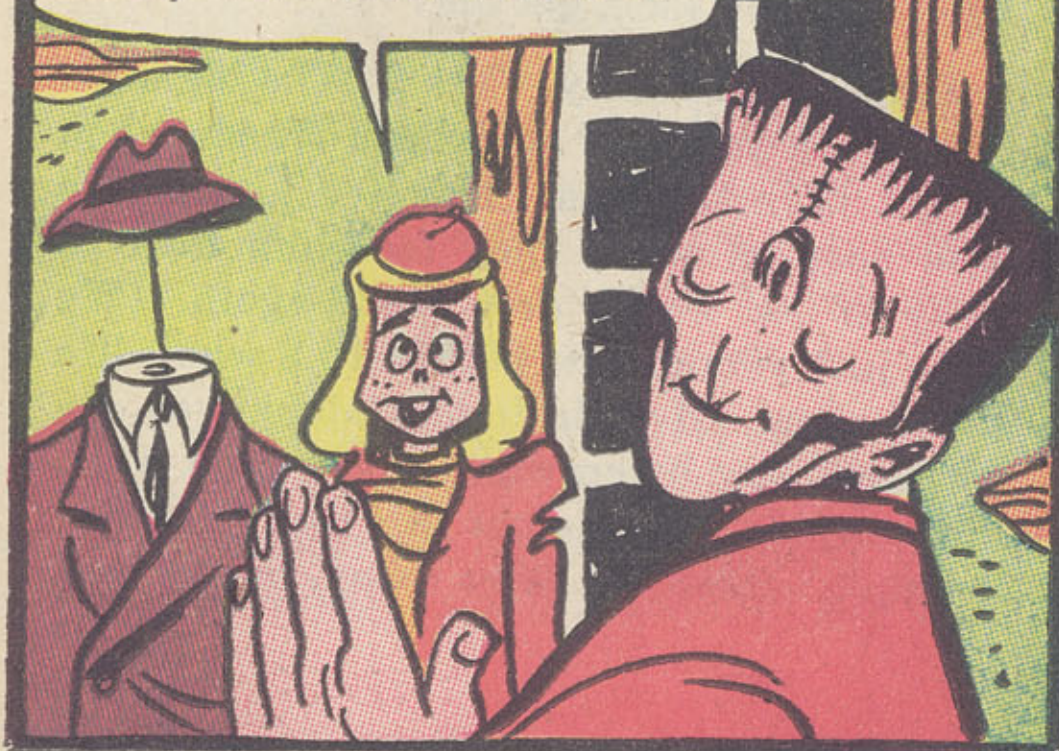
SHIRLEY GOT FED UP GOING OUT  
WITH "MOVIE STARS". SHE GOT  
SICK OF HANDSOME FACES, AND I  
GOT TIRED OF MASQUERADING...



"ONE DAY MISCHA CONFESSED TO  
ME AND TOOK OFF HIS FALSE  
HEAD. AT FIRST I WAS SURPRISED,  
BUT THEN I HAD SOMETHING NO  
OTHER GIRL HAD.. A MAN WHO  
WASN'T UGLY OR HANDSOME.. WHO  
COULD BE UGLY OR HANDSOME  
AT WILL...



I LOVE MISCHA VERY MUCH IN  
SPITE OF HIS LACK OF HEAD. WE  
OWE ALL OUR HAPPINESS TO  
YOU, FRANKENSTEIN.

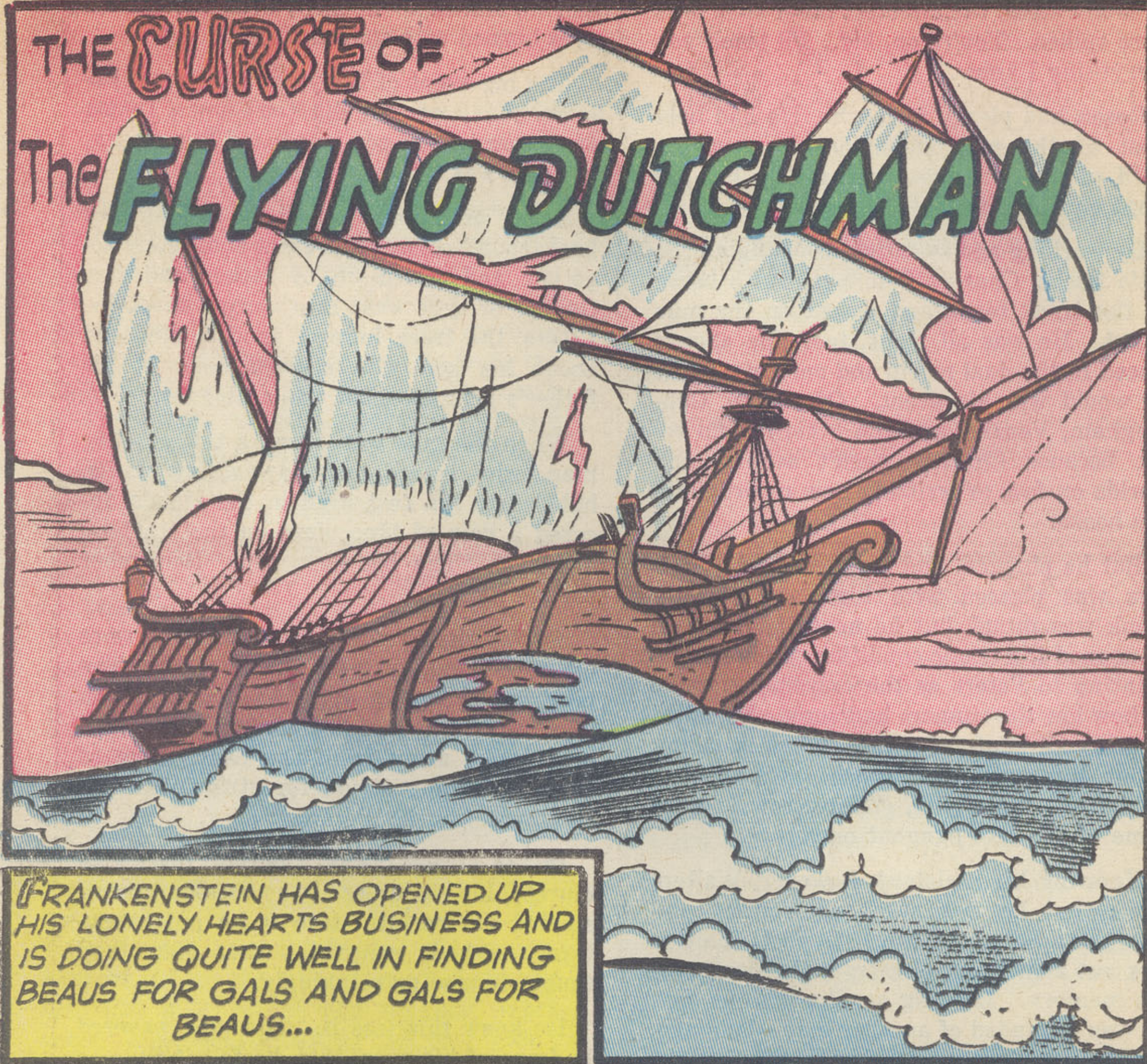


I OUGHT TO OPEN UP A  
"LONELY HEARTS" BUSINESS.  
YES.. I THINK I WILL. THAT'S A  
PRETTY GOOD  
START.



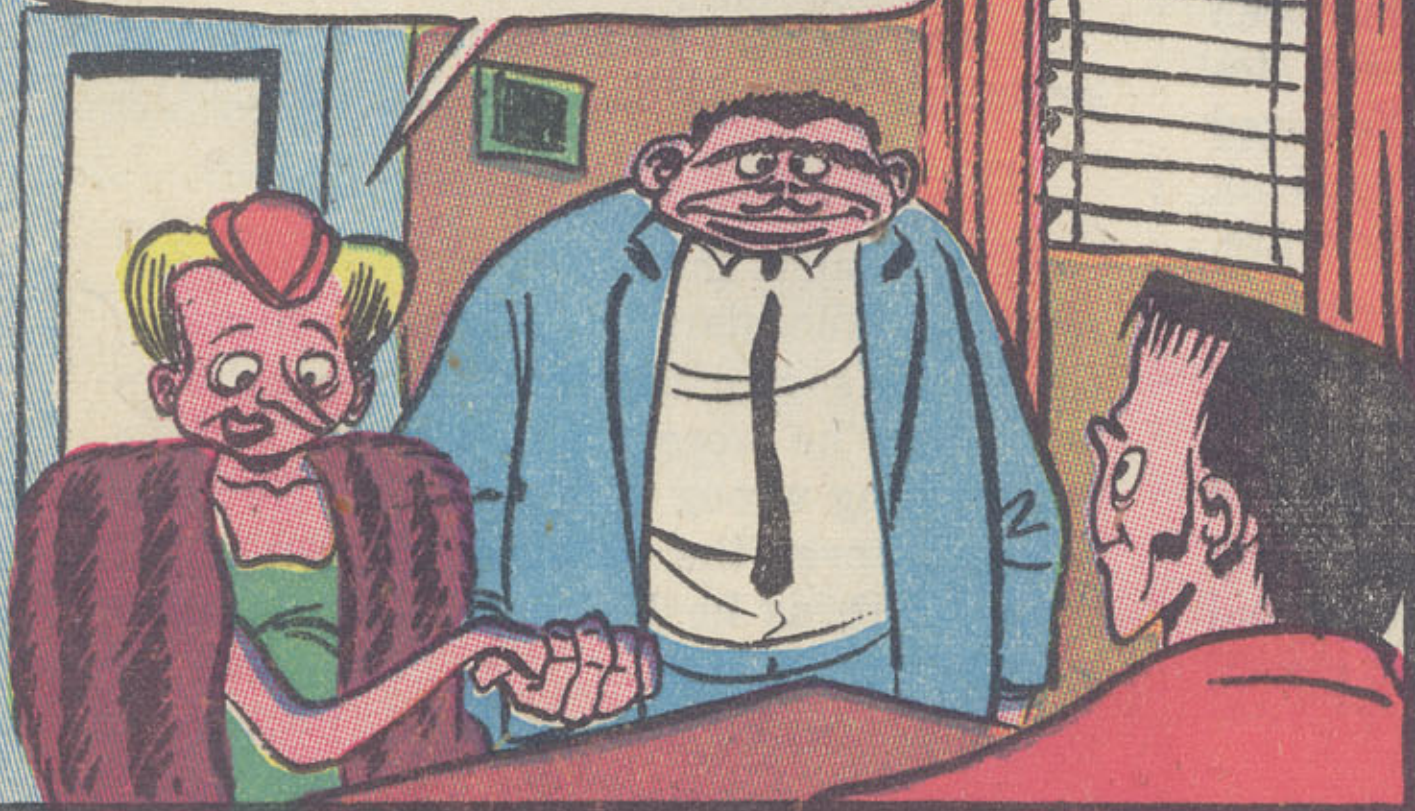


# THE CURSE OF The FLYING DUTCHMAN



FRANKENSTEIN HAS OPENED UP  
HIS LONELY HEARTS BUSINESS AND  
IS DOING QUITE WELL IN FINDING  
BEAUS FOR GALS AND GALS FOR  
BEAUS...

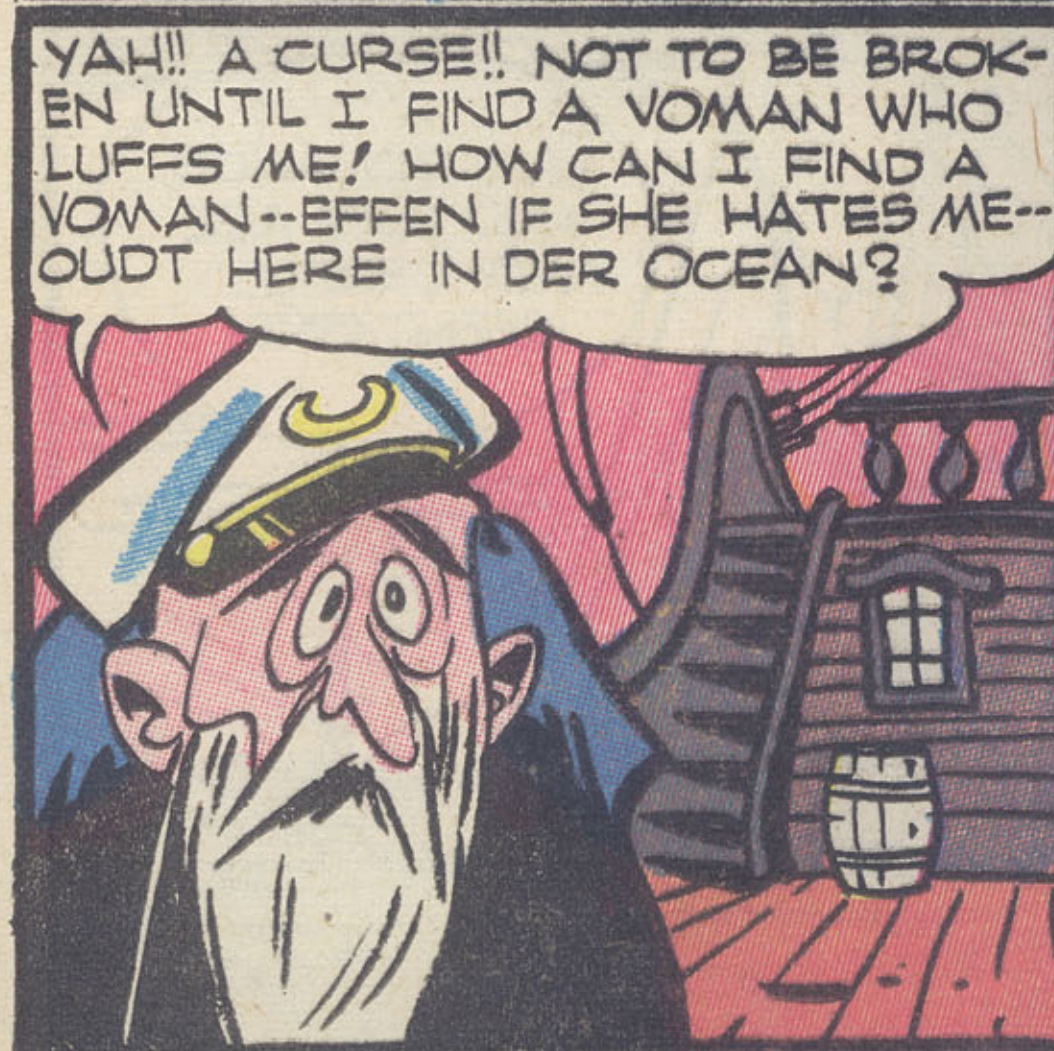
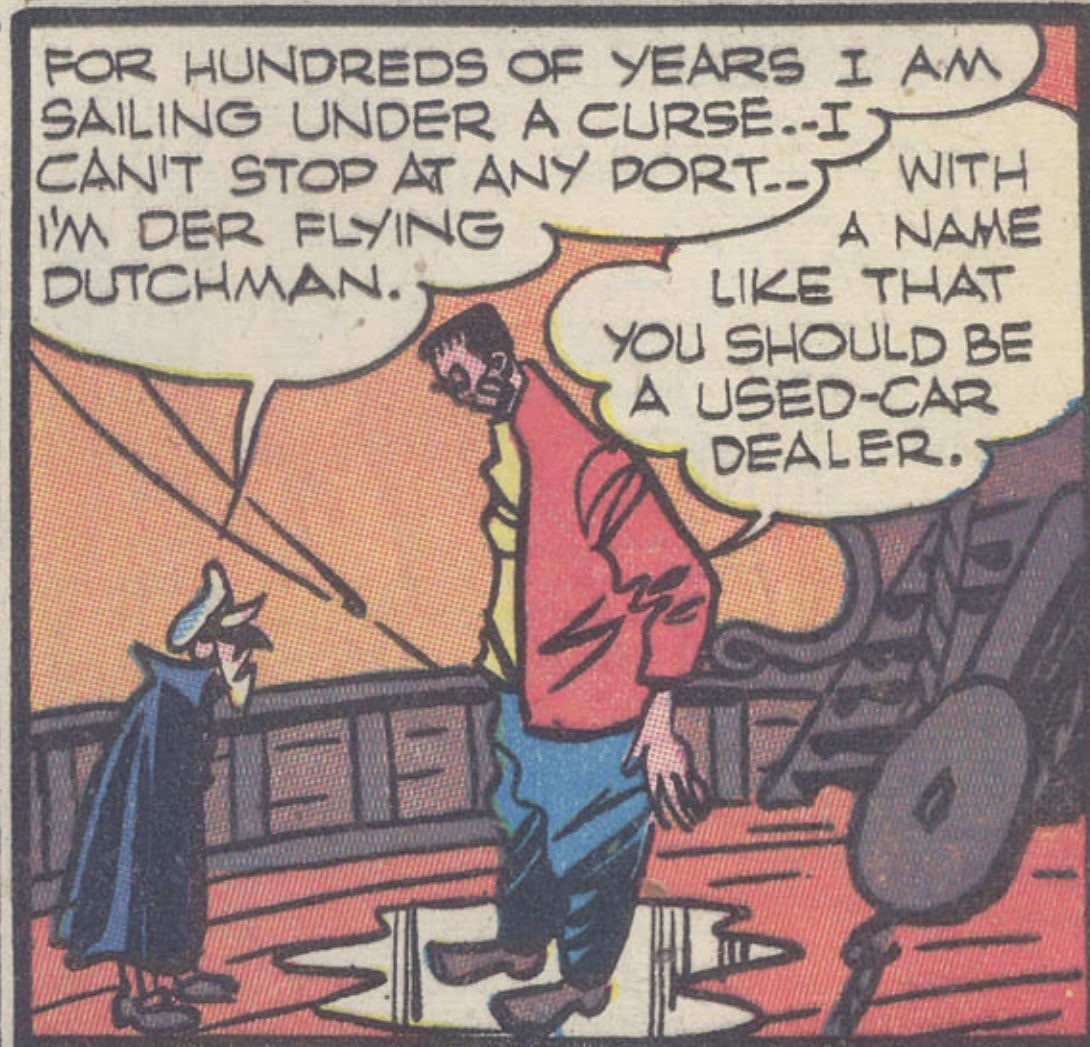
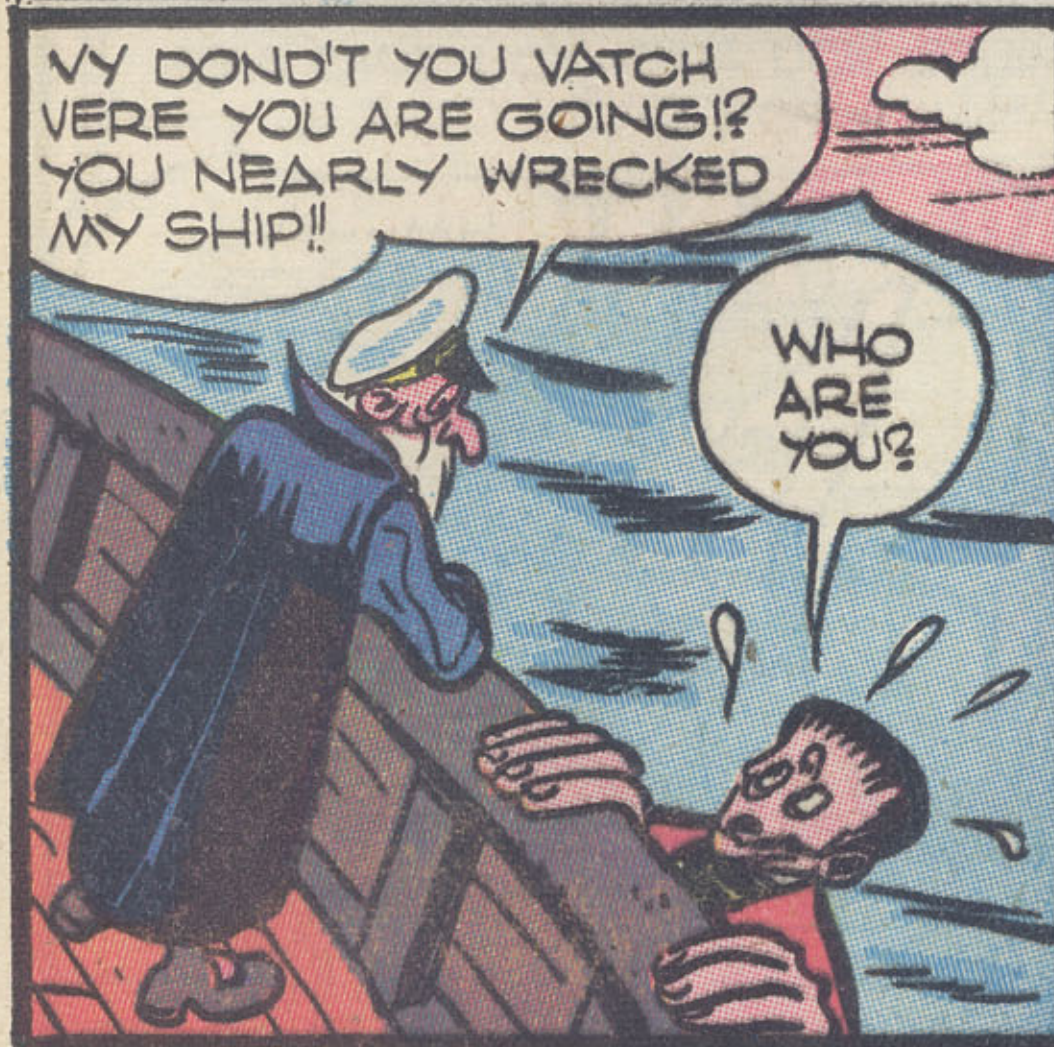
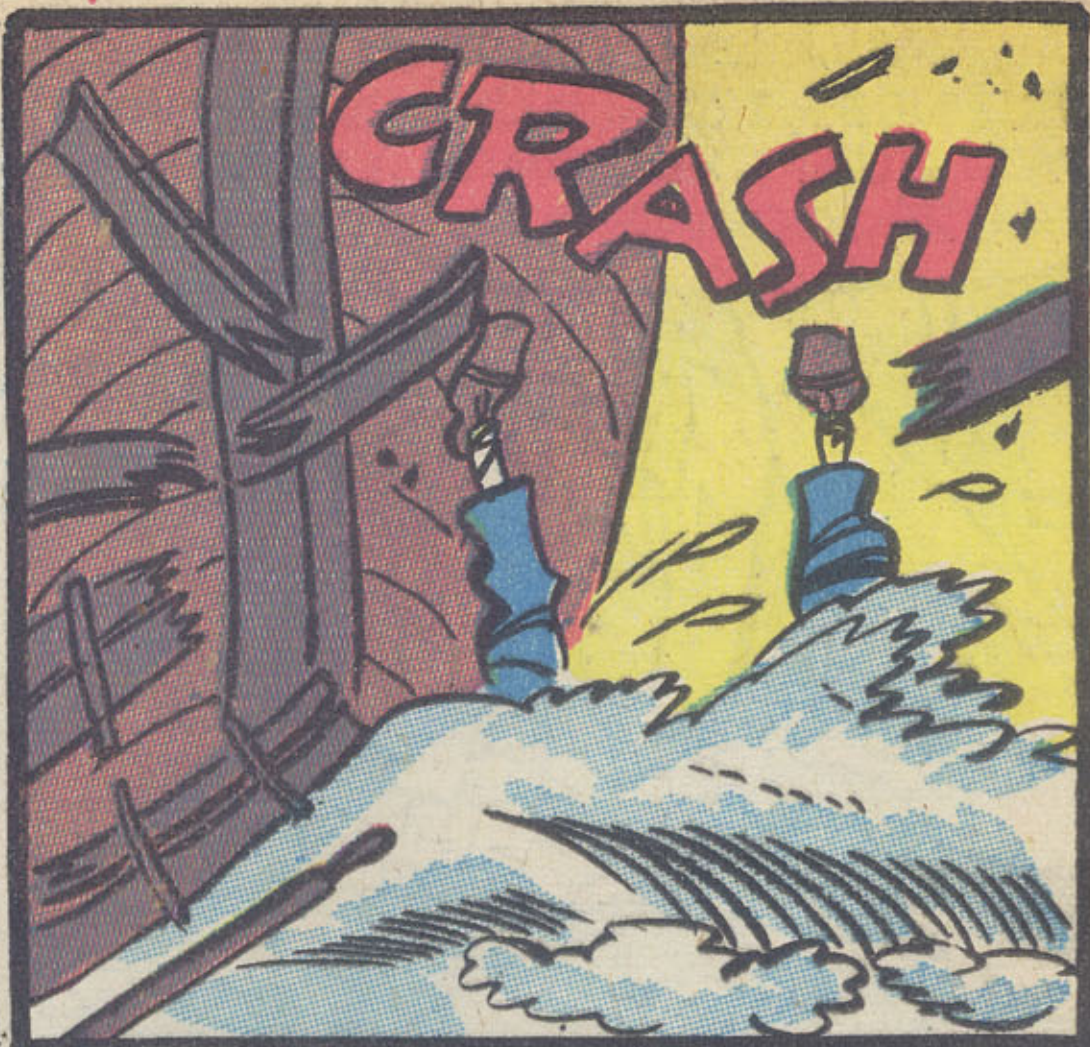
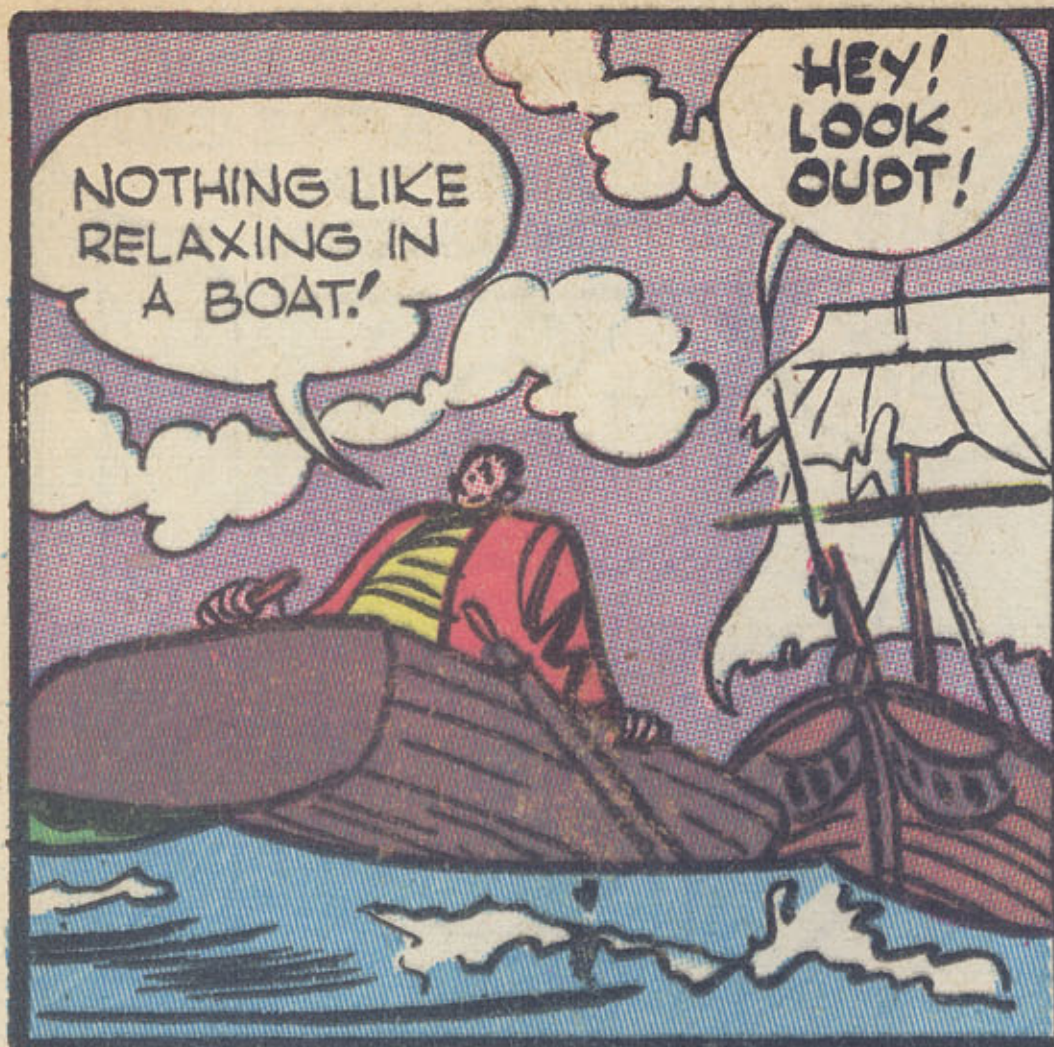
IT WAS ONLY THROUGH YOU, KIND SIR,  
THAT WE HAVE FOUND EACH OTHER  
AND SUBLIME HAPPINESS.



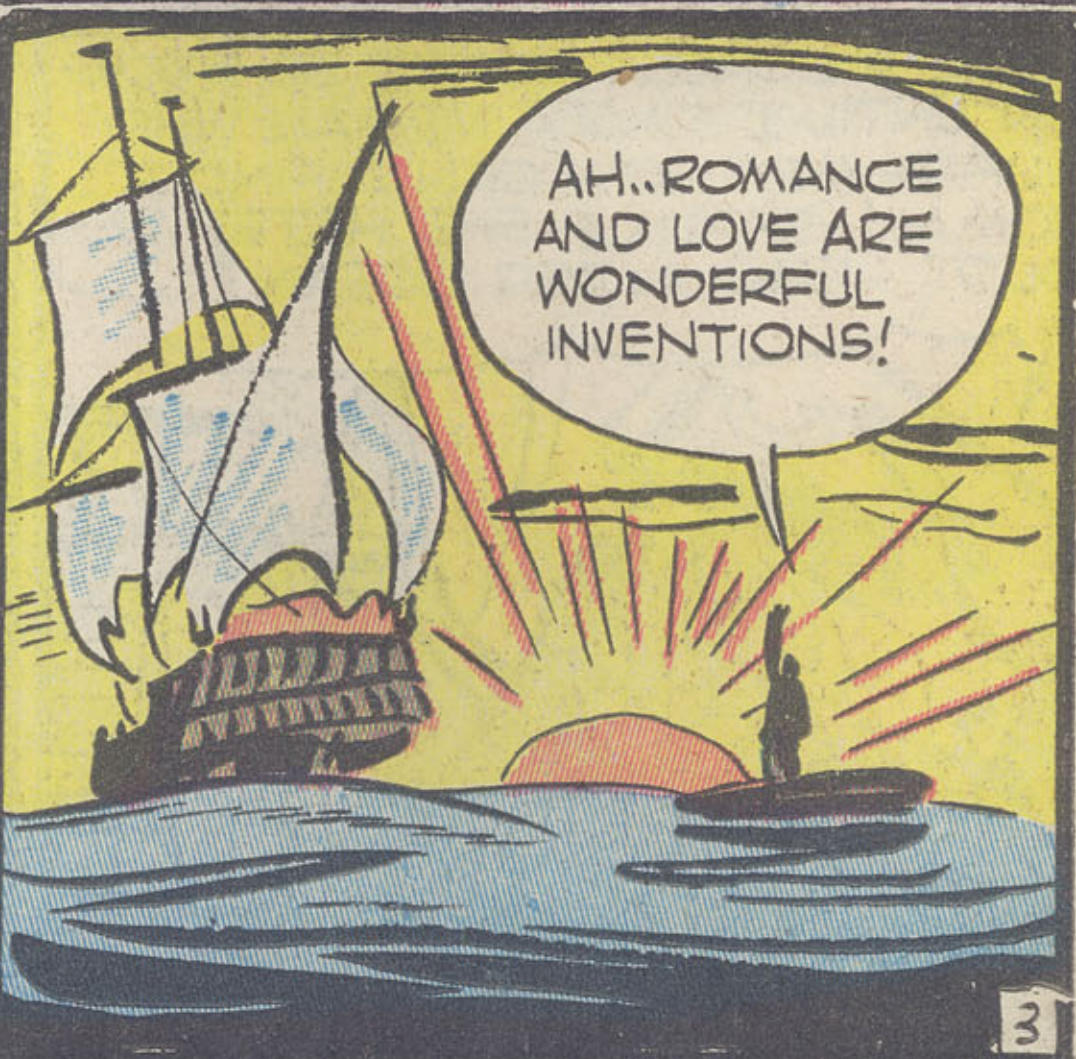
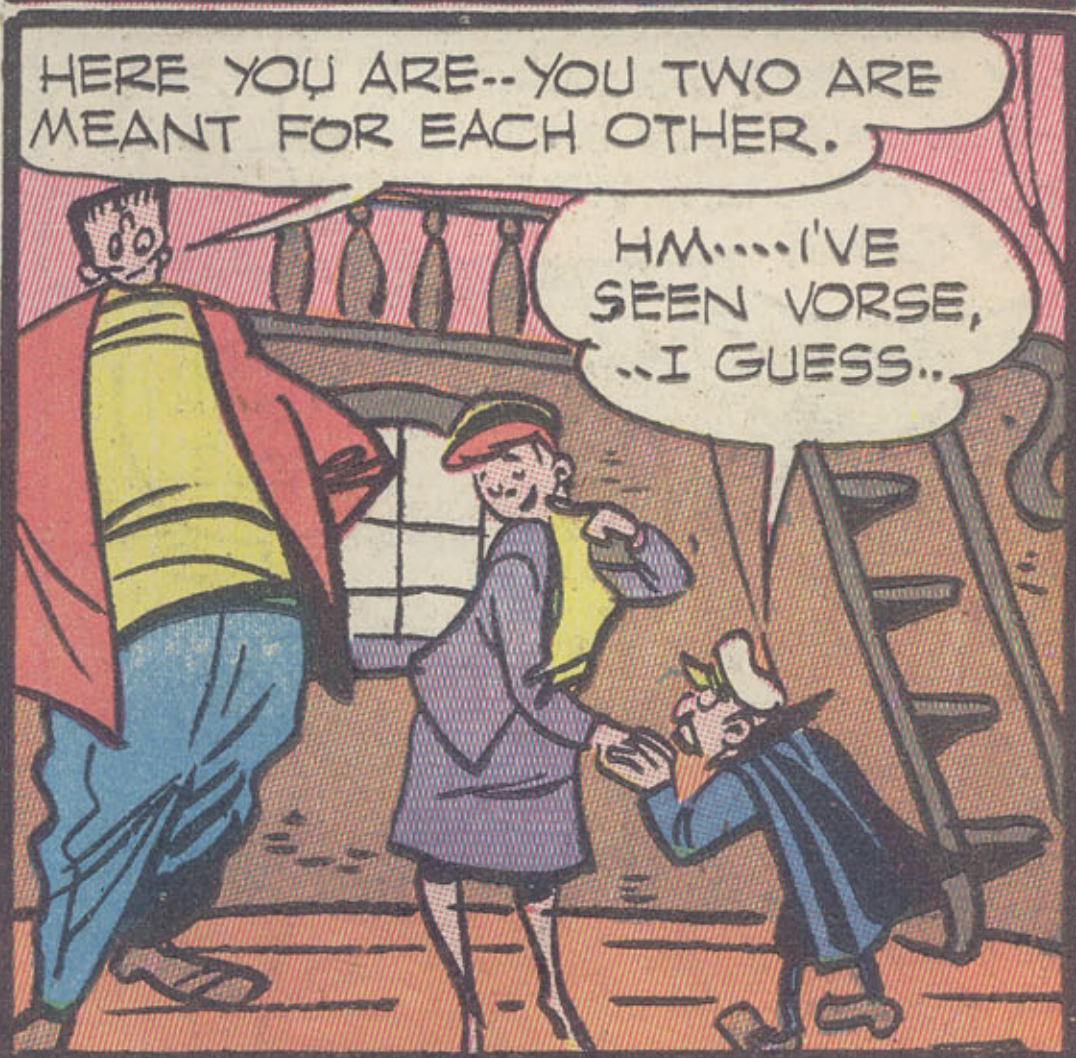
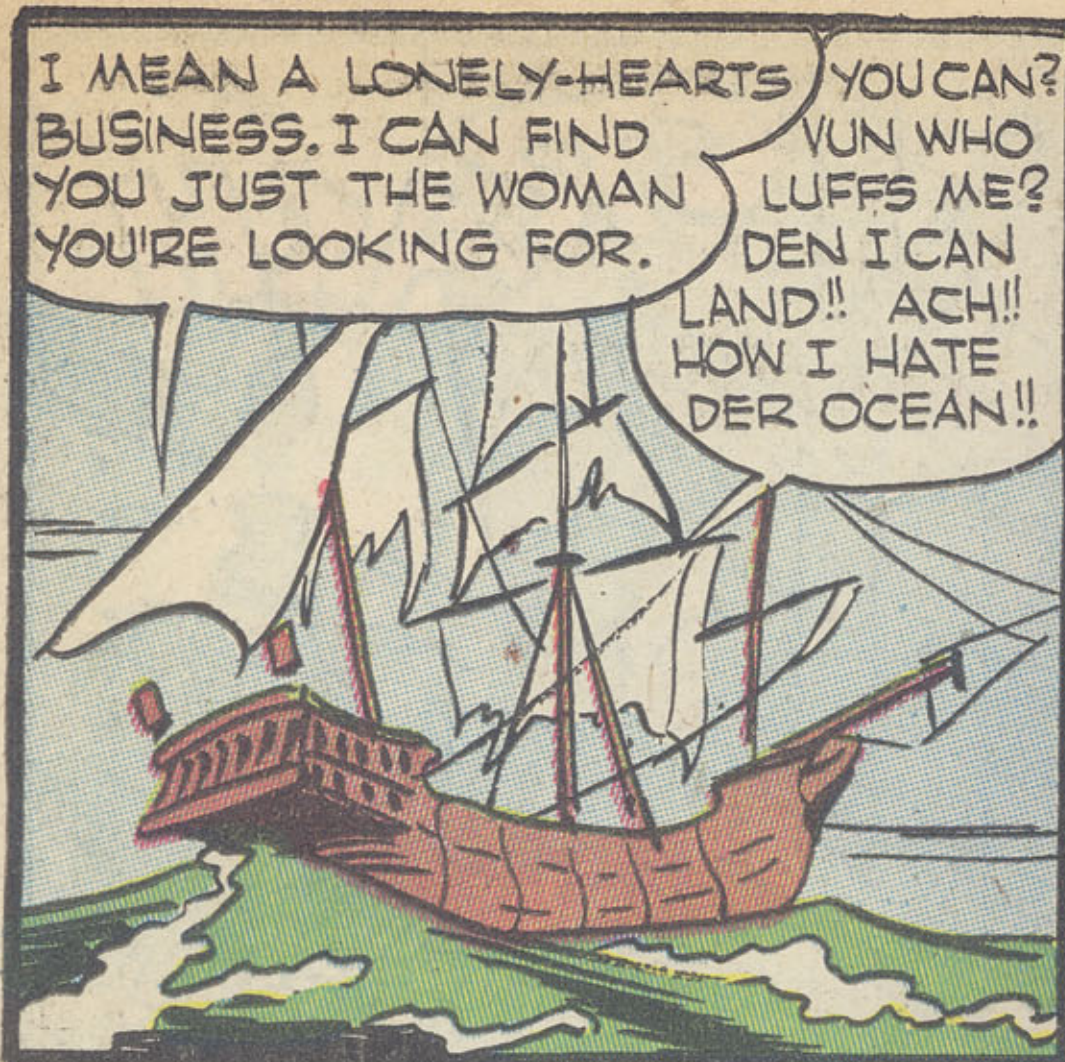
THINK I'LL KNOCK  
OFF FOR THE DAY  
AND GO OUT IN  
MY BOAT.



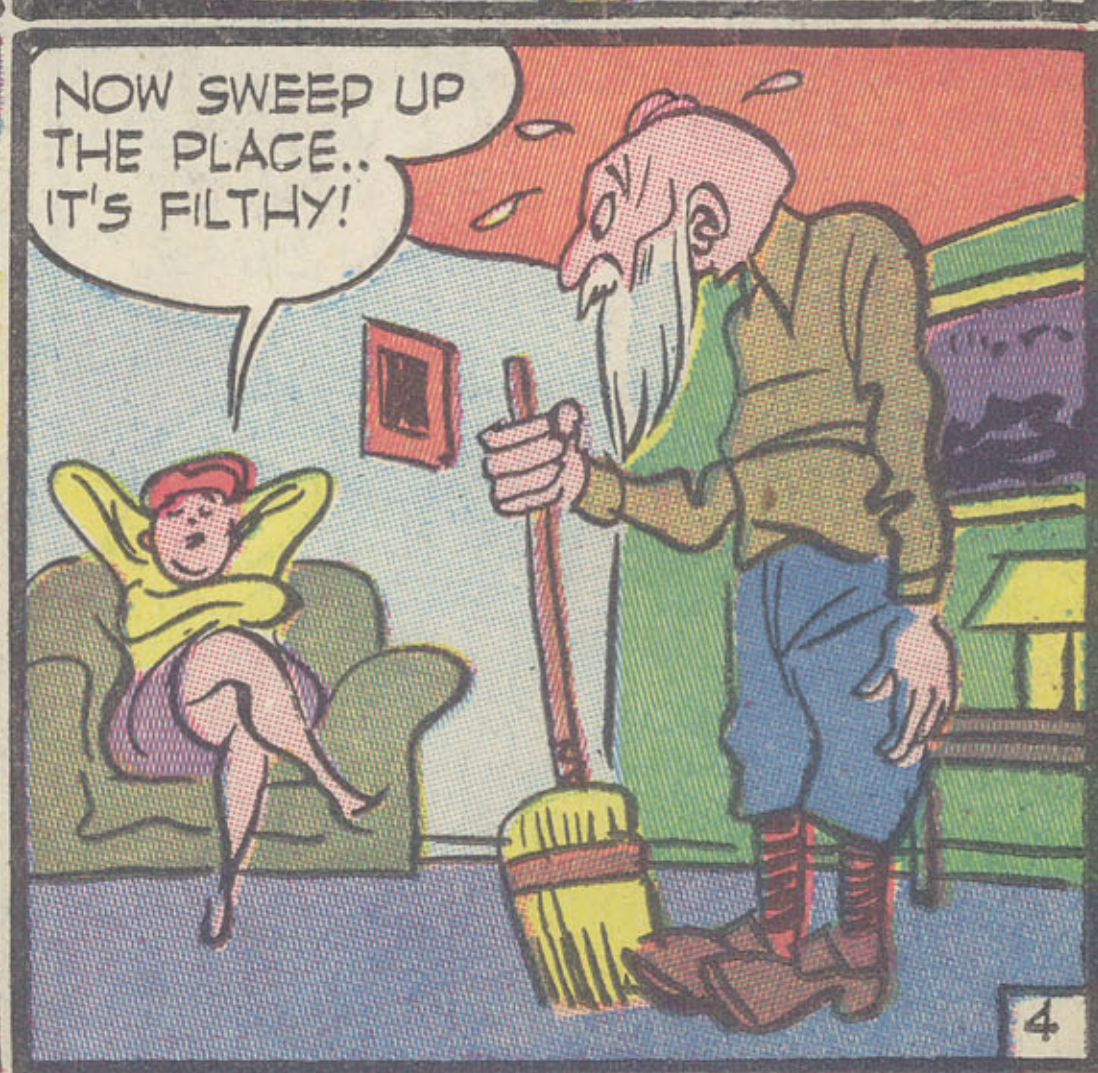
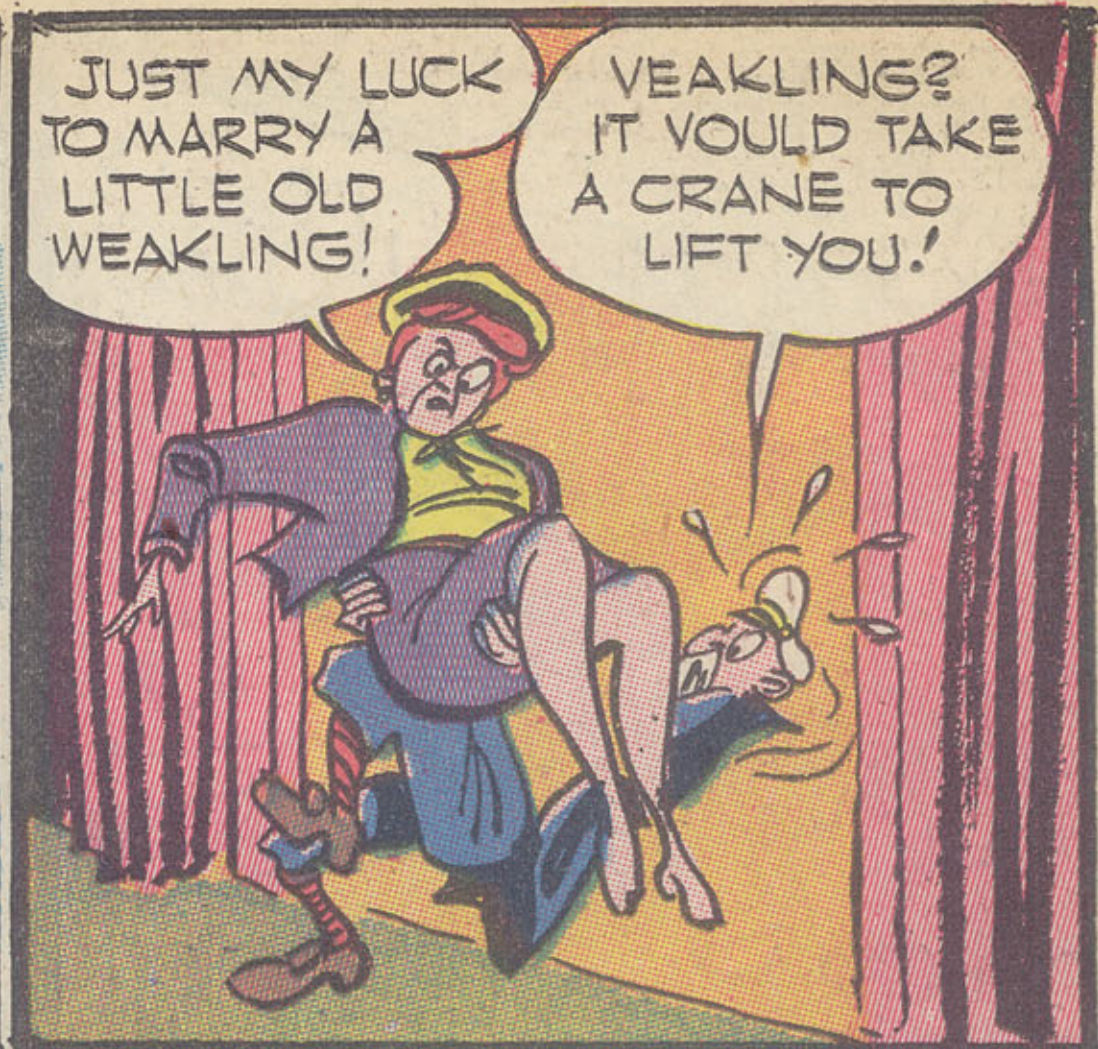




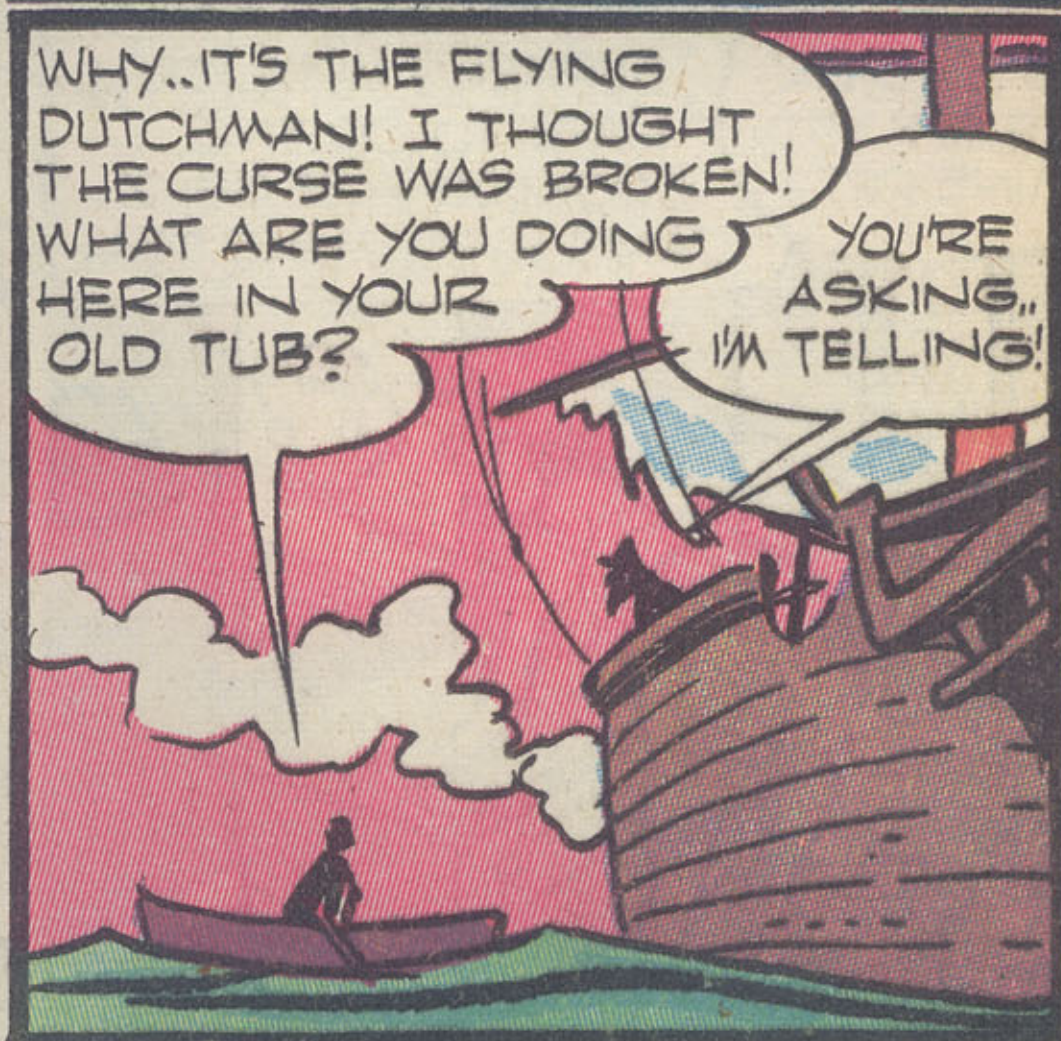
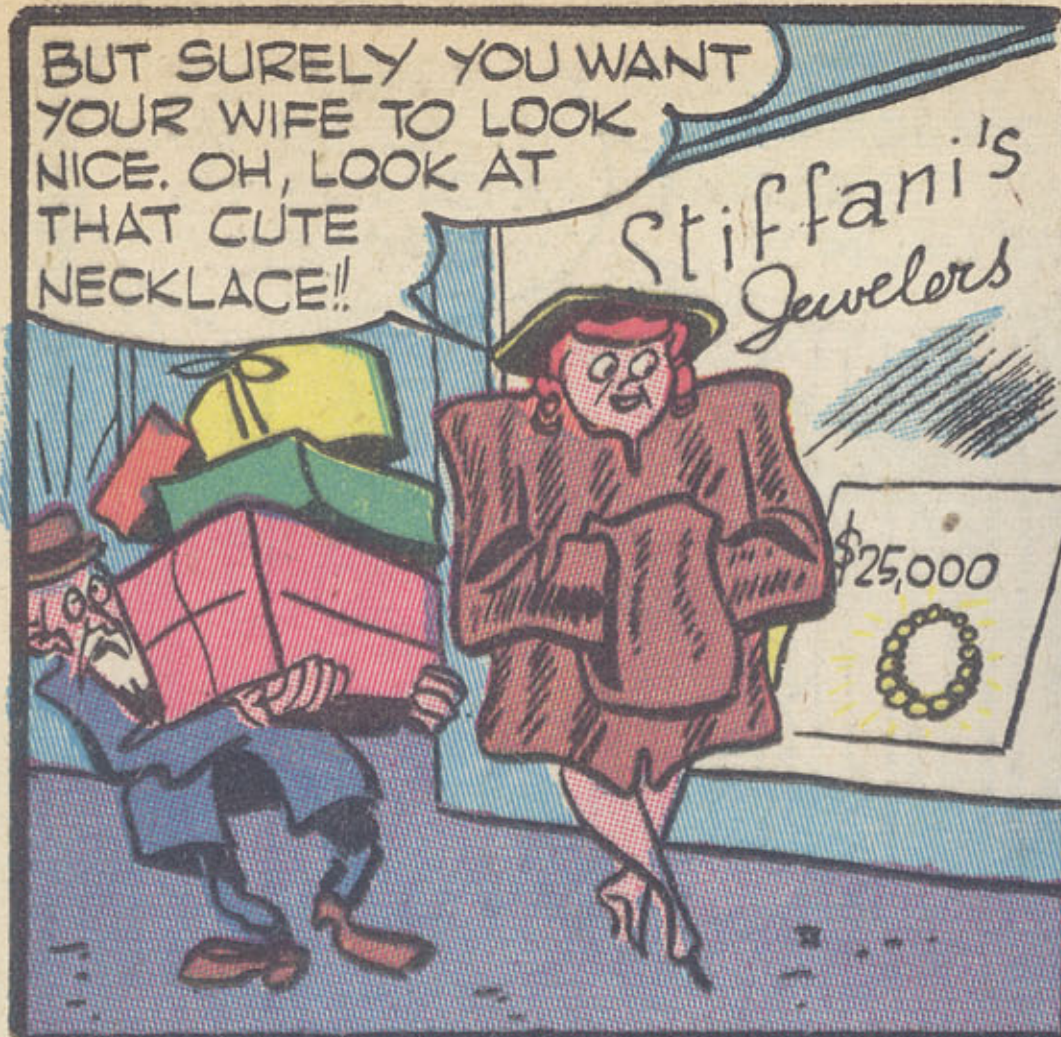






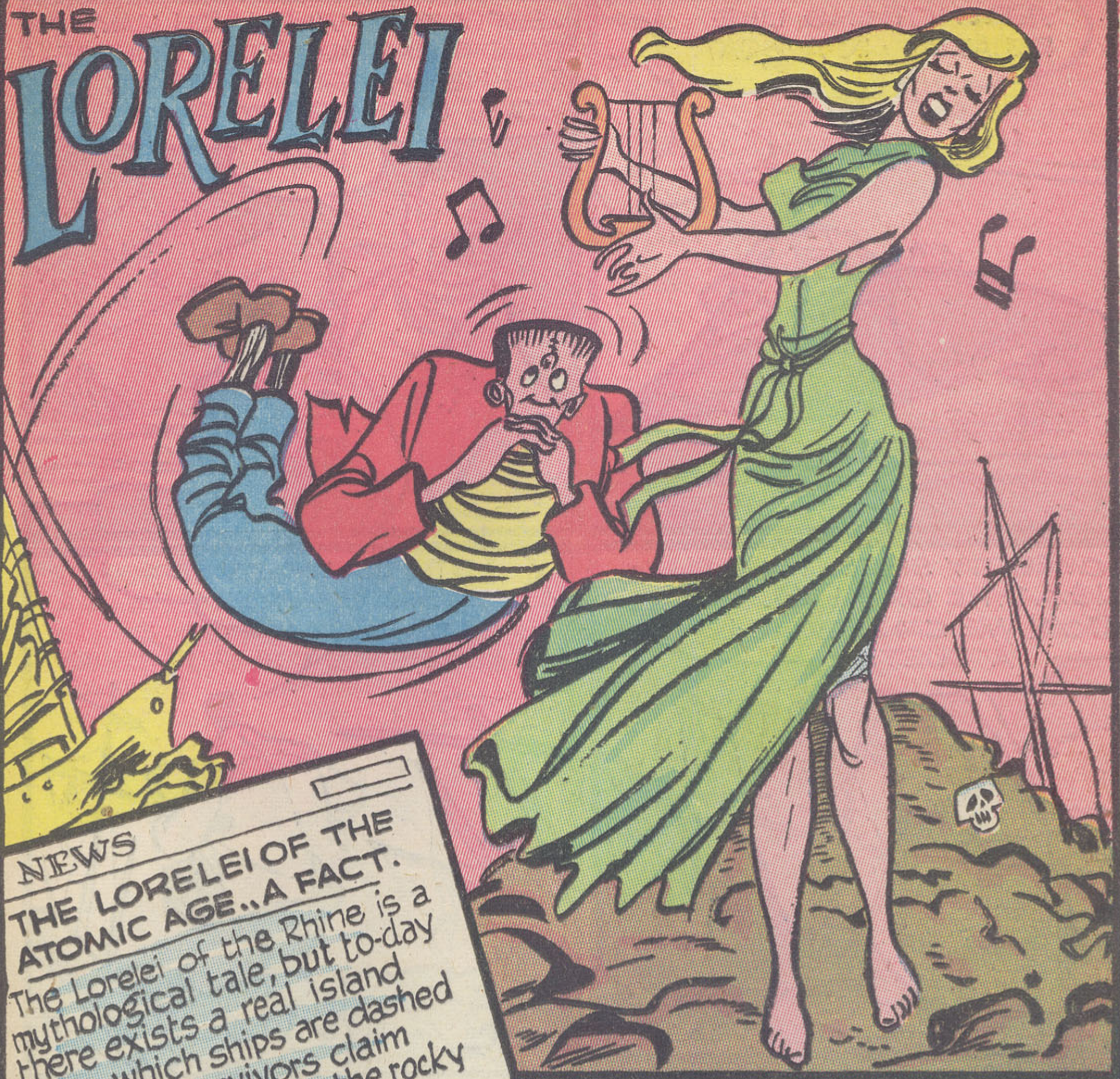








# THE LORELEI



## NEWS

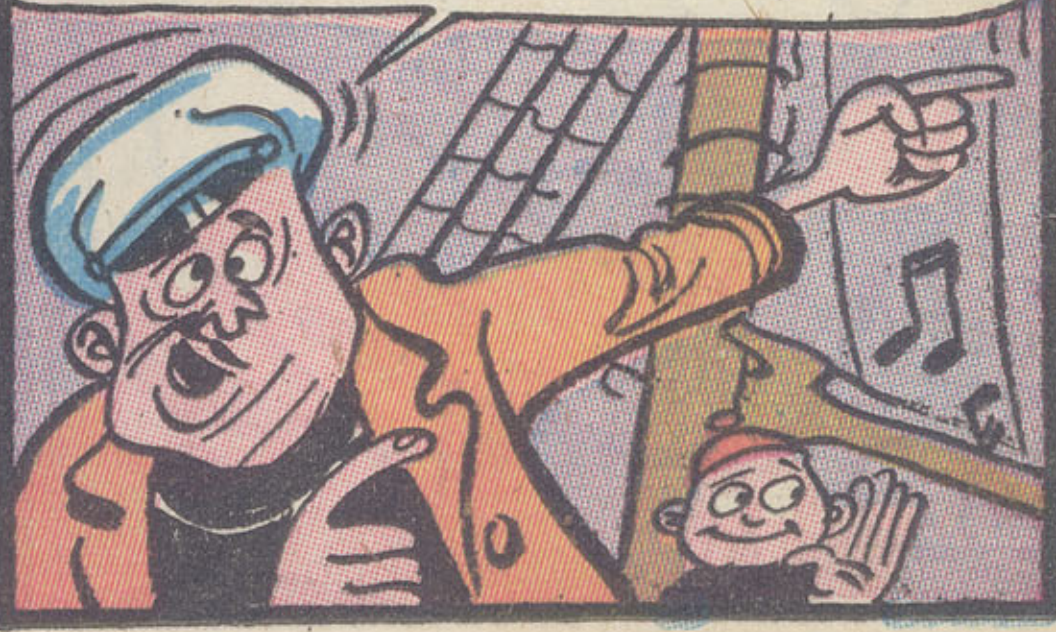
### THE LORELEI OF THE ATOMIC AGE...A FACT.

The Lorelei of the Rhine is a mythological tale, but to-day there exists a real island upon which ships are dashed to pieces. Survivors claim they are drawn to the rocky isle by a sweetly singing voice accompanied by the strains of a lyre.

IT'S DRIVING ME MAD IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL! I MUST DROWN MYSELF!!



AVAST, MEN! IT'S THE MUSIC OF THE DEVIL! FULL SPEED AWAY!! WE MUSTN'T GO NEAR THE ISLE!!! AWAY!! OH, IT'S HAUNTING ME!! AWAY!! WAIT..LET'S GO NEARER.. MAYBE WE'LL SEE--NO!!! BUT YES.. FULL SPEED TOWARD THE ISLE!!!



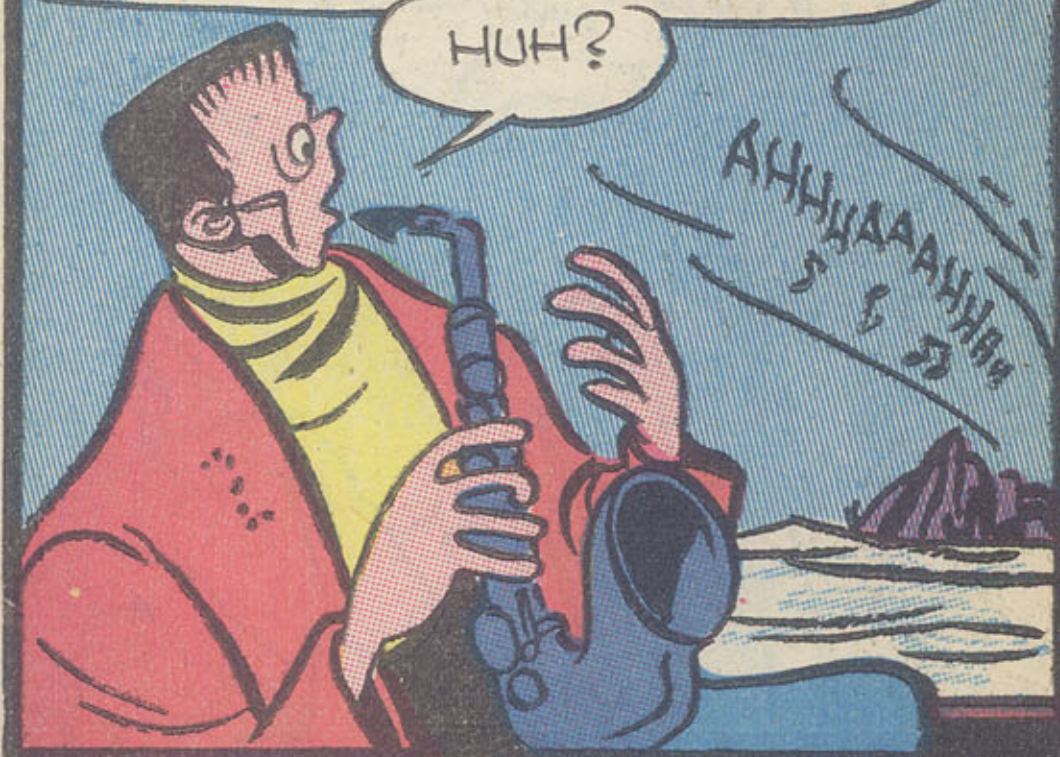


YEP..NOTHING LIKE  
RELAXING IN A BOAT.

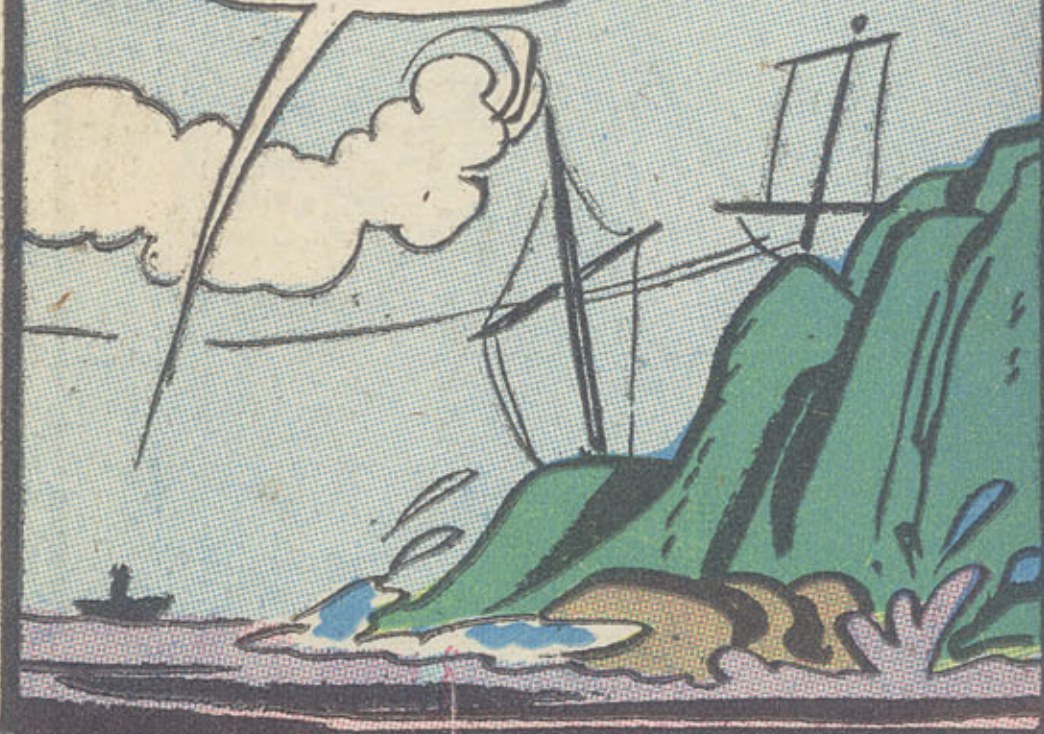


..ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU HAVE A  
SAXOPHONE ALONG. OF COURSE,  
THE NEIGHBORS INSISTED I  
COME OUT HERE TO PLAY...

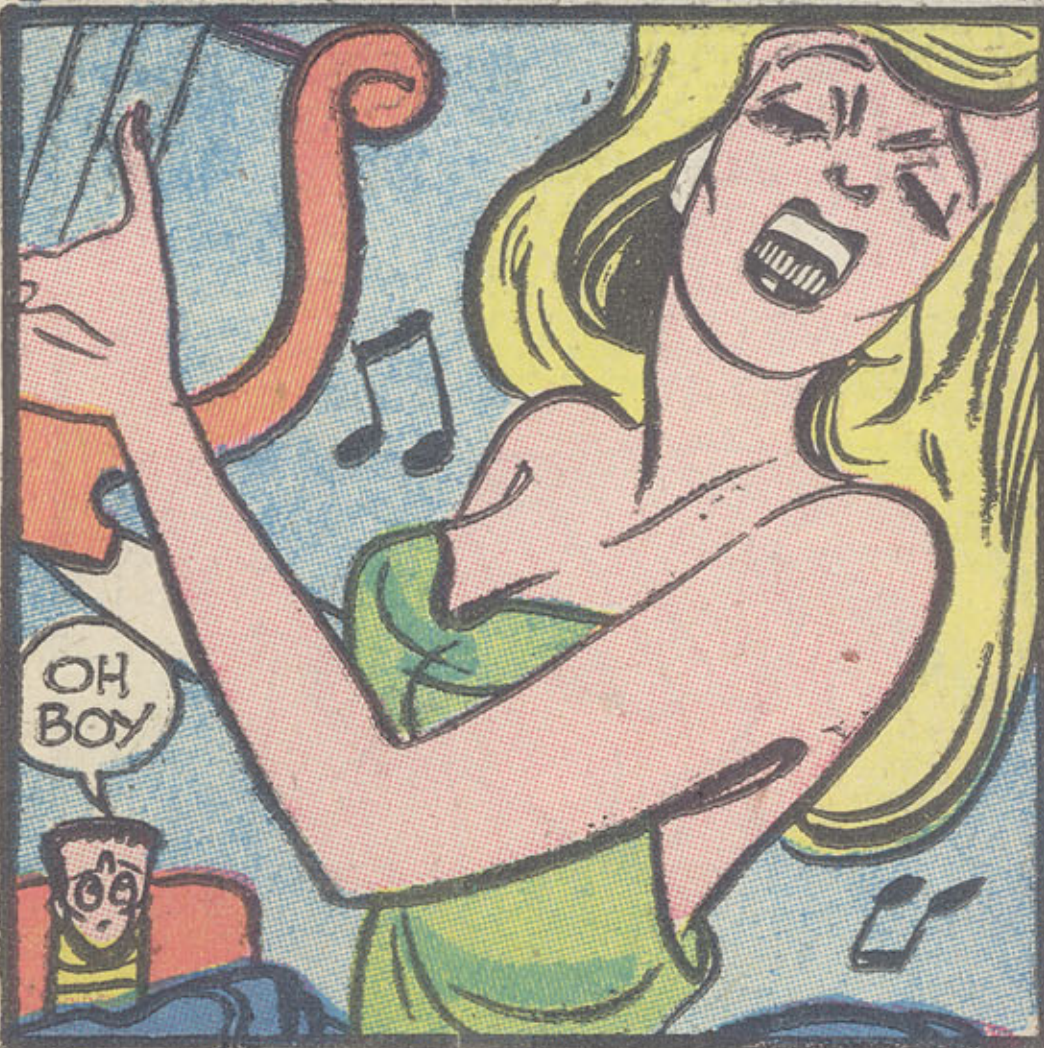
HUH?



SOMEBODY SINGING AND PLAY-  
ING A LYRE OR A UKE. HOT  
DOG! WE CAN STRIKE UP  
A DUET.



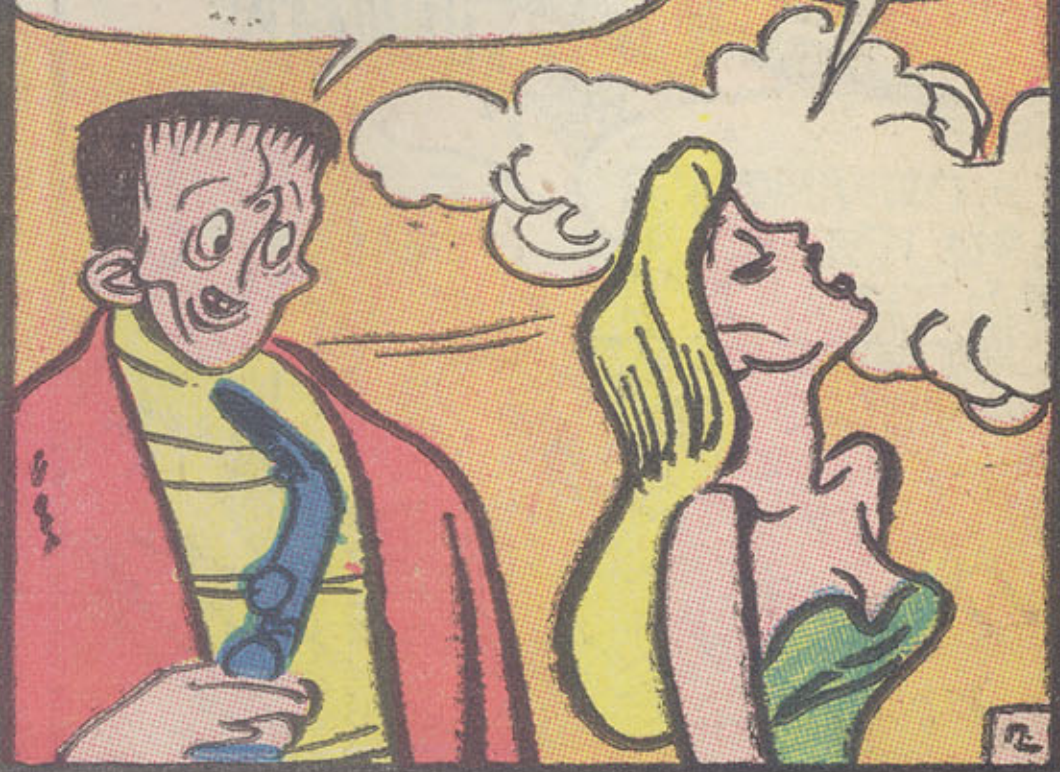
LOTS OF WRECKED  
SHIPS HERE..



OH  
BOY

PARDON ME, LADY  
BUT YOU AND I CAN  
MAKE BEAUTIFUL  
MUSIC TO-GETHER.

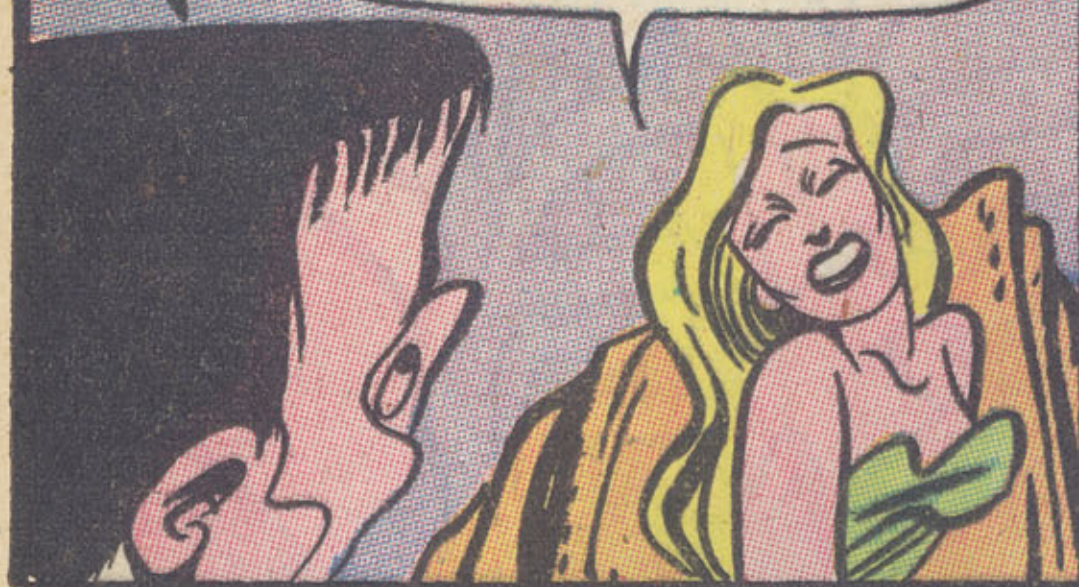
OF ALL  
THE  
NERVE!





WHO ARE YOU AND ALL THAT PRELIMINARY STUFF?

I'M LAURA LYE. I LOVE TO SING AND PLAY BUT THE NEIGHBORS COMPLAINED. SO I CAME OUT TO THIS ROCK SO I COULD BE HAPPY AND NOT BE DISTURBED.



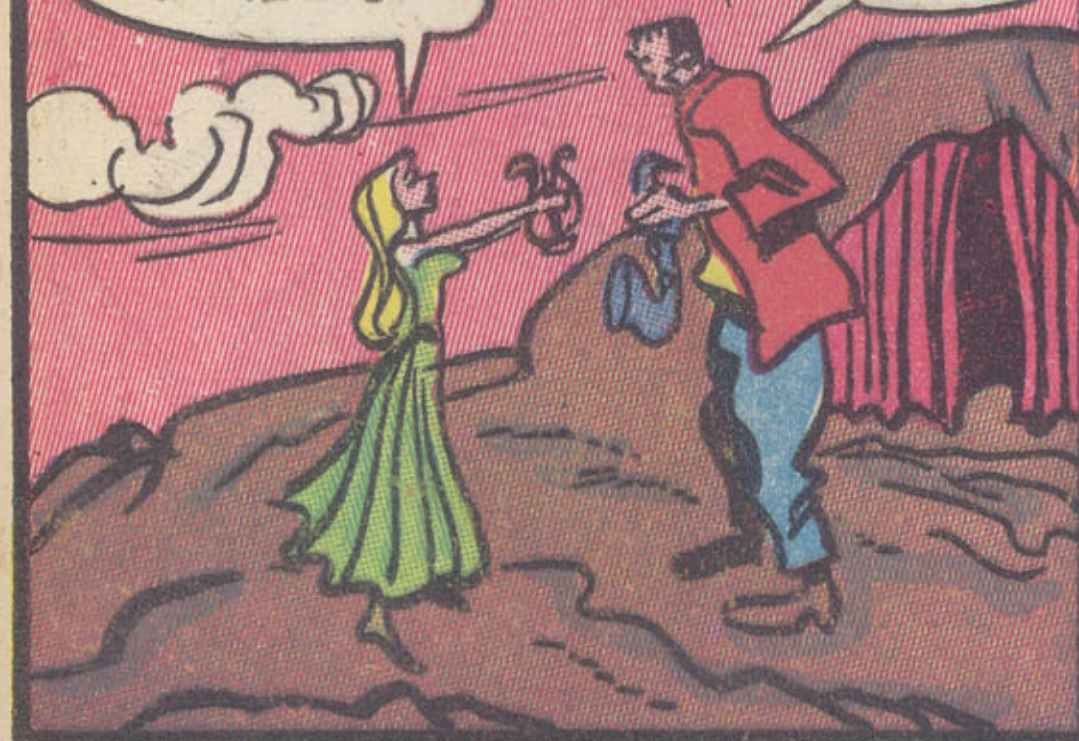
WE'RE IN THE SAME BOAT. TALKING ABOUT BOATS, WHY ARE ALL THOSE WRECKED SHIPS AROUND?

I REALLY DON'T KNOW. THEY JUST COME CRASHING AGAINST THE ROCKS.



YOU HAVE A SAXOPHONE! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO PLAY ONE. SUPPOSE WE SWAP FOR A WHILE?

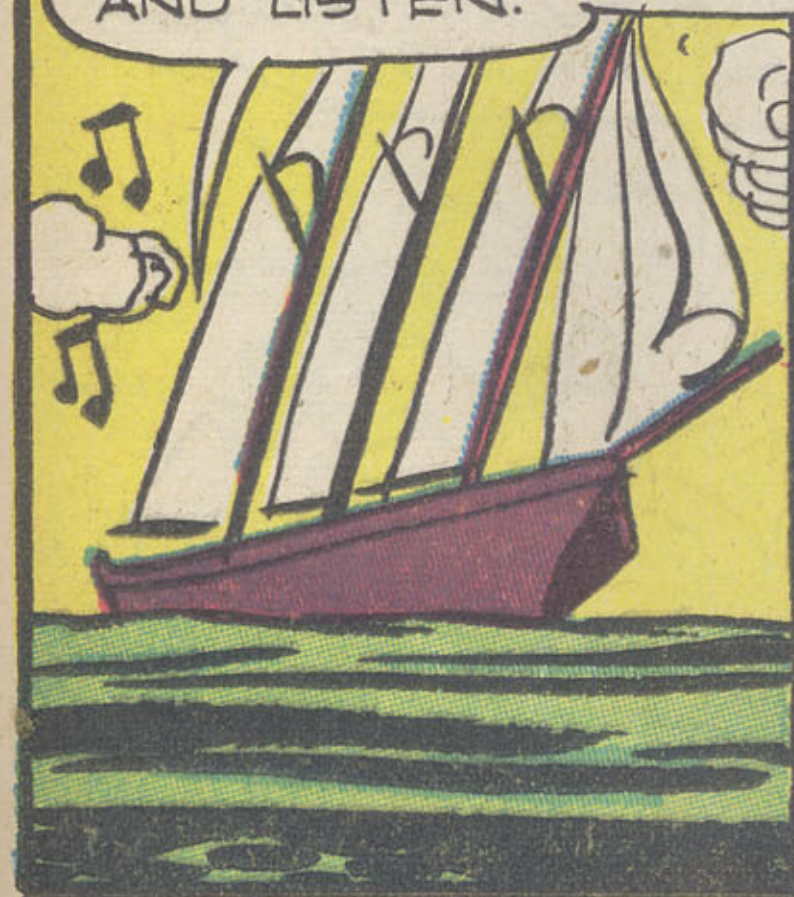
BUT I CAN'T PLAY A LYRE.



IT'S EASY-- LIKE THIS..



AVAST MEN! THAT BEWITCHING MUSIC!! LET US GO CLOSER AND LISTEN!



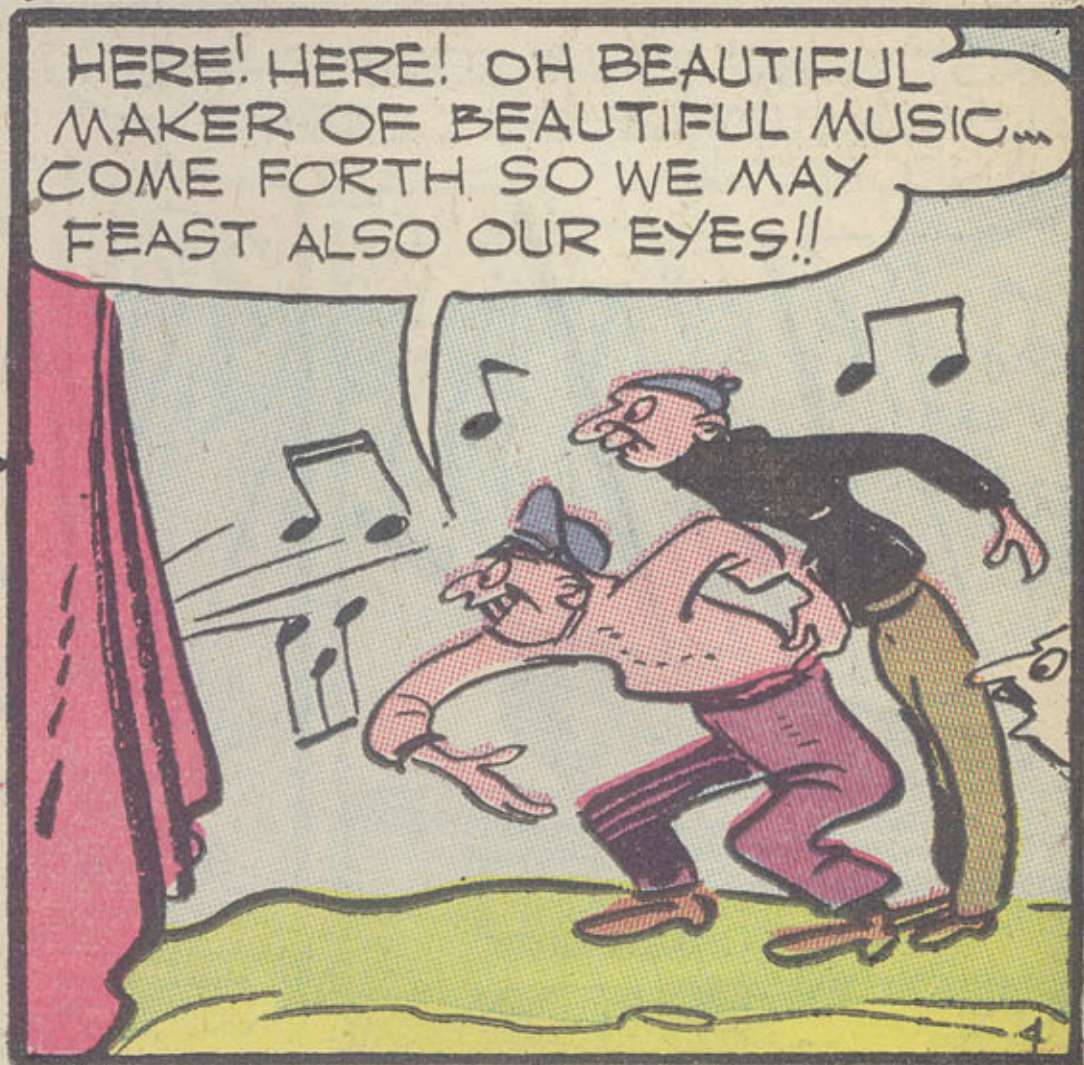
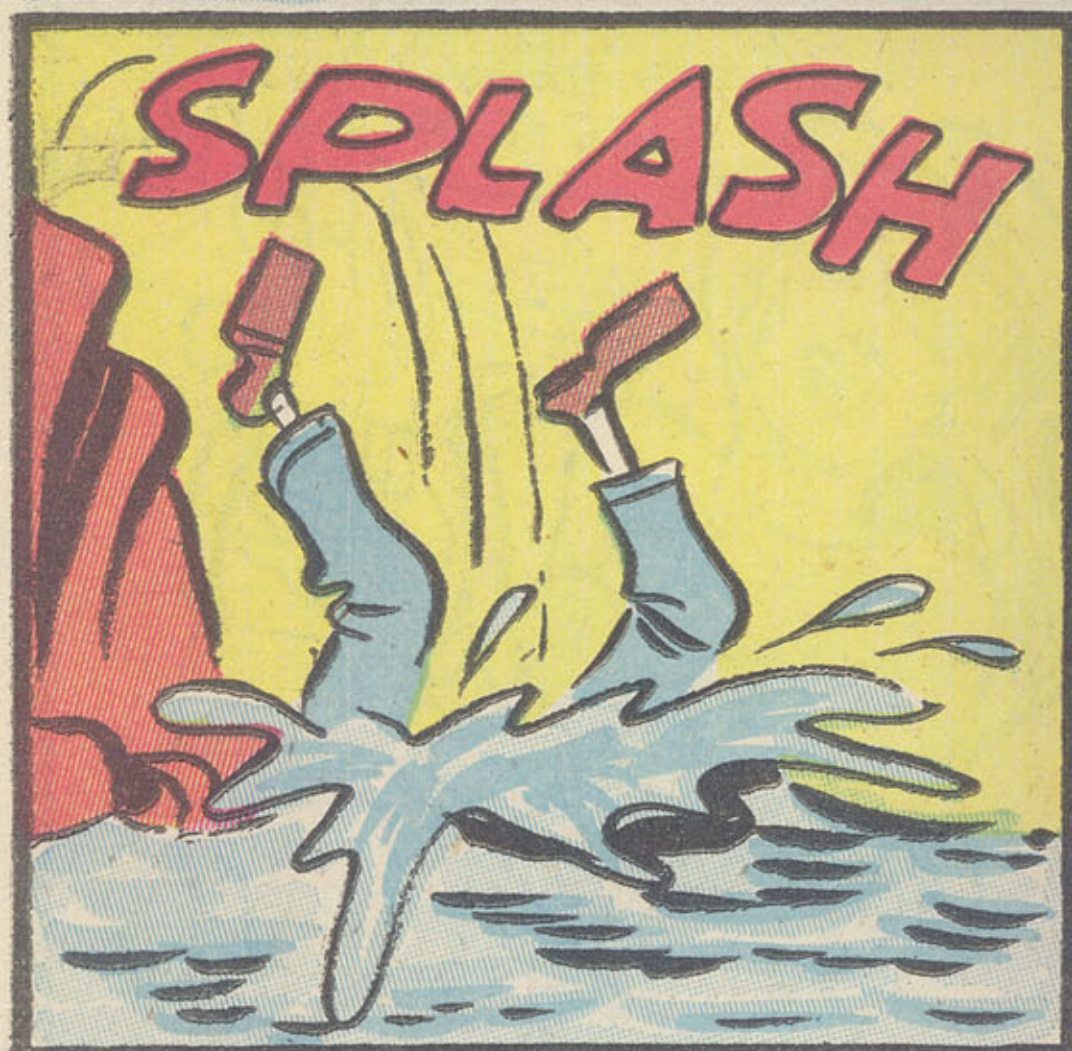
CRUNCH



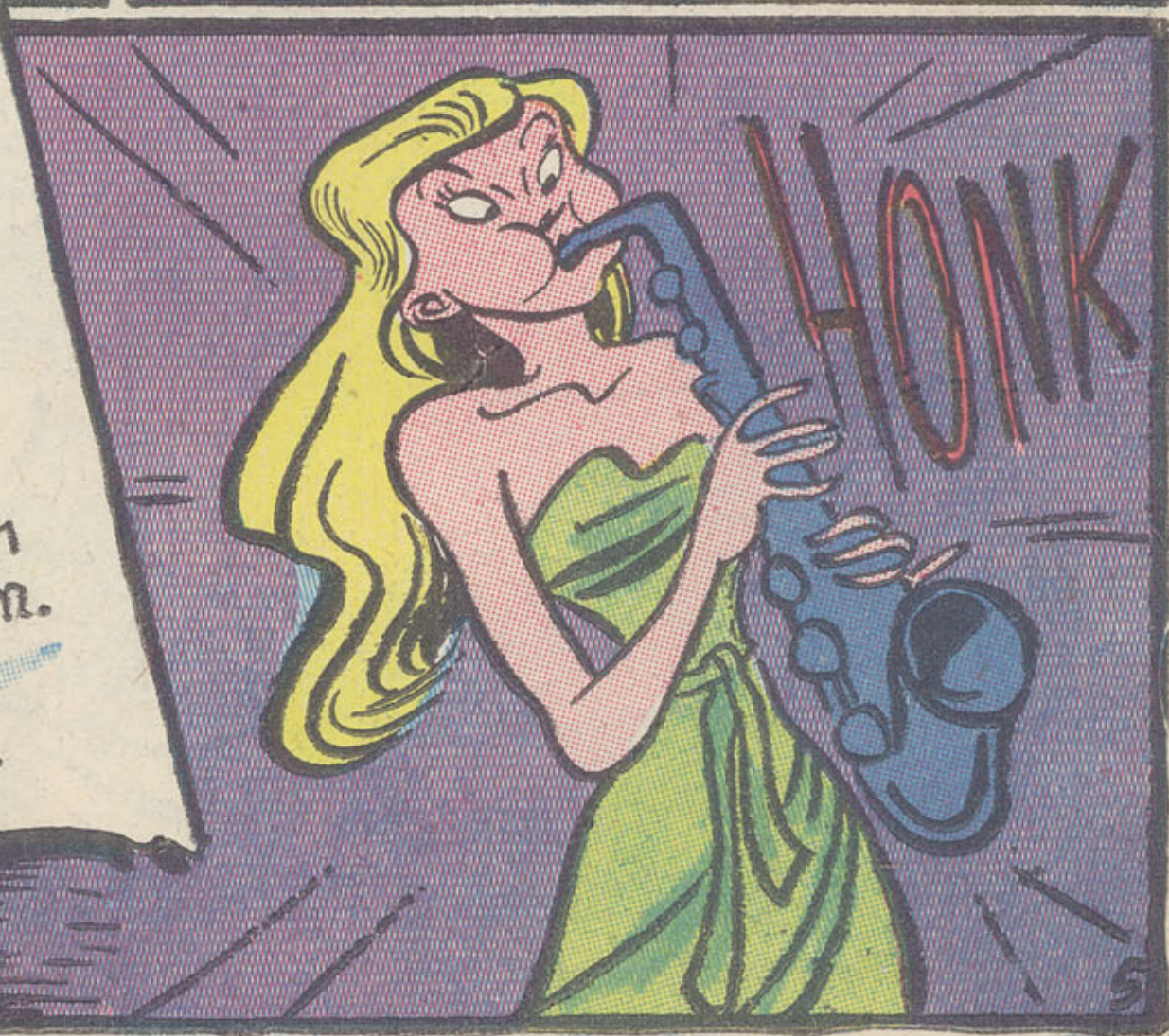
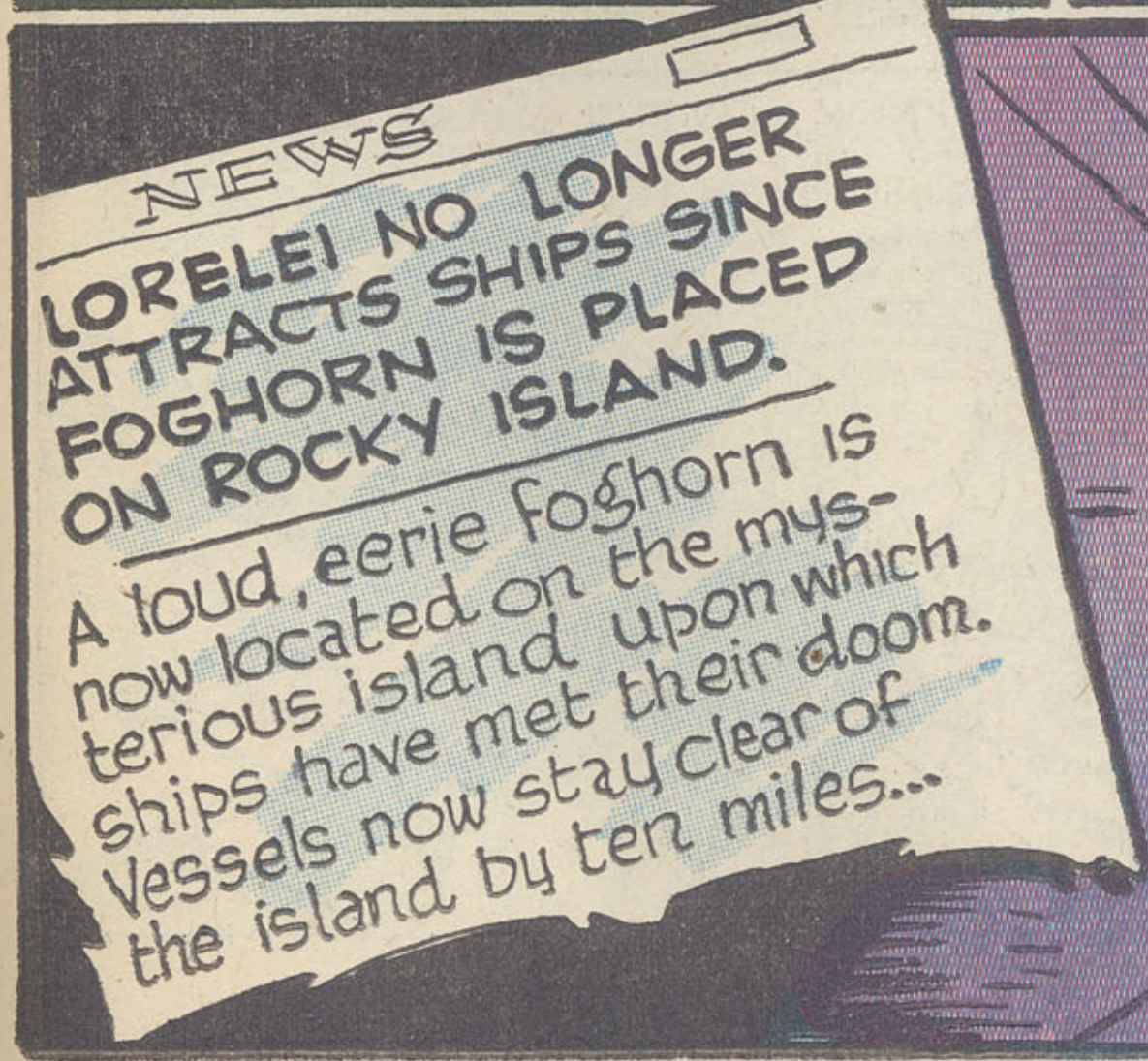
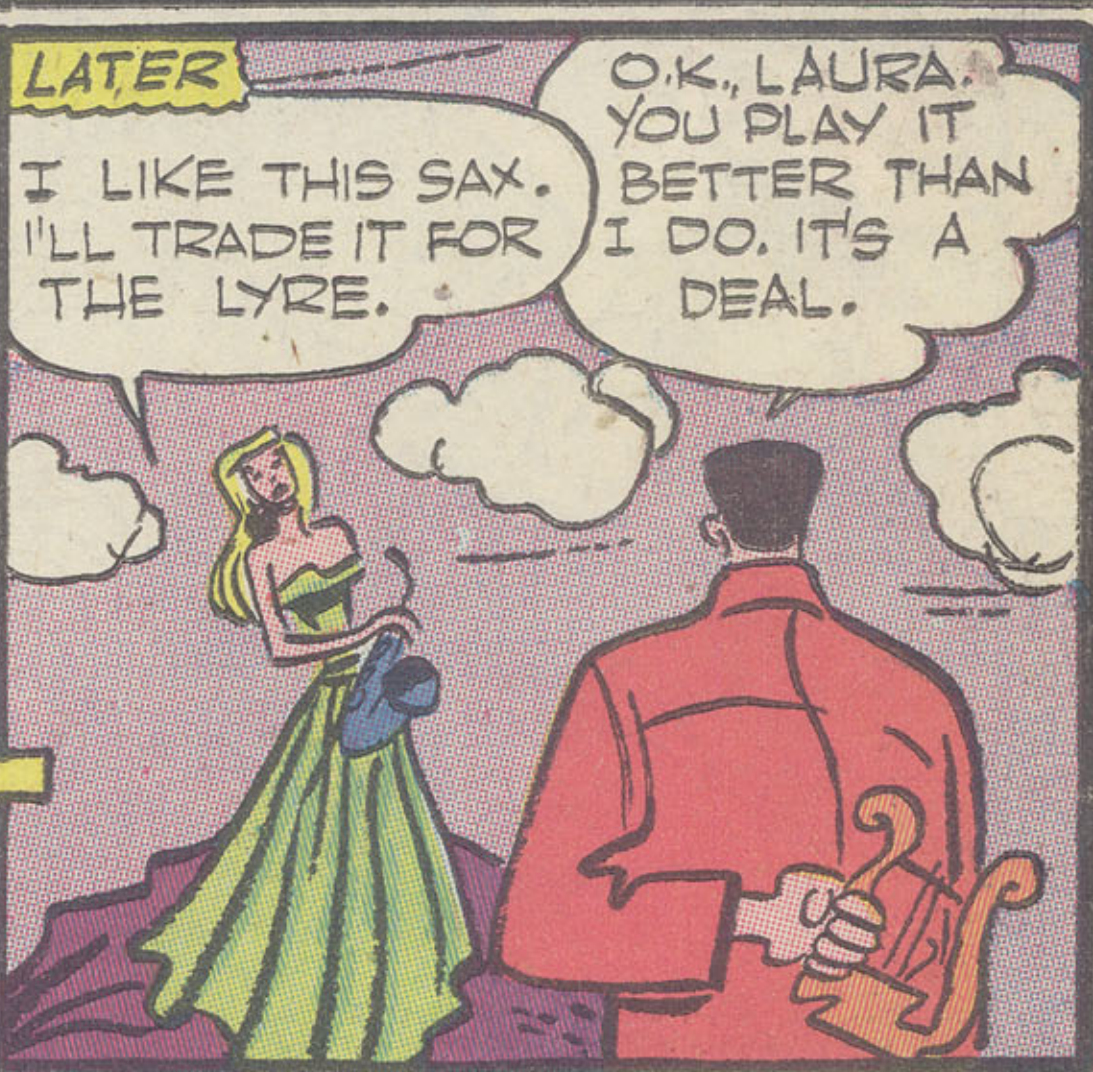
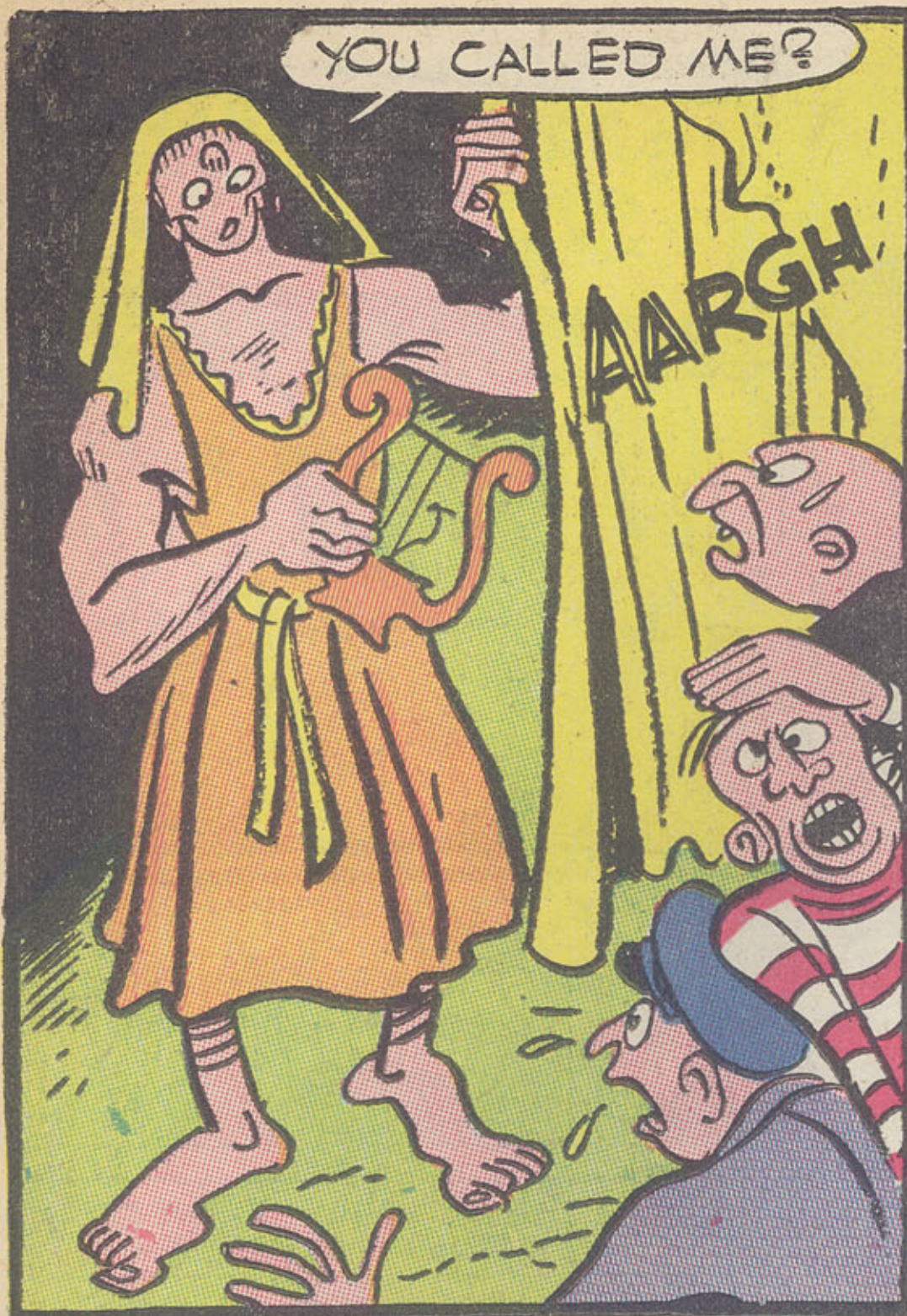
NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN WHO MAKES THAT MUSIC. WE'LL BE THE FIRST!!







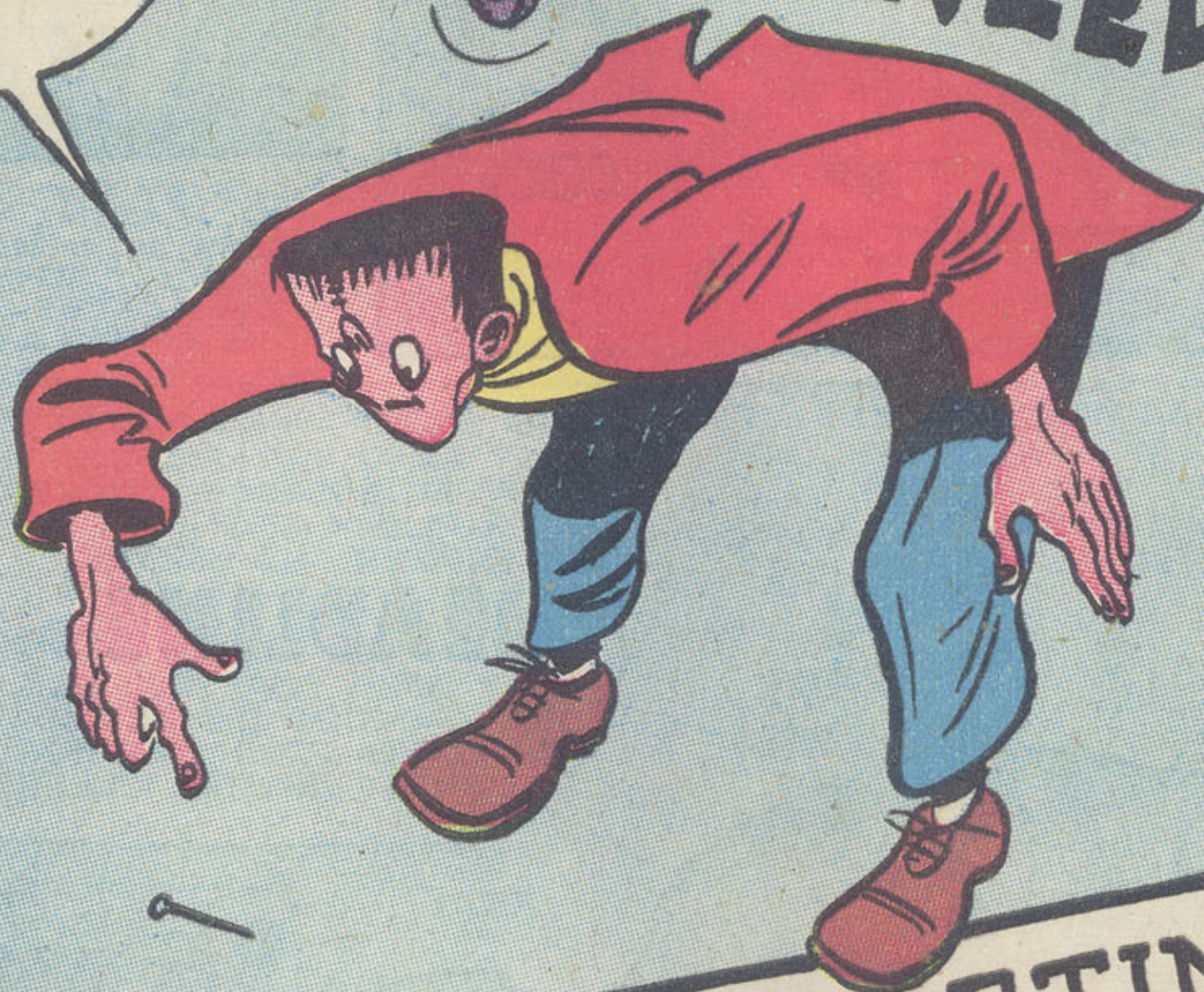






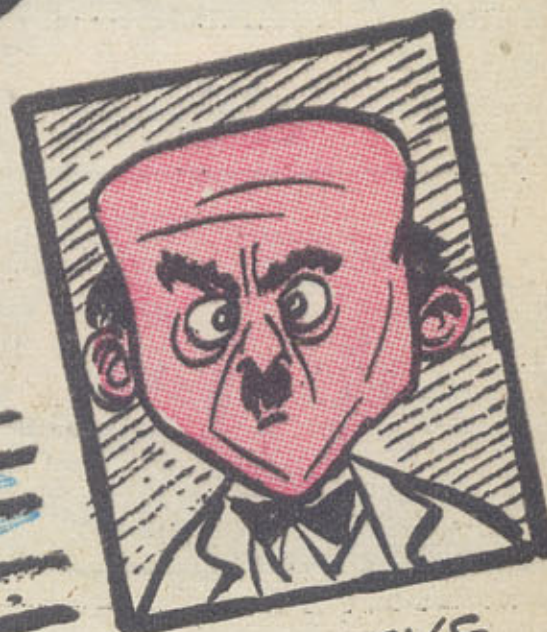
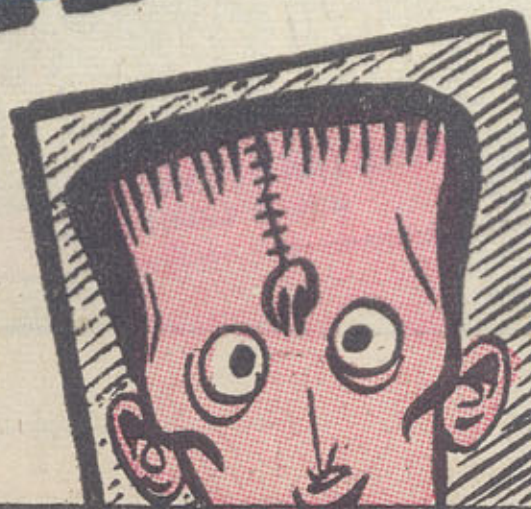
SEE A PIN,  
PICK IT UP...  
ALL DAY LONG  
I'LL HAVE  
GOOD LUCK...  
THEY SAY..

# PINS & NEEDLES



## MAGICIANS' BULLETIN ELECTIONS TO-DAY

FRANKENSTEIN  
VS.  
MILTY WEEKS  
FOR PRESIDENT.



M. WEEKS



FELLOW MAGICIANS..WE WILL NOW  
REVEAL HOW THE VOTES WENT.  
FOR FRANKENSTEIN...647 !!!

HOORAY!!

..AND FOR MILTY WEEKS..2 !!

TOUGH LUCK,  
MILTY!

I OUGHT TO  
DEMAND A  
RECOUNT!

FRANKENSTEIN..I HAND OVER  
TO YOU THE PRESIDENT'S  
WAND. GOOD  
LUCK!

WONDER WHO  
ELSE VOTED  
FOR MILTY  
BESIDES  
HIMSELF?

WHY, I DID!  
HE'S A FINE  
MAN.

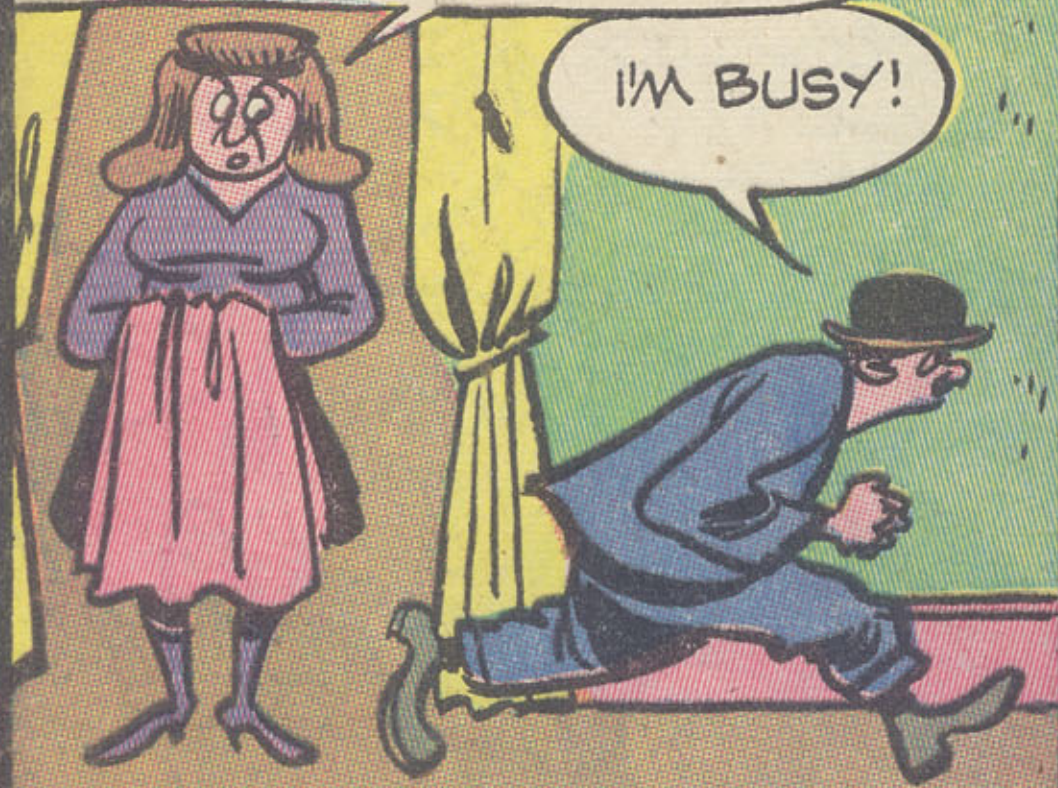
CURSES!! I'M DEFEATED! I LOST!!  
WHAT HAS THAT BIG LOU GOT  
THAT I HAVEN'T GOT? IT'S A  
FRAME-UP!

I VOW I WILL MAKE HIM  
SUFFER FOR THIS...AT THE  
SAME TIME..PROVE I'M A  
BETTER MAGICIAN!!



HOME, EH? WELL, TAKE OFF YOUR COAT AND HELP ME.

I'M BUSY!

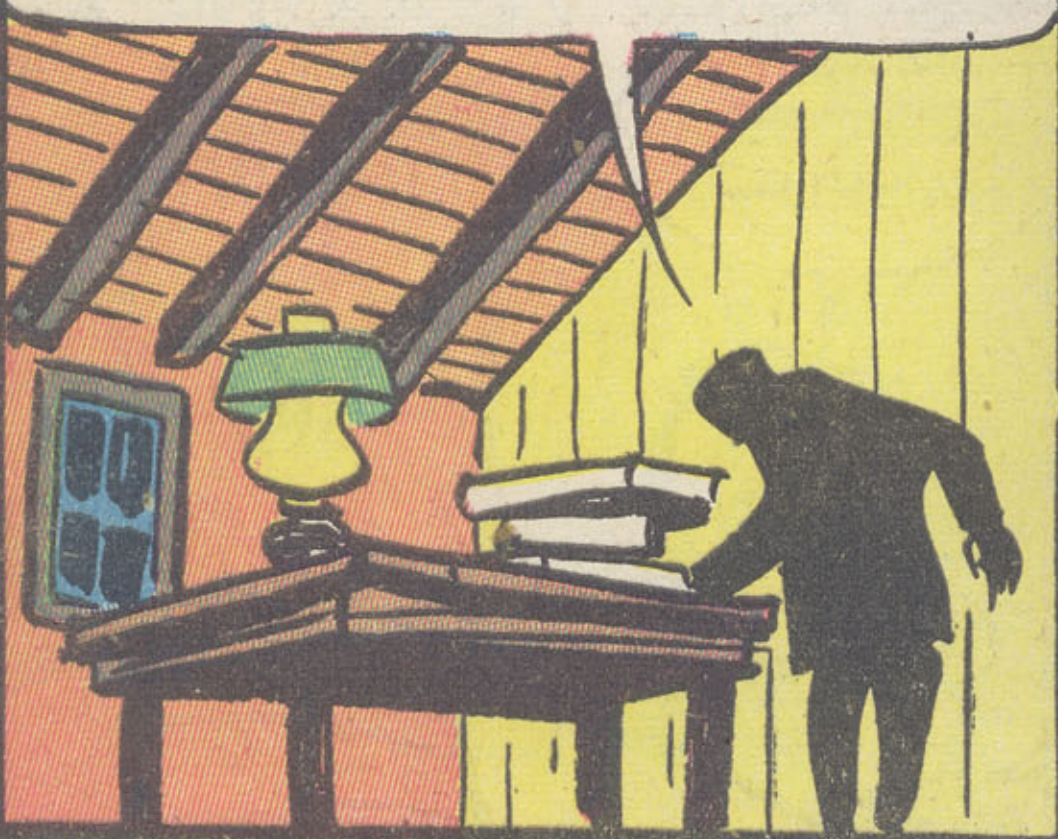


IS THAT ANY KIND OF ANSWER?

OWW!--NOW JUST HOW CAN I GET EVEN WITH FRANKENSTEIN?



MAYBE I CAN FIND SOMETHING IN ONE OF THESE OLD BOOKS...

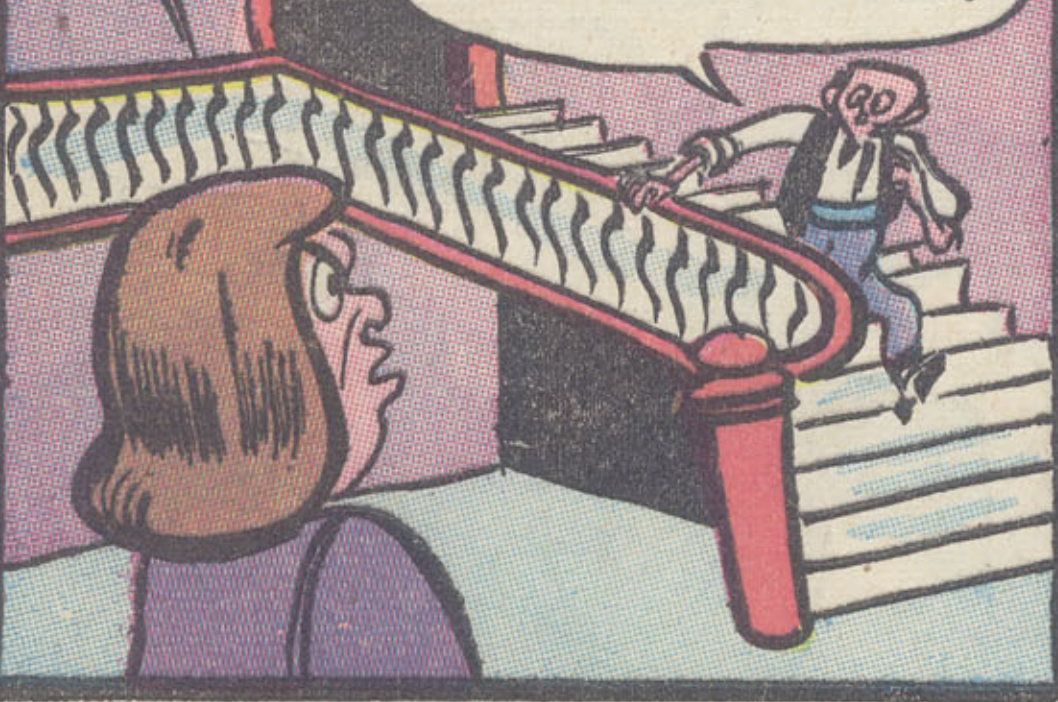


SO.. ALL NIGHT MILTY WEEKS IS ABSORBED IN HIS BOOK...

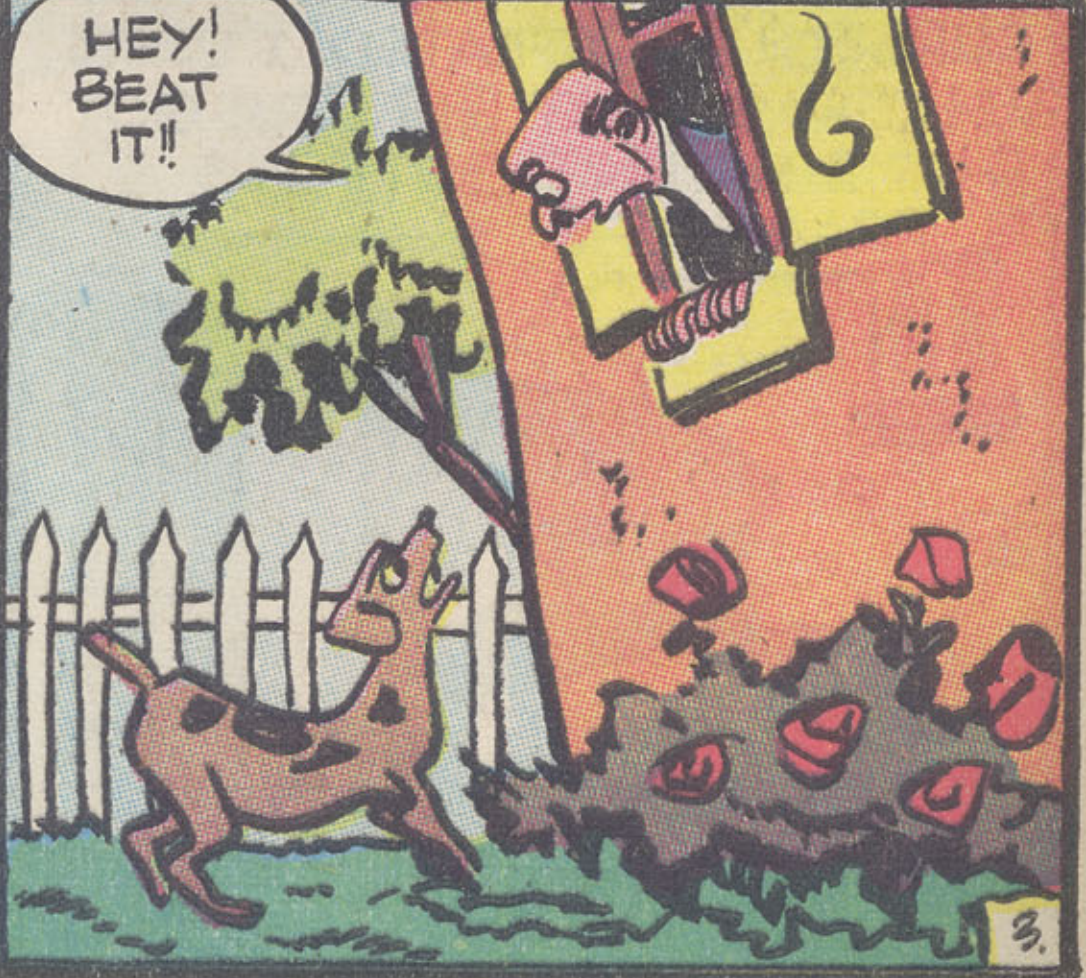


MILTY!! THERE'S A DOG DIGGING UP OUR GARDEN. GO CHASE HIM AWAY!!

I'M BUSY--ER--I MEAN, YES DEAR!

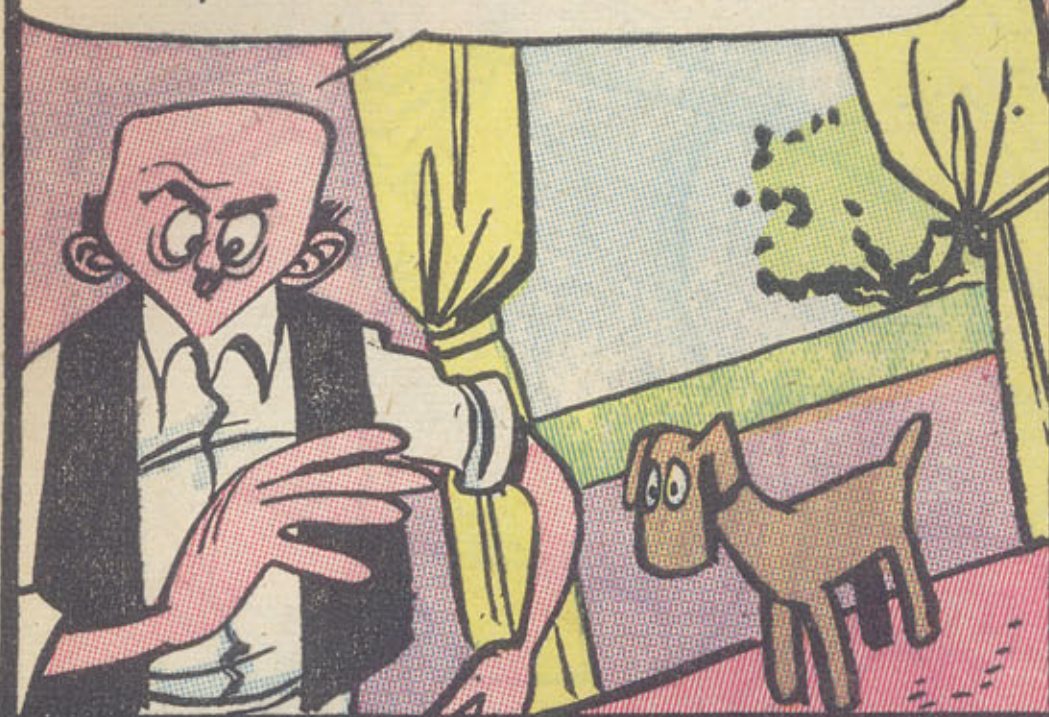


HEY! BEAT IT!!

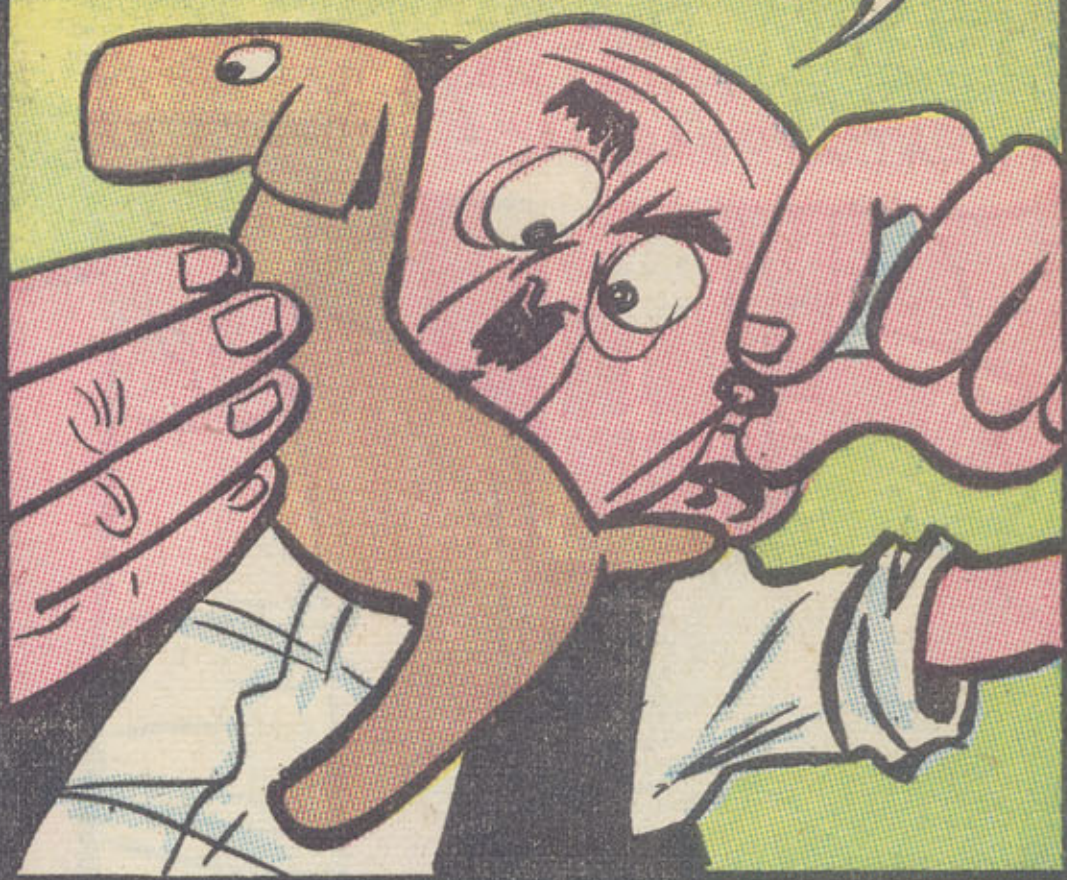




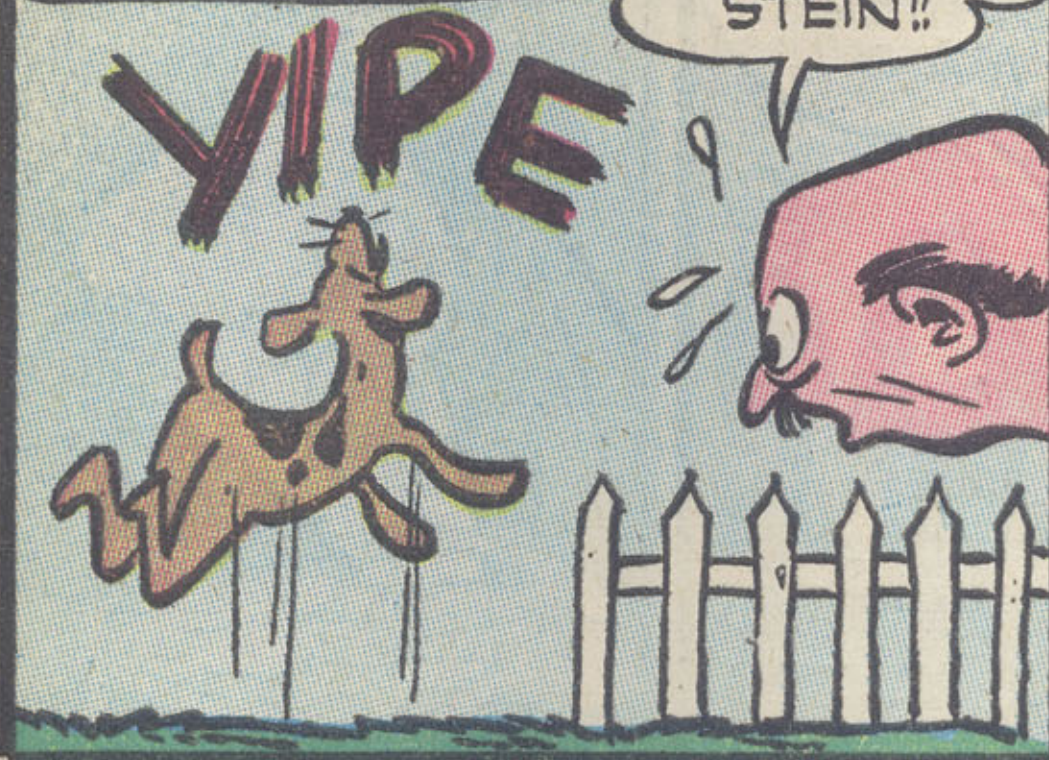
AH! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO TRY OUT WHAT I READ LAST NIGHT. FIRST I TAKE THIS LITTLE TOY DOG, CONCENTRATE HARD....



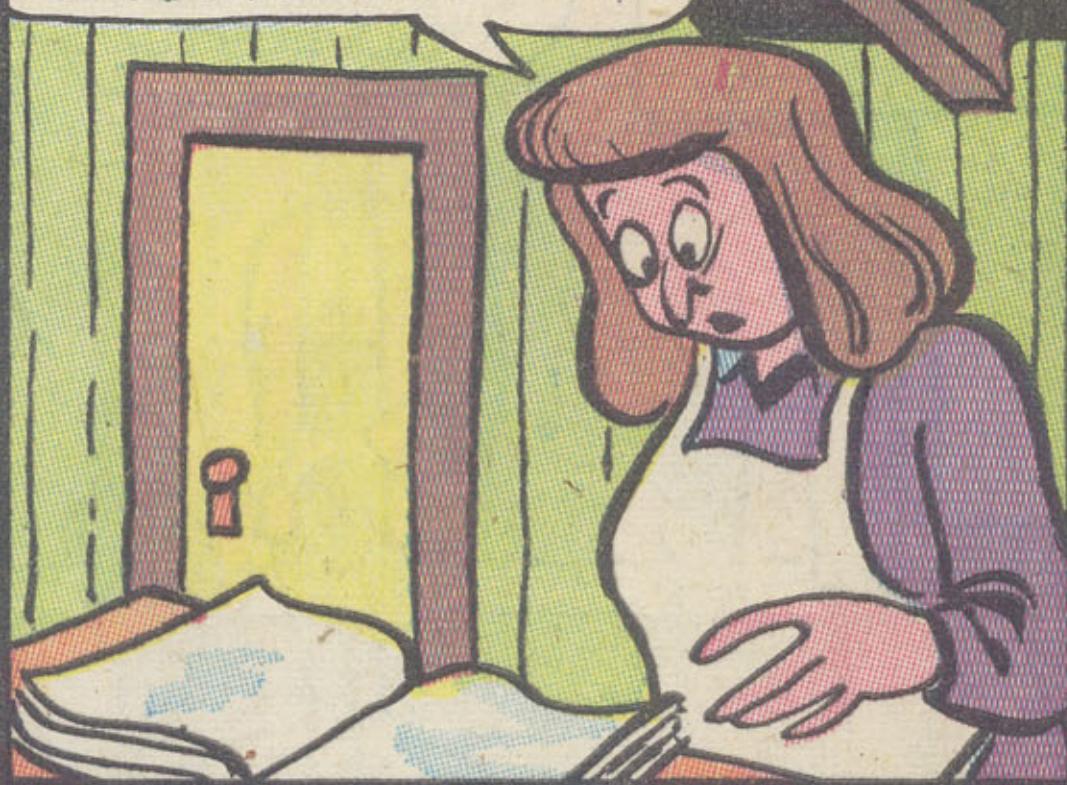
..AND JAB IT WITH THIS PIN!!



IT WORKS!! IT WORKS!! INDEED I AM A GREAT MAGICIAN!! NOW FOR MY REVENGE ON FRANKENSTEIN!!



NEVER SAW MILTY ACT SO CRAZY. WHAT KIND OF STUFF IS HE READING? HM...



DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU SHOOTING DOGS WITH THAT SLING-SHOT AGAIN!

Y--YES, SIR.



MAKE A LITTLE FIGURE (EFFIGY) OF THE PERSON TO BE TORTURED. THEN, WHILE CONCENTRATING DEEPLY, JAB THE EFFIGY WITH A PIN OR NEEDLE. THE PERSON THE EFFIGY REPRESENTS WILL FEEL THE JAB AT THE SAME TIME.

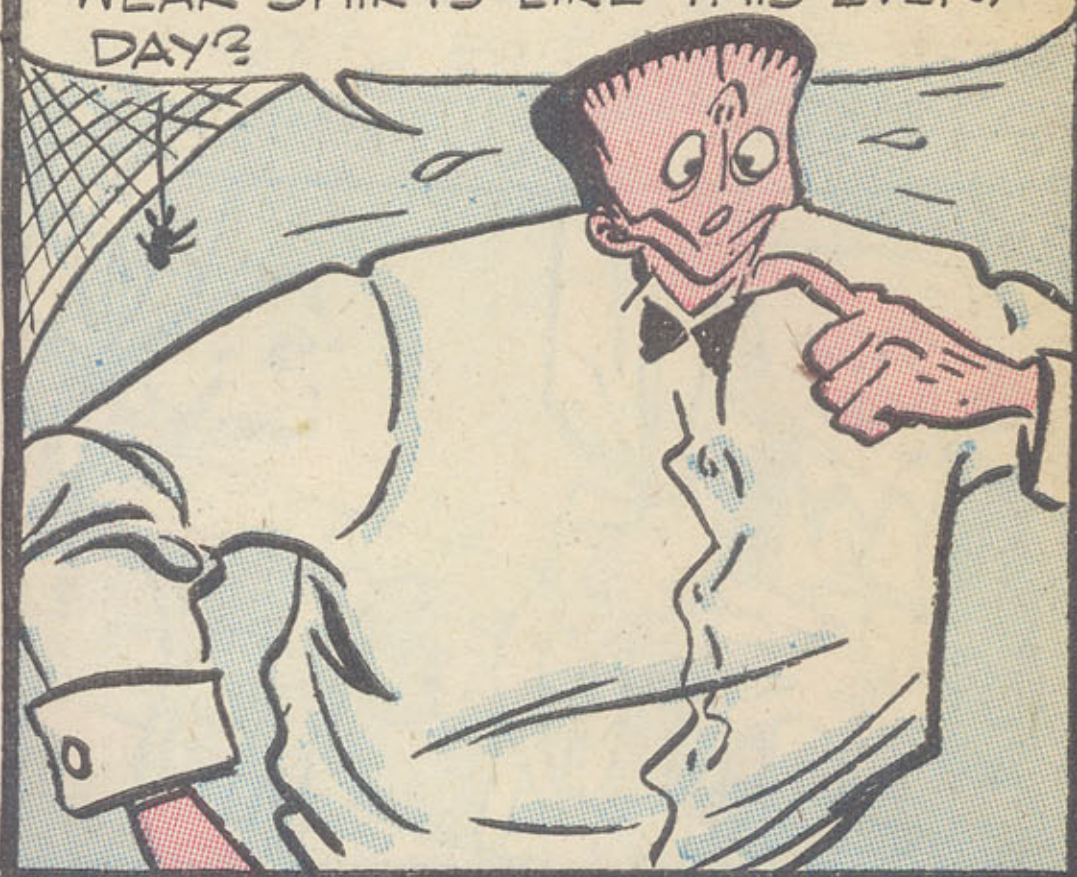
Lesson 22.  
Changing Garbage  
Into Gold.  
FRESH GAR  
CENT



HERE Y'ARE, FRANKY.. A NICE  
NEW SHIRT FOR TO-NIGHT. BEING  
PRESIDENT YOU HAVE TO PUT IN  
A NEAT APPEARANCE.



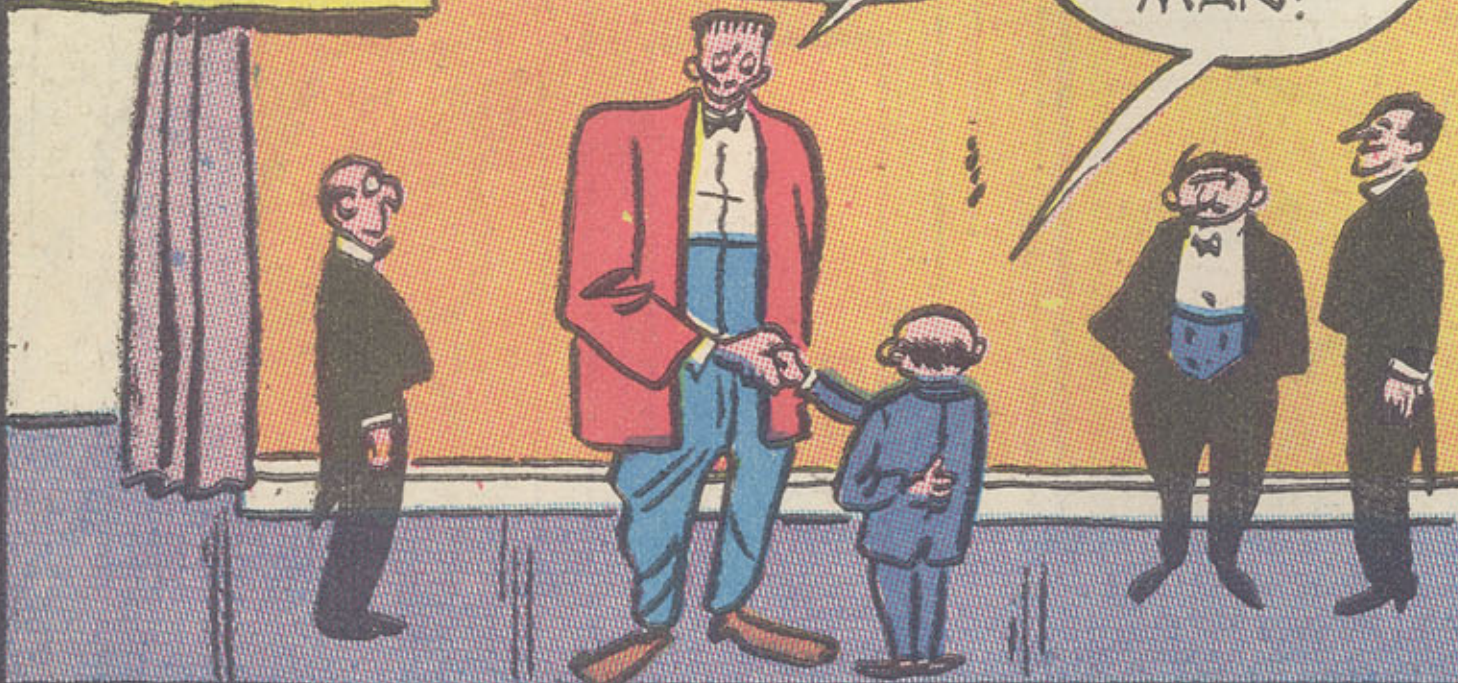
GOOD GRIEF!! HOW DO PEOPLE  
WEAR SHIRTS LIKE THIS EVERY  
DAY?



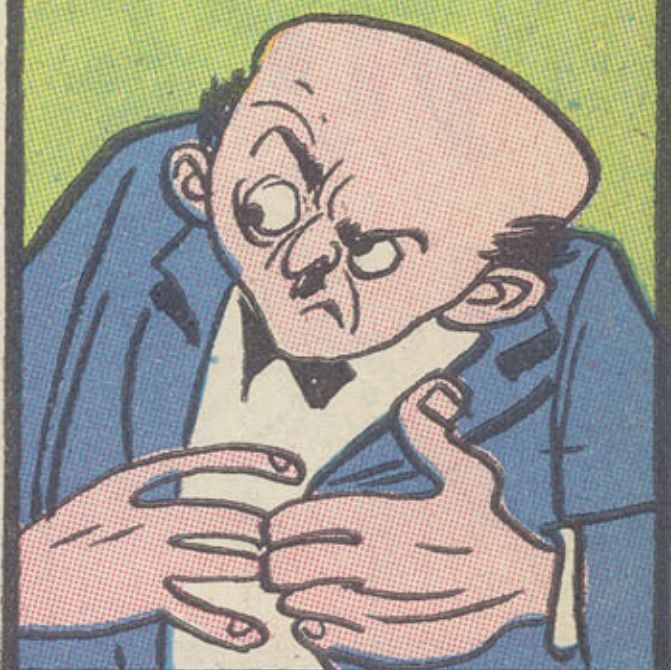
MAGICIANS'  
CONVENTION

EVENING, MILTY.  
SORRY I WON--  
I MEAN--SORRY  
YOU LOST...

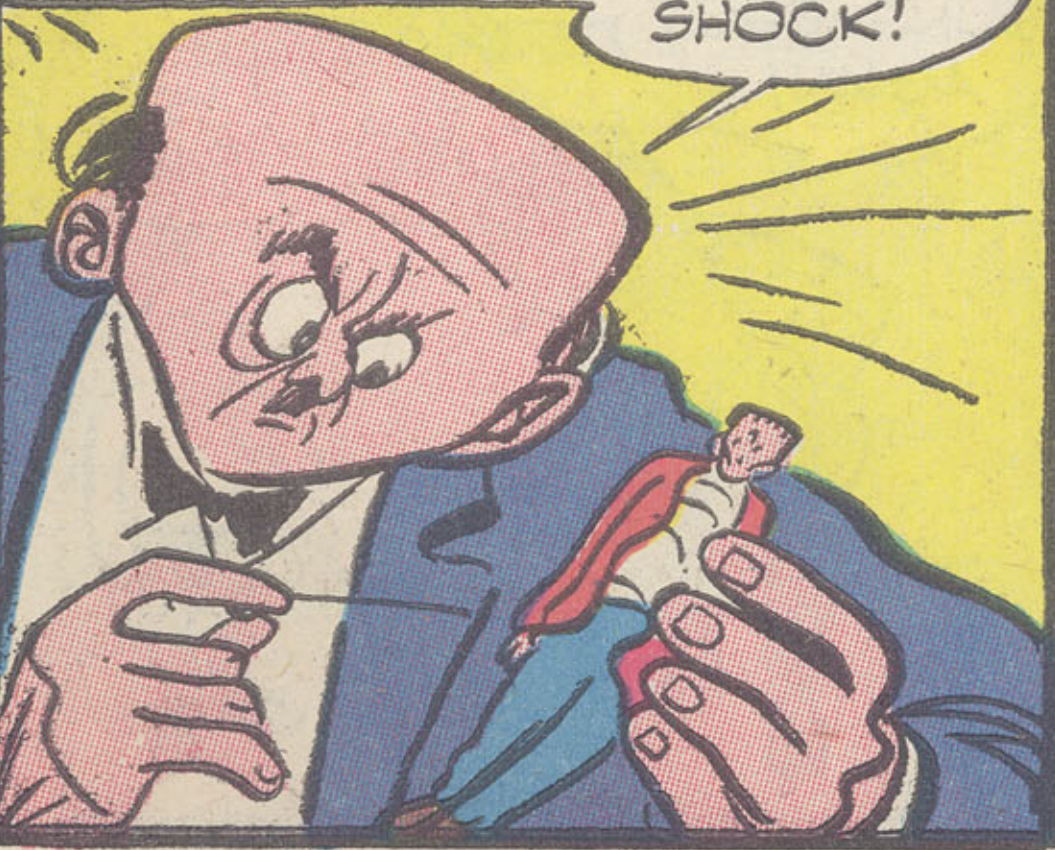
PSHAW..  
YOU'RE  
THE  
BETTER  
MAN!



LITTLE DOES HE  
KNOW WHAT HE'S  
IN FOR!!



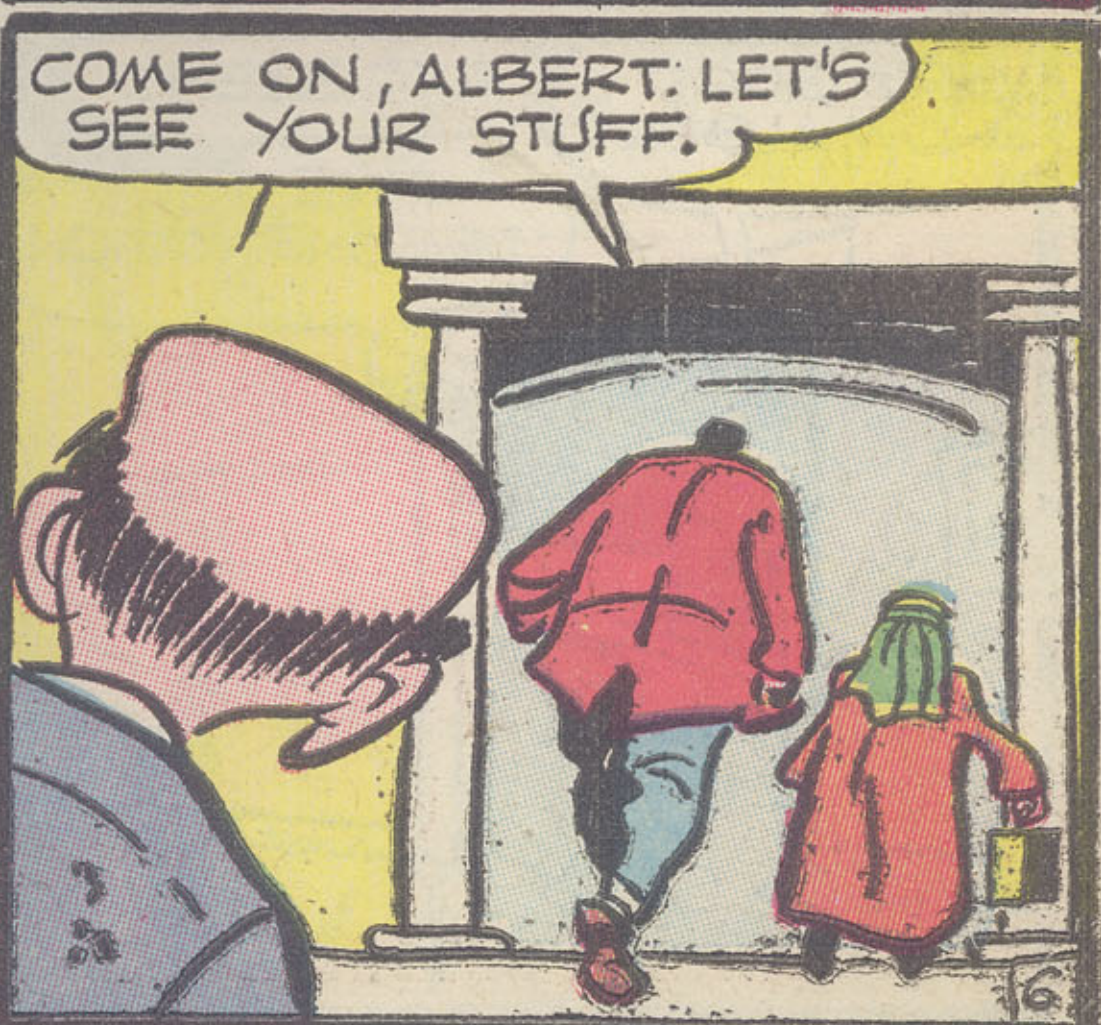
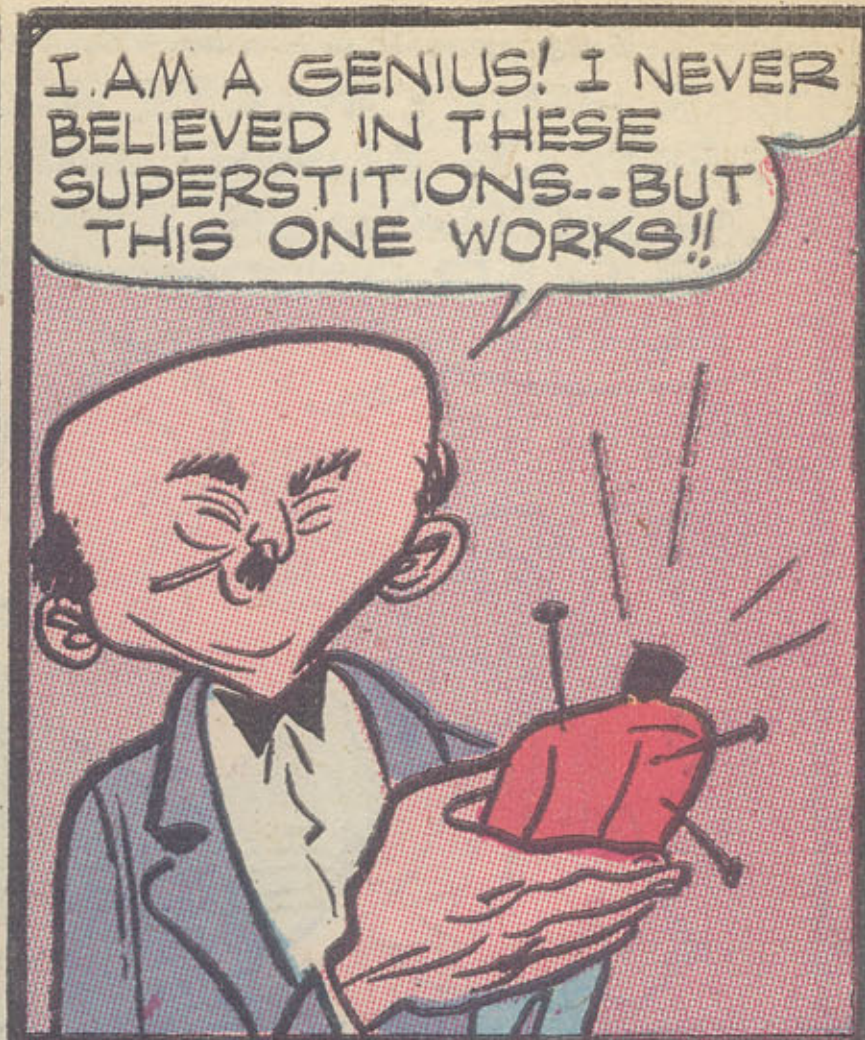
AND NOW, MR. FRANKENSTEIN..  
GET READY FOR YOUR FIRST  
SHOCK!



OWCH

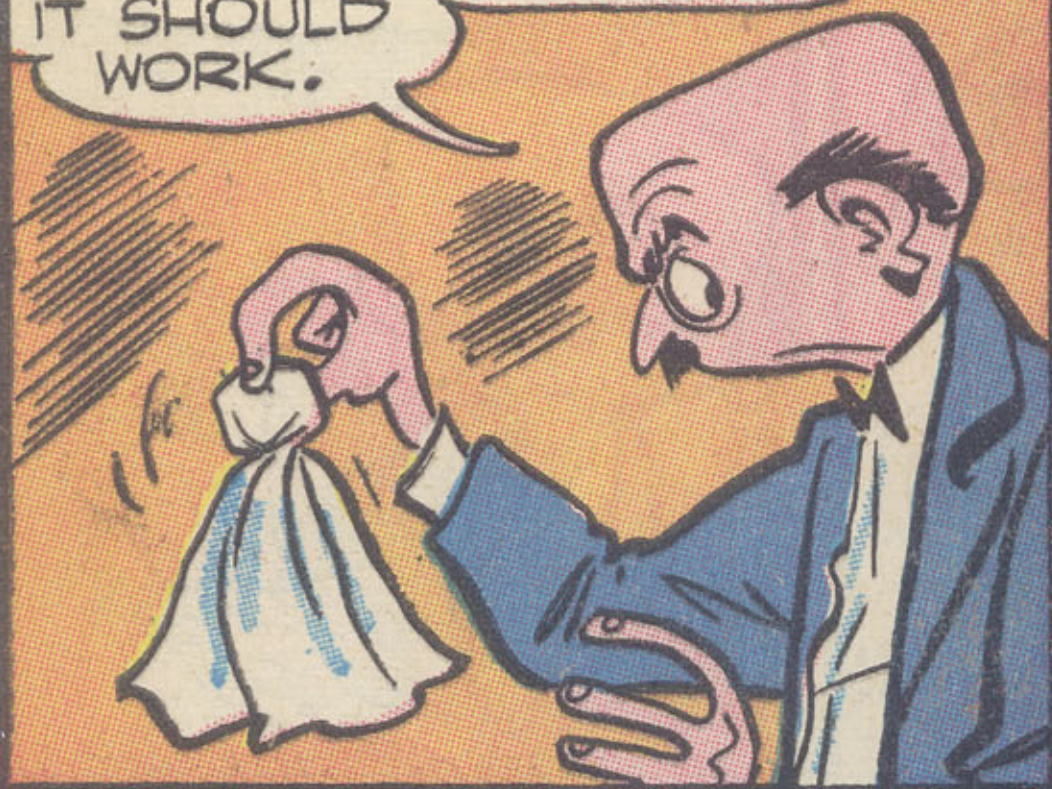




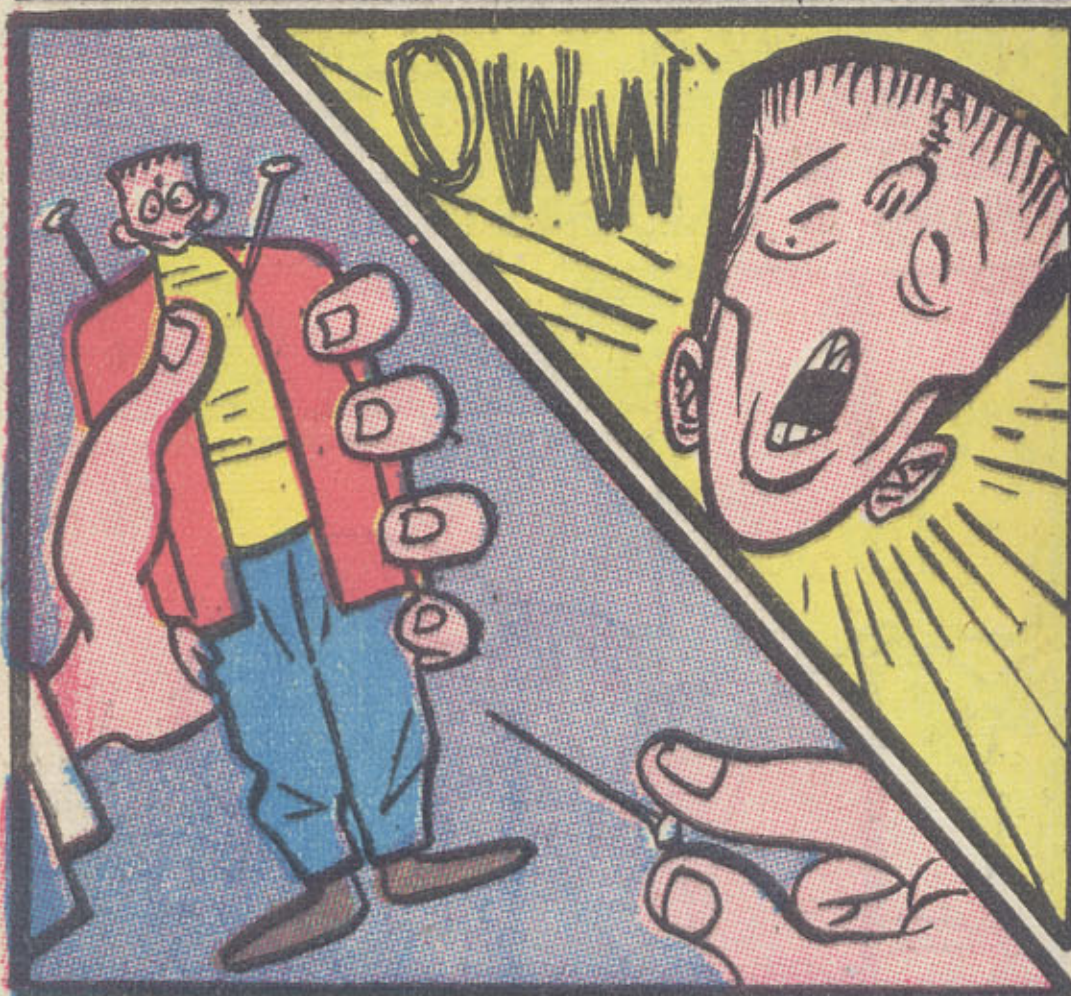
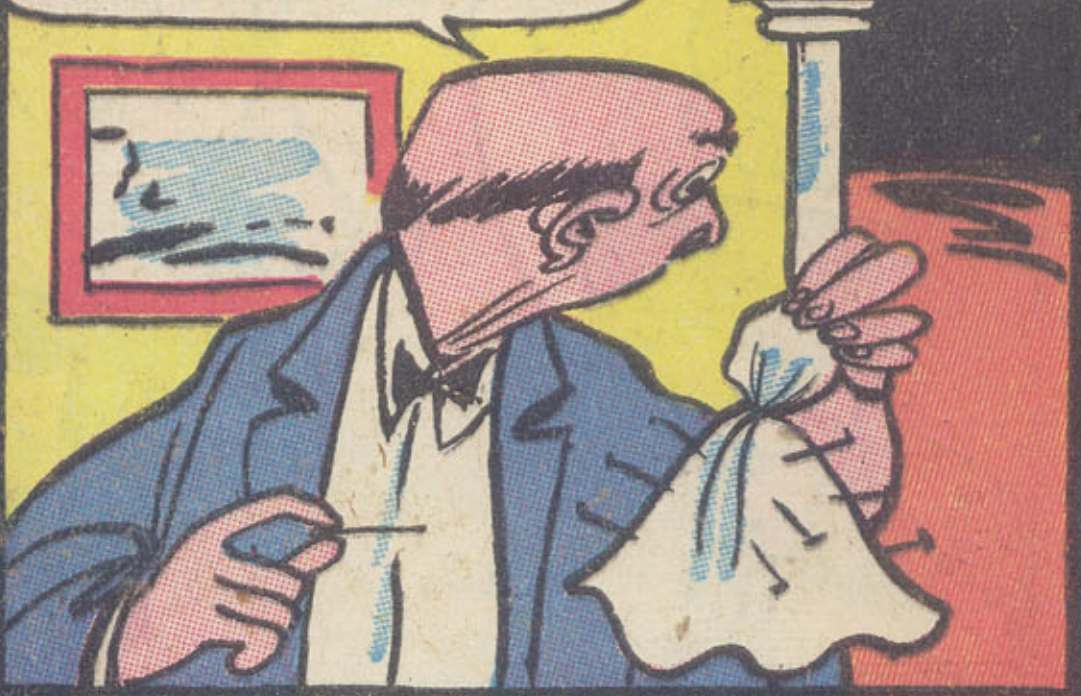




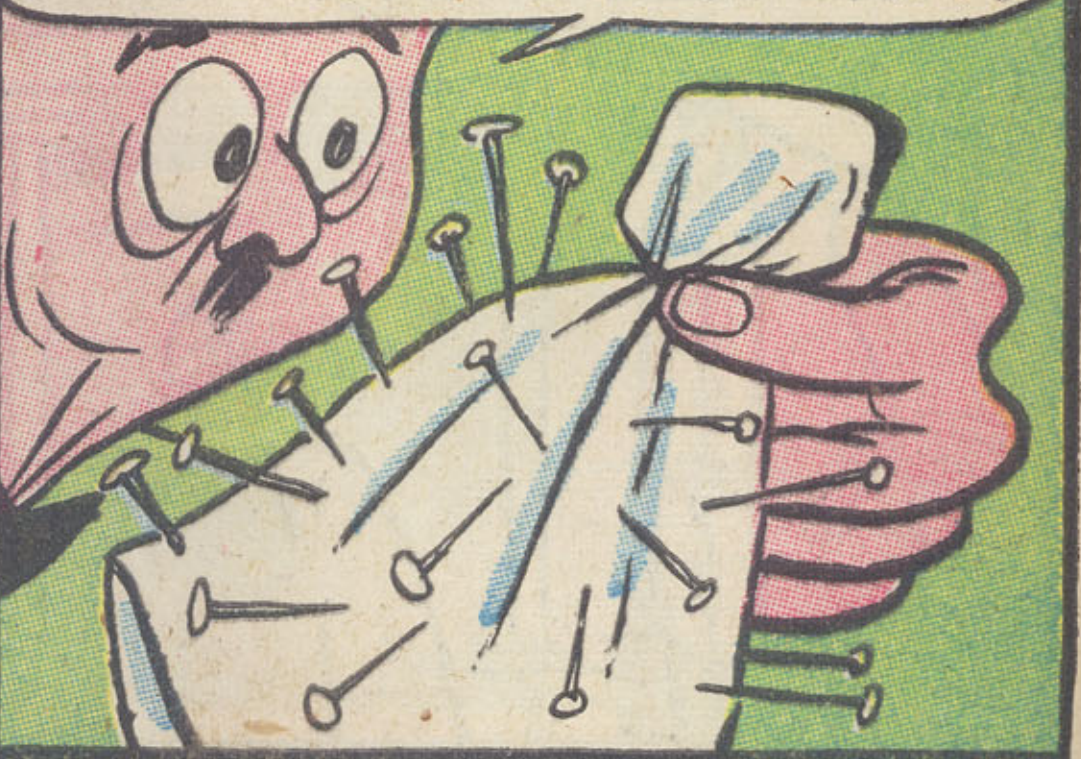
THIS HANKY MAKES A CRUDE  
EFFIGY OF ALBERT, BUT IF I  
CONCENTRATE ENOUGH  
IT SHOULD  
WORK.



NO SHRIEKS COMING FROM  
THAT ROOM, ALTHOUGH  
"ALBERT" IS FULL OF PINS. I'LL  
GIVE FRANKENSTEIN A JAB  
FOR GOOD LUCK.



THIS "ALBERT" IS PRACTICALLY  
A PIN CUSHION. WONDER WHY  
HE ISN'T YELLING FROM PAIN?



VERY GOOD  
SHOW, ALBERT.

EXCELLENT!

FINE  
DEMONSTRATION.

